





PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS:

PROSE AND POETRY

FOR THE USE OF

READING CLUBS

AND FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

HUMOROUS.

EDITED BY

LEWIS B. MONROE.

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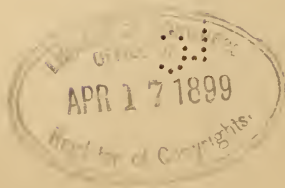
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HUMOROUS READINGS.

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P R E F A C E .

ONE of the great needs in our busy American community is innocent recreation. As a relief from the cares of business, as a substitute for exciting and dangerous pleasures, as diversion in the quiet workshop, as a means of cheering the aged and infirm, as amusement for the family and social circle, as entertainment for the Lyceum and Literary Club, and finally as a personal accomplishment, what is more desirable than reading aloud?

In this volume are thrown together choice specimens of wit and humor found in American and English literature, with an occasional dash from original sources. In making a selection, the question has not been asked, Has it passed the ordeal of the learned critics? but, Will it inspire an innocent laugh? If so, it is a benefaction, and it shall have the wings of this book to fly abroad, possibly in a wider circle, at least into some little nooks and corners where it would not otherwise have alighted, and accomplish there its genial mission.

Readers desiring selections of a more serious character may find something to their taste in the forthcoming volumes of this series.

My thanks are due the distinguished authors and publishers to whom I am indebted for extracts. I am under especial obligations to Messrs. James R. Osgood and Company for permission to use selections from their copyright editions of the works of Fields, Holmes, Lowell, Trowbridge, Saxe, Mrs. Stowe, Murray, and Bret Harte.

L. B. M.

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PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS.

A SENATOR ENTANGLED. — JAMES DE MILLE.

OUR Senator was a man who by mere force of character, apart from the adventitious aids of culture and refinement, had attained wealth and position. He found it agreeable — as so many other Americans have done — to take a trip abroad.

He chanced to be in Florence during the recent struggle for Italian independence. His friend, the Minister, took him to the houses of the leaders of society, and introduced him as an eminent American statesman and member of the Senate.

Could any recommendation be equal to that? Republicanism ran high. America was synonymous with the Promised Land. To be a statesman in America was as great a dignity as to be prince in any empire on earth.

So if the Florentines received the Senator with boundless hospitality, it was because they admired his country, and revered his dignity. They liked to consider the presence of the American Minister and Senator as an expression of the good-will of the American government. They were determined to lionize him. It was a new sensation to the Senator.

For two or three days he was the subject of an eager contest among all the leaders of society. At length there appeared upon the scene the great Victrix in a thousand contests such as these. The others fell back discomfited, and the Senator became her prey.

The Countess di Nottinero was not exactly a Recamier, but

she was a remarkably brilliant woman, and the acknowledged leader of the liberal part of Florentine society.

She was generally known as *La Cica*, a nickname given by her enemies, though what "Cica" meant no one could tell exactly.

La Cica did her part marvellously well. She did not speak the best English in the world; yet that could not account for all the singular remarks which she made. Still less could it account for the tender interest of her manner. She had remarkably bright eyes. Why wandered those eyes so often to his, and why did they beam with such devotion, — beaming for a moment only to fall in sweet innocent confusion? *La Cica* had the most fascinating manners, yet they were often perplexing to the Senator's soul. The little offices which she required of him did not appear, in his matter-of-fact eyes, as strictly prudent. The innate gallantry which he possessed carried him bravely along through much that was bewildering to his nerves. Yet he was often in danger of running away in terror.

"The Countess," he thought, "is a most remarkable fine woman; but she does use her eyes uncommon, and I do wish she would n't be quite so demonstrative."

The good Senator had never before encountered a thorough woman of the world, and was as ignorant as a child of the innumerable little harmless arts by which the power of such a one is extended and secured. At last the Senator came to this conclusion, — *La Cica* was desperately in love with him.

She appeared to be a widow. At least she had no husband that he had ever seen. Now if the poor *Cica* was hopelessly in love, it must be stopped at once. But let it be done delicately, not abruptly.

One evening they walked on the balcony of *La Cica's* noble residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

The conversation of a fascinating woman does not sound so well when reported as it is when uttered. Her power is in her tone, her glance, her manner. Who can catch the evanescent beauty of her expression or the deep tenderness of her well-modulated voice? — who indeed?

“Does ze scene please you, my Senator?”

“Very much indeed.”

“Your countrymen haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway.”

“It is a beautiful place.”

“Did you aiver see any thin moaire loafely?” And the Countess looked full in his face.

“Never,” said the Senator, earnestly. The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment.

The Countess sighed.

“Helas! my Senator, that it is not pairmitted to moartals to sociate as zey would laike.”

“‘Your Senator,’” thought the gentleman thus addressed; “how fond, how tender, — poor thing! poor thing!”

“I wish that Italy was nearer to the States,” said he.

“How I adamiar your style of mind, so diferente from ze Italiana! You are so strong, — so nobile. Yet would I laike to see moar of ze poetic in you.”

“I always loved poetry, marm,” said the Senator, desperately.

“Ah — good — nais — eccelente. I am plees at zat,” cried the Countess, with much animation. “You would loafe it moar eef you knew Italiano. Your lingua ees not sufficiente musicale for poatry.”

“It is not so soft a language as the *Italian*.”

“Ah — no — not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?”

“The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days.”

“Ah now — you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator.”

“I have heard you speak often,” said the Senator, naïvely.

“Ah, you compliment! I sot you was aboove flattera.”

And the Countess playfully tapped his arm with her little fan.

“What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?”

“Poet? English poet?” said the Senator, with some surprise. “O — why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot!”

“Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is naturale zat you loafe him best.”

“Steam-engine? O no! This one was a minister.”

“A meeneestaire? Ah! an abbé? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos of all your poets.”

“He made up hymns, marm, and psalms, — for instance, ‘Watts’s Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.’”

“Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I mus at once procure ze works of Watt, which was favorit poet of my Senator.”

“A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts,” said the Senator, firmly. “He is the best known by far of all our poets.”

“What! better zan Sakespeare, Milton, Bairon? You much surprass me.”

“Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America.”

“Merciful Heaven! what you tell me! ees eet possbl! An yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell to me some words of his which I may remembraire.”

“I have a shocking bad memory.”

“Bad memora! O, but you remember somethin, zis mos beautiful charm nait — you haf a nobile soul — you mus be affecta by beauty — by ze ideal. Make for a me one quotatione.”

And she rested her little hand on the Senator’s arm, and looked up imploringly in his face.

The Senator looked foolish. He felt even more so. Here was a beautiful woman, by act and look showing a tender interest in him. Perplexing, — but very flattering, after all. So he replied, —

“You will not let me refuse you anything.”

“Aha! you are vera willin to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitaire your regards. You are fill with the grands

ideas. But come, — will you spik for me some from your favorit Watt?”

“Well, if you wish it so much,” said the Senator, kindly; and he hesitated.

“Ah, — I do wis it so much!”

“Ehem!”

“Begin,” said the Countess. “Behold me. I listen. I hear every sin, and will remembaire it forava.”

The only thing that the Senator could think of was a verse which had been running in his head for the last few days, its measured rhythm keeping time with every occupation: —

“My willing soul would stay —”

“Stop one moment,” said the Countess. “I weesh to learn it from you”; and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

“Ma willina sol wooda sta —”

“In such a frame as this,” prompted the Senator.

“Een socha framas zees.’ Wait — ‘Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha frama zees.’ Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?”

“And sit and sing herself away,” said the Senator, in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

“Ansit ansin hassaf awai,” repeated the Countess, her face lighting up with a sweetly conscious expression.

The Senator paused.

“Well?”

“I — ehem! I forget.”

“Forget? Impossible!”

“I do really.”

“Ah now! Forget! I see by your face — you desave. Say on.”

The Countess again gently touched his arm with both of her little hands, and held it as though she would clasp it.

“Have you fear? Ah, cruel!”

The Senator turned pale, but, finding refusal impossible, boldly finished: —

“‘To everlasting bliss’ — there!”

“‘To affarlastin blees thar.’ Stop. I repeat it all: ‘Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framaz zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar.’ Am I right?”

“Yes,” said the Senator, meekly.

“I knew you war a poetic sola,” said the Countess, confidently. “You are honesto — true — you cannot desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poetry! — at soch a taime! I nefare knew befoare zat you was so impassione! — an you air so artaful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty — to poatry — to ze poet Watt — so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madre! how I wish you spik Italiano.”

The Countess drew nearer to him, but her approach only deepened his perplexity.

“How that poor thing does love me!” sighed the Senator. “Law bless it! she can’t help it, — can’t help it nohow. She is a goner; and what can I do? I’ll have to leave Florence.”

The Countess was standing close beside him in a tender mood waiting for him to break the silence. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love; and she — “a widow! a widow! a widow! wretched man that I am!”

There was a pause. The longer it lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What upon earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows. What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Assuming an elegant attitude she looked up, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude.

“What ails my Senator?”

“Why, the fact is, marm — I feel sad — at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles.”

O base fabrication! O false Senator! There was n’t a word

of truth in that remark. You spoke so because you wished *La Cica* to know that you had a wife and family. Yet it was very badly done.

La Cica changed neither her attitude nor her expression. Evidently the existence of his wife and the melancholy situation of his unfortunate children awakened no sympathy.

“But, my Senator, — did you not say you wooda seeng youself away to affarlasteen beles?”

“O marm, it was a quotation, — only a quotation.”

But at this critical juncture the conversation was broken up by the arrival of a number of ladies and gentlemen.

The Dodge Club.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
 At least some fifty years ago, or more,
 A pleasant wight on Town, yeleft Tom King,
 A fellow that was clever at a joke,
 Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke ;
 In short, for strokes of humor quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
 With whom his active wit unrivalled shone :
 Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
 Would crowd his stories and *bon-mots* to hear,
 And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
 His humor flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight :
 A frôlic he would hunt for, day and night,
 Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
 If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
 Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,
 Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight.
 'T was silence all around, and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp displayed a twinkling light.

Around this place there lived the numerous clans
 Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,
 Known at that time by name of refugees.
 The rod of persecution from their home
 Compelled the inoffensive race to roam,
 And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well! our two friends were sauntering through the street,
 In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,
 When, in a window near, a light they view ;
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seemed the prologue to some merry play,
 So towards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering knock
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock).
 "I'll ask," says King, "if Thompson lodges here."
 "Thompson," cries t' other, "who the devil's he?"
 "I know not," King replies, "but want to see
 What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came ;
 One hand displayed a rushlight's trembling flame,
 The other held a thing they called *culotte*.
 An old striped woollen nightcap graced his head,
 A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread ;
 Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous smiled,
 And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee, —

“ Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ?
 I beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait ;
 Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me ? ”

“ Sir,” replied King, “ I merely thought to know,
 As by your house I chanced to-night to go
 (But, really, I disturbed your sleep, I fear),
 I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
 Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
 If there ’s a Mr. Thompson lodges here ? ”

The shivering Frenchman, though not pleased to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect ’t was meant in jeer,
 Shrugged out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
 Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spoke :
 “ No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here. ”

Our wag begged pardon, and toward home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed.
 But King resolved not thus to drop the jest ;
 So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
 Again he made a visit to the place,
 To break once more the poor old Frenchman’s rest.

He knocked, — but waited longer than before ;
 No footstep seemed approaching to the door ;
 Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
 King with the knocker thundered then again,
 Firm on his post determined to remain ;
 And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o’er the passage creep,
 Wondering what fiend again disturbed his sleep :
 The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
 Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
 While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes,
 “ Is there — a Mr. Thompson — lodges here ? ”

The Frenchman faltered, with a kind of fright, —
 “Vy, sare, I ’m sure I told you, sare, last night
 (And here he labored, with a sigh sincere),
 No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,
 No Monsieur Tonson here, — I told you so ;
 Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here !”

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
 The rogue next night pursued his old career.
 ’T was long indeed before the man came nigh,
 And then he uttered, in a piteous cry,
 “Sare, ’pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
 And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
 Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster ;
 Anxious, she strove his errand to inquire,
 He said ’t was vain her pretty tongue to tire,
 He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
 The Frenchman’s broken slumbers to relate,
 And begged he ’d call at proper time of day.
 King told her she must fetch her master down,
 A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
 But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
 And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
 Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
 At last he wakes ; he rises ; and he swears :
 But scarcely had he tottered down the stairs,
 When King attacked him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived ’t was all in vain
 To his tormentor mildly to complain,
 And straight in rage began his crest to rear :

“Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Got tam — I s'wear, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harassed Frenchman and his wife,
Which would descend to chase the fiend away.
At length, to join their forces they agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood.
The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,
He deemed it then the safest plan to fly,
With “ Well, I 'll call when you 're in gentler mood.”

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
They threw out water ; for the watch they call ;
But King expecting, still escapes from all, —
Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happened that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime ;
Six lingering years were there his tedious lot.
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
“ Ah ! here 's the scene of frequent mirth,” he said ;
“ My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad, I 'll knock, and see who holds the place.”

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the opening door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
 Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
 He took his old abode that very day,—
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears;
 The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the same;
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice astonished hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seemed bewildered with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore;
 Then, starting, he exclaimed, in rueful strain,
 "Begar! here 's Monsieur Tonson come again!"
 Away he ran, — and ne'er was heard of more.



FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION. — SAM. LOVER.

FATHER BLAKE was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy Father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many in the Romish church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reprov'd very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:—

“*Agnus Dei*— You'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—”

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

“*Orate, fratres!*— Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out of that, there's room below there. Thru' for

you, Mrs. Finn, — it 's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain, — it 's a pity you have n't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed! — *Orate, fratres!* ”

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say, —

“ I hear you there, — can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens ? ”

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked round quickly —

“ You 'd betther kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that, — your conduct is scandalous — *Dominus vobiscum!* ”

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

“ Here it is,” said Father Phil, — “ here it is, and no denying it, — down in black and white ; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all ! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the up-howlding of the house of God. And is n't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition ? and does n't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty ? — are n't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday ? O, God is good to you ! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you ; and so you 'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this minit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill run-

ning down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. "Laughing is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God, — laughing because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill, — but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you would n't like it, I see, — very well, very well, — take care then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefactors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor, (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you are made of, and then the rain might melt you if I could n't; but no, them naked raffthers grins in your face to no purpose, — you chate the house of God, — but take care, maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better, — but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you,

and no roof over you. O dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you,—thrott, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. O, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

“And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics.”

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction, fights, &c., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to “put in a word” in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's—

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR THE REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGHGUTHERY
CHAPEL.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7s. 6d. “He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is better than no bread.”

“Plaze your Reverence,” says Mick, from the body of the

chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"O, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3s. 4d. "Of course he means to subscribe again?"

John Dwyer, £0 15s. 0d. "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the altar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

Peter Hefferman, £0 1s. 8d.

James Murphy, £0 2s. 6d.

Mat Donovan, £0 1s. 3d.

Luke Dannelly, £0 3s. 0d.

Jack Quigly, £0 2s. 1d.

Pat Finnegan, £0 2s. 2d.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0s. 0d. "There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq., — a Protestant in the parish, — two pounds."

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2s. 6d.

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5s. 0d. "Young Nick is better than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7s. 6d.

Owny Doyle, £1 0s. 0d. "Well done, Owny na Coppal, — you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2s. 6d.; Bridget Murphy, £0 10s. 0d. "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon: a lone widow-woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childhre."

“That ’s not her fault,” said the priest,—“and maybe she ’ll mend o’ that yet.” This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Jude Moylan, £0 5s. 0d. “Very good, Judy, the women are behaving like gentlemen ; they ’ll have their reward in the next world.”

Pat Finnerty, £0 8s. 4d. “I’m not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d.”

“It was three and fourpence I gave your Reverence,” said Pat from the crowd.

“Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o’ my word, so bring me five shillings next week.”

“Sure, you would n’t have me pay for a blot, sir?”

“Yis, I would,—that ’s the rule of backmannon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark, you pay for it.”

Here his Reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out, “Rafferty ! Rafferty ! Rafferty ! Where are you, Rafferty ?”

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued, —

“There now, be active — I’m sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him !”

SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0s. 0d. “Squire Egan — five pounds — listen to that — *a Protestant in the parish* — five pounds ! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don’t take care.”

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0s. 0d. “Not her own parish, either, — a kind lady.”

James Milligan of Roundtown, £1 0s. 0d. “And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown has not been

backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown, — I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnigan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round — pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound — Pounden, I mane — Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also — there's an example for you! —

But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours, — you are not a good gleaner, — go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets, — I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty — Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you.

Matthew Lavery, £0 2s. 6d. "*He* does n't belong to Roundtown, — Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out, — Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d.; Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; John Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. "One would think they all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names, — Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, — the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! O, they are apostles not worthy the name, — we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

“Hennessy, your Reverence.”

“Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?”

“We will, your Reverence.”

“Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we’ll call you now the faithful apostles, — and I think the change in the name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you.”

“I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back — Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked her for it, — don’t go by that other woman there — O ho! So you won’t give anything, ma’am? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won’t give a farthing. Well now, — afther that, remember, — I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi’penny pieces.”

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0s. 0d. “It’s not his parish, and he’s a brave gentleman.”

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0s. 0d. “*A Protestant, out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! O faith, the Protestants is shaming you!”

Dennis Fannin, £0 7s. 6d. “Very good indeed, for a working mason.”

Jemmy Riley, £0 +5s. 0d. “Not bad for a hedge carpenter.”

“I gave you ten, plaze your Reverence,” shouted Jemmy; “and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin’s.”

“So you did, Jemmy,” cried Father Phil, “I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther: and indeed myself does n’t know what I did with that same five shillings.”

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, “O, that was the very five shillings, I’m sure, you gave to

me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations, — *they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland, — that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,
 Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
 Who, seeing the birds fly, did n't jump
 With flapping arms from stake or stump,
 Or, spreading the tail
 Of his coat for a sail,
 Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
 And wonder why
 He could n't fly,
 And flap and flutter and wish and try, —
 If ever you knew a country dunce
 Who did n't try that as often as once,
 All I can say is, that 's a sign
 He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :
 The son of a farmer, — age fourteen ;
 His body was long and lank and lean, —
 Just right for flying, as will be seen ;
 He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
 And a freckled nose that grew between,
 A little awry, — for I must mention
 That he had riveted his attention
 Upon his wonderful invention,
 Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
 And working his face as he worked the wings,
 And with every turn of gimlet and screw
 Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
 Till his nose seemed bent
 To catch the scent,
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
 Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting Dædalus of yore
 And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs
 Those wings of wax
 He had read of in the old almanacs.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,
 That the air is also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late
 Shall navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me ;
 And if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

“The birds can fly,
 An' why can't I?
 Must we give in,”
 Says he with a grin,
 “'T the bluebird an' phœbe
 Are smarter 'n we be ?

Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler ?
 Doos the leettle chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men ?
 Jest show me that !
 Er prove 't the bat
 Hez got more brains than 's in my hat,
 An' I 'll back down, an' not till then !”

He argued further : “Ner I can't see
 What 's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
 Fur to git a livin' with, more 'n to me ;—
 Ain't my business
 Importanter 'n hisn is ?

"That Icarus
 Was a silly cuss, —
 Him an' his daddy Dædalus.
 They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
 Would n't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.
 I 'll make mine o' luther,
 Ur suthin er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned :
 "But I ain't goin' to show my hand
 To nummies that never can understand
 The fust idee that 's big an' grand.
 They 'd 'a' laft an' made fun
 O' Creation itself, afore 't was done!"
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,
 Safely buttoned within his vest ;
 And in the loft above the shed
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
 And all such things as geniuses use ; —
 Two bats for patterns, curious fellows !
 A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows ;
 An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
 Some wire, and several old umbrellas ;
 A carriage-cover, for tail and wings ;
 A piece of a harness ; and straps and strings ;
 And a big strong box,
 In which he locks
 These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work, —
 Sitting cross-leggéd, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,

And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
 He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
 And a bucket of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink

When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh,
 For Darius was sly!

And whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let a dipper of water fly.

"Take that! an' ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

And he sings as he locks
 His big strong box:—

SONG.

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,
 An' he is little an' long an' slim,
 An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
 An' ef yeou'll be
 Advised by me,
 Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
 Till at last 't was done, —
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'T was the Fourth of July,
 And the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by, —
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius : " Now I sha' n't go
 Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
 I 'll say I 've got sich a terrible cough !
 An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
 I 'll hev full swing
 Fer to try the thing,
 An' practyse a leettle on the wing."

" Ain't goin' to see the celebration ?"
 Says Brother Nate. " No ; botheration !
 I 've got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
 My gracious ! — feel's though I should fly !"

Said Jotham, "'Sho !
 Guess ye better go."
 But Darius said, " No !
 Should n't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
 For all the while to himself he said : —

" I tell ye what !
 I 'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how 't seems, then soon 's I 've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely 's not,
 I 'll astonish the nation,
 An' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration !
 Over their heads I 'll sail like an eagle ;
 I 'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull ;
 I 'll dance on the chimbleys ; I 'll stan' on the steeple ;
 I 'll flop up to winders an' scare the people !
 I 'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow ;
 An' I 'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 ' What world 's this 'ere
 That I 've come near ?'
 Fer I 'll make 'em b'lieve I 'm a chap f'm the moon ;
 An' I 'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon !"

He crept from his bed ;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
 " I 'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
 And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
 " What on airth is he up to, hey ?"
 " Don'o', — the 's suthin' ur other to pay,
 Er he would n't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
 Says Burke, " His toothache 's all 'n his eye !
He never 'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
 Ef he hed n't got some machine to try."
 Then Sol, the little one, spoke : " By darn !
 Le' 's hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn !"
 " Agreed !" Through the orchard they creep back,
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all ;
 And a very astonishing sight was that,
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
 And there they hid ;
 And Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 " Keep dark !" said he,
 " While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail, —
 From head to foot
 An iron suit,
 Iron jacket and iron boot,
 Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,

And under the chin the bail,
 (I believe they called the thing a helm,)
 And the lid they carried they called a shield ;
 And, thus accoutred, they took the field,
 Sallying forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm, —
 So this modern knight,
 Prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapped them tight ;
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light ;
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip, —
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip !
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

 “ Hush ! ” Reuben said,
 “ He ’s up in the shed !
 He ’s opened the winder, — I see his head !
 He stretches it out,
 An’ pokes it about,
 Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,
 An’ nobody near ; —
 Guess he don’o’ who ’s hid in here !
 He ’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill !
 Stop laffin’, Solomon ! Burke, keep still !
 He ’s a climbin’ out now — Of all the things !
 What ’s he got on ? I van, it ’s wings !
 An’ that t’ other thing ? I vum, it ’s a tail !
 An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail !
 Steppin’ careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
 Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat ;
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,
 Fer to see ’f the’ ’s any one passin’ by ;
 But the’ ’s on’y a ca’f an’ a goslin’ nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin’ eye,

To see — The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
 Flop — flop — an' plump
 To the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere, —
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels, —
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars, and various things, —
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
 And much that was n't so sweet by half.
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'T is a merry roar
 From the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
 "Say, D'rius! how do yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
 He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

MORAL.

I just have room for the moral here:
 And this is the moral, — Stick to your sphere.
 Or if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is, — Take care how you light.

MUSIC AT MRS. PONTO'S. — THACKERAY.

THE jingling of a harp and piano announced that Mrs. Ponto's *ung pu de Musick* had commenced, and the smell of the stable entering the dining-room, in the person of Stripes, summoned us to *caffy* and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the prevailing mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss Emily Ponto at the piano, and her sister Maria at that somewhat exploded instrument, the harp, were in light-blue dresses that looked all flounce and spread out like Mr. Green's balloon when inflated.

"Brilliant touch Emily has, — what a fine arm Maria's is!" Mrs. Ponto remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her daughters, and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the Major's miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes, writhing up to her elbow almost in the most profuse contortions.

When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss Pontos; and Miss Wirt, the governess, sat down to entertain us with variations on "Sich a Gettin' up Stairs." They were determined to be in the fashion.

For the performance of the "Gettin' up Stairs," I have no other name but that it was *a stunner*. First Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

“What a finger!” says Mrs. Ponto; and indeed it *was* a finger, as knotted as a turkey’s drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of “Gettin’ up Stairs,” and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again, shrieking, to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent.

Then Miss Wirt played the “Gettin’ up Stairs” with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity: plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys, — you wept and trembled as you were gettin’ up stairs. Miss Wirt’s hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations: again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt was storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sat and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my *caffy* grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

“Glorious creature! is n’t she?” said Mrs. Ponto. “Squirtz’s favorite pupil, — inestimable to have such a creature. Lady Carabas would give her eyes for her! A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss Wirt!” And the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration, — a deep-breathing, gushing sound, such as you hear at church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

Miss Wirt put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said: “My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the Dunsinanes, it was the dear Duchess’s favorite, and Lady Barbara and Lady Jane McBeth learned it. It was while hearing Jane play that, I remember, that dear Lord Castletoddy first fell in love with her! and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen thousand a year, I persuaded Jane to have him. Dq

you know Castletoddy, Mr. Snob?— round towers, — sweet place, — County Mayo. Old Lord Castletoddy (the present Lord was then Lord Inishowan) was a most eccentric old man, — they say he was mad. I heard his Royal Highness the poor dear Duke of Sussex, (*such* a man, my dears, but alas! addicted to smoking!) — I heard his Royal Highness say to the Marquis of Anglesea, ‘I am sure Castletoddy is mad!’ but Inishowan was n’t, in marrying my sweet Jane, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds *pour tout potage!*”

“Most invaluable person,” whispered Mrs. Major Ponto to me. “Has lived in the very highest society”; and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roost, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. Ponto bent before her.



PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN. — JUAN RUIZ DE HITA.

TRANSLATED BY LONGFELLOW.

TO praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
 To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing:
 So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing
 amusing;
 They are, I know, as cold as snow, whilst flames around dif-
 fusing.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes!
 In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies!
 So in a little woman love grows and multiplies:
 You recollect the proverb says, — *A word unto the wise.*

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner
 More than all other condiments, although 't is sprinkled thinner:
 Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her, —
 There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her

And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
 And in a little grain of gold much price and value lies,
 As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
 So in a little woman there 's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,
 Color, and price, and virtue, in the clearness of its rays, —
 Just so a little woman much excellence displays,
 Beauty, and grace, and love, and fidelity always.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
 Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing :
 And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
 Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in spring.

There 's naught can be compared to her throughout the wide
 creation ;

She is a paradise on earth, — our greatest consolation ;
 So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexation ;
 In fine, she 's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
 Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
 Now, of two evils choose the less, said a wise man of the East ;
 By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.



CROSSING THE CARRY. — REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

“JOHN,” said I, as we stood looking at each other across
 the boat, “this rain is wet.”

“It generally is, up in this region, I believe,” he responded,
 as he wiped the water out of his eyes with the back of his
 hand, and shook the accumulating drops from nose and chin ;
 “but the waterproof I have on has lasted me some thirty-
 eight years, and I don't think it will wet through to-day.”

“Well !” I exclaimed, “there is no use of standing here in

this marsh-grass any longer ; help me to load up. I 'll take the baggage, and you the boat."

"You 'll never get through with it, if you try to take it all at once. Better load light, and I 'll come back after what 's left," was the answer. "I tell you," he continued, "the swamp is full of water, and soft as muck."

"John," said I, "that baggage is going over at one load, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. I 'll make the attempt, swamp or no swamp. My life is assured against accidents by fire, water, and mud ; so here goes. What 's life to glory !" I exclaimed, as I seized the pork-bag, and dragged it from under the boat ; "stand by and see me put my armor on."

Over my back I slung the provision-basket, made like a fisherman's creel, thirty inches by forty, filled with plates, coffee, salt, and all the *impedimenta* of camp and cooking utensils. This was held in its place by straps passing over the shoulders and under the arms, like a Jew-pedler's pack. There might have been eighty pounds' weight in it. Upon the top of the basket John lashed my knapsack, full of bullets, powder, and clothing. My rubber suit and heavy blanket, slung around my neck by a leather thong, hung down in front across my chest. On one shoulder the oars and paddles were balanced, with a frying-pan and gridiron swinging from the blades ; on the other was my rifle, from which were suspended a pair of boots, my creel, a coffee-pot, and a bag of flour.

Taking up the bag of pork in one hand, and seizing the stock of the rifle with the other, from two fingers of which hung a tin kettle of prepared trout, which we were loath to throw away, I started. Picture a man so loaded, forcing his way through a hemlock swamp, through whose floor of thin moss he sank to his knees ; or picking his way across oozy sloughs on old roots, often covered with mud and water, and slippery beyond description, and you have me daguerreotyped in your mind. Well, as I said, I started.

For some dozen rods I got on famously, and was congratu-

lating myself with the thought of an easy transit, when a root upon which I had put my right foot gave way, and, plunging headlong into the mud, I struck an attitude of petition ; while the frying-pan and gridiron, flung off the oars and forward by the movement, alighted upon my prostrated head. An ejaculation, not exactly religious, escaped me, and with a few desperate flounces I assumed once more the perpendicular. Fishing the frying-pan from the mud, and lashing the gridiron to my belt, I made another start. It was hard work.

The most unnatural adjustment of weight upon my back made it difficult to ascertain just how far behind me lay the centre of equilibrium. I found where it did not lie several times. Before I had gone fifty rods the camp-basket weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. The pork-bag felt as if it had several shoats in it, and the oar-blades stuck out in the exact form of an X. If I went one side of a tree, the oars would go the other side. If I backed up, they would manage to get entangled amid the brush. If I stumbled and fell, the confounded things would come like a goose-poke athwart my neck, pinning me down.

As I proceeded, the mud grew deeper, the roots farther apart, and the blazed trees less frequent. Never before did I so truly realize the aspiration of the old hymn, —

“O, had I the wings of a dove!”

At last I reached what seemed impossible to pass, — an oozy slough, crossed here and there by cedar roots, smooth and slippery, lay before me. From a high stump which I had climbed upon I gave a desperate leap. I struck where I expected, and a little farther. The weight of the basket, which was now something over two hundred pounds, was too much for me to check at once. It pressed me forward. I recovered myself, and the abominable oars carried me as far the other way. The moccasins of wet leather began to slip along the roots. They began to slip very often, and at bad times. I found it necessary to change my position suddenly. I

changed it. It was n't a perfect success. I tried again. It seemed necessary to keep on trying.

I suspect I did not effect the changes very steadily, for the trout began to jump about in the pail and fly out into the mud. The gridiron got uneasy, and played against my side like a steam-flapper. In fact, the whole baggage seemed endowed with supernatural powers of motion. The excitement was contagious. In a moment, every article was jumping about like mad. I, in the meantime, continued to dance a hornpipe on the slippery roots.

Now I am conscientiously opposed to dancing. I never danced. I did n't want to learn. I felt it was wicked for me to be hopping around on that root so. What an example, I thought, if John should see me! What would my wife say? What would my deacons say? I tried to stop. I could n't. I had an astonishing dislike to sit down. I thought I would dance there forever, rather than sit down, — deacons or no deacons.

The basket now weighed any imaginable number of pounds. The trout were leaping about my head, as if in their native element. The gridiron was in such rapid motion that it was impossible to distinguish the bars. There was, apparently, a whole litter of pigs in the pork-bag. I could not stand it longer. I concluded to rest awhile. I wanted to do the thing gracefully. I looked around for a soft spot, and, seeing one just behind me, I checked myself. My feet flew out from under me. They appeared to be unusually light. I don't remember that I ever sat down quicker. The motion was very decided. The only difficulty I observed was, that the seat I had gracefully settled into had no bottom.

The position of things was extremely picturesque. The oars were astride my neck, as usual. The trout-pail was bottom up, and the contents lying about almost anywhere. The boots were hanging on a dry limb overhead. A capital idea. I thought of it as I was in the act of sitting down. One piece of pork lay at my feet, and another was sticking up, some ten feet off, in the mud. It looked very queer, —

slightly out of place. With the same motion with which I hung my boots on a limb, as I seated myself, I stuck my rifle carefully into the mud, muzzle downward. I never saw a gun in that position before. It struck me as being a good thing. There was no danger of its falling over and breaking the stock. The first thing I did was to pass the gridiron under me. When that feat had been accomplished, I felt more composed. It's pleasant for a man in the position I was in to feel that he has something under him. Even a chip or a small stump would have felt comfortable. As I sat thinking how many uses a gridiron could be put to, and estimating where I should then have been if I had n't got it under me, I heard John forcing his way, with the boat on his back, through the thick undergrowth.

"It won't do to let John see me in this position," I said; and so, with a mighty effort, I disengaged myself from the pack, flung off the blanket from around my neck, and, seizing hold of a spruce limb which I could fortunately reach, drew myself slowly up. I had just time to jerk the rifle out of the mud, and fish up about half of the trout, when John came struggling along.

"John," said I, leaning unconcernedly against a tree, as if nothing had happened, — "John, put down the boat, here's a splendid spot to rest."

"Well, Mr. Murray," queried John, as he emerged from under the boat, "how are you getting along?"

"Capitally!" said I; "the carry is very level when you once get down to it. I felt a little out of breath, and thought I would wait for you a few moments."

"What's your boots doing up there in that tree?" exclaimed John, as he pointed up to where they hung dangling from the limb, about fifteen feet above our heads.

"Boots doing!" said I, "why they are hanging there, don't you see? You did n't suppose I'd drop them into this mud, did you?"

"Why, no," replied John, "I don't suppose you would; but how about this?" he continued, as he stooped down and

pulled a big trout, tail foremost, out of the soft muck ; “how did that trout come there ?”

“It must have got out of the pail, somehow,” I responded. “I thought I heard something drop just as I sat down.”

“What in thunder is that, out there ?” exclaimed John, pointing to a piece of pork, one end of which was sticking about four inches out of the water ; “is that pork ?”

“Well, the fact is, John,” returned I, speaking with the utmost gravity, and in a tone intended to suggest a mystery, — “the fact is, John, I don’t quite understand it. This carry seems to be all covered over with pork. I would n’t be surprised to find a piece anywhere. There is another junk, now,” I exclaimed, as I plunged my moccason into the mud and kicked a two-pound bit toward him ; “it’s lying all round here loose.”

I thought John would split with laughter, but my time came, for as in one of his paroxysms he turned partly round, I saw that his back was covered with mud clear up to his hat.

“Do you always sit down on your coat, John,” I inquired, “when you cross a carry like this ?”

“Come, come,” rejoined he, ceasing to laugh from very exhaustion, “take a knife or tin plate, and scrape the muck from my back. I always tell my wife to make my clothes a ground color, but the color is laid on a little too thick this time, any way.”

“John,” said I, after having scraped him down, “take the paddle and spear my boots off from that limb up there, while I tread out this pork.”

Plunging into the slough, balancing here on a bog and there on an underlying root, I succeeded in concentrating the scattered pieces at one point. As I was shying the last junk into the bag, a disappointed grunt from John caused me to look around. I took in the situation at a glance. The boots were still suspended from the limb. The paddle and two oars had followed suit, and lay cosily amid the branches, while John, poising himself dexterously on the trunk of a

fallen spruce, red in the face and vexed at his want of success, was whirling the frying-pan over his head, in the very act of letting it drive at the boots.

“Go in, John!” I shouted, seizing hold of the gridiron with one hand and a bag of bullets with the other, while tears stood in my eyes from very laughter; “when we’ve got all the rest of the baggage up in that hemlock, I’ll pass up the boat, and we’ll make a camp.”

The last words were barely off my lips, when John, having succeeded in getting a firm footing, as he thought, on the slippery bark, threw all his strength into the cast, and away the big iron pan went whizzing up through the branches. But, alas for human calculation! the rotten bark under his feet, rent by the sudden pressure as he pitched the cumbrous missile upward, parted from the smooth wood, and John, with a mighty thump which seemed almost to snap his head off, came down upon the trunk; while the frying-pan, gyrating like a broken-winged bird, landed rods away in the marsh. By this time John’s blood was up, and the bombardment began in earnest. The first thing he laid his hand on was the coffee-pot. I followed suit with the gridiron. Then my fishing-basket and a bag of bullets mounted upward. Never before was such a battle waged, or such weapons used. The air was full of missiles. Tin plates, oar-locks, the axe, gridiron, and pieces of pork, were all in the air at once. How long the contest would have continued I cannot tell, had it not been brought to a glorious termination; but at last the heavy iron camp-kettle, hurled by John’s nervous wrist, striking the limb fair, crashed through like a forty-pound shot, and down came boots, oars, paddle, and all. Gathering the scattered articles together, we took our respective burdens, and pushed ahead. Weary and hot, we reached at length the margin of the swamp, and our feet stood once more on solid ground.

At last (for all journeys will have an end) we stood upon the coveted beach. The dreaded carry was crossed.

DAME FREDEGONDE. — AYTOUN.

WHEN folks, with headstrong passion blind,
 To play the fool make up their mind,
 They're sure to come, with phrases nice
 And modest air, for your advice.
 But, as a truth unfailing make it,
 They ask, but never mean to take it.
 'T is not advice they want, in fact,
 But confirmation in their act.
 Now mark what did, in such a case,
 A worthy priest who knew the race.

A dame more buxom, blithe, and free
 Than Fredegonde you scarce would see.
 So smart her dress, so trim her shape,
 Ne'er hostess offered juice of grape,
 Could for her trade wish better sign ;
 Her looks gave flavor to her wine,
 And each guest feels it, as he sips,
 Smack of the ruby of her lips.
 A smile for all, a welcome glad, —
 A jovial coaxing way she had ;
 And — what was more her fate than blame —
 A nine months' widow was our dame.
 But toil was hard, for trade was good,
 And gallants sometimes will be rude.
 "And what can a lone woman do ?
 The nights are long and eerie too.
 Now, Guillot there 's a likely man,
 None better draws or taps a can ;
 He 's just the man, I think, to suit,
 If I could bring my courage to 't."
 With thoughts like these her mind is crossed :
 The dame, they say, who doubts, is lost.
 "But then the risk ? I'll beg a slice
 Of Father Raulin's good advice."

Pranked in her best, with looks demure,
 She seeks the priest ; and, to be sure,
 Asks if he thinks she ought to wed :
 " With such a business on my head,
 I'm worried off my legs with care,
 And need some help to keep things square.
 I've thought of Guillot, truth to tell !
 He's steady, knows his business well.
 What do you think ?" When thus he met her :
 " O, take him, dear, you can't do better !"
 " But then the danger, my good pastor,
 If of the man I make the master.
 There is no trusting to these men."
 " Well, well, my dear, don't have him then !"
 " But help I must have, there's the curse,
 I may go farther and fare worse."
 " Why, take him then !" " But if he should
 Turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good, —
 In drink and riot waste my all,
 And rout me out of house and hall ?"
 " Don't have him, then ! But I've a plan
 To clear your doubts, if any can.
 The bells a peal are ringing, — hark !
 Go straight, and what they tell you, mark.
 If they say ' Yes !' wed, and be blest, —
 If ' No,' why, — do as you think best."

The bells rung out a triple bob :
 O, how our widow's heart did throb !
 And thus she heard their burden go,
 " Marry, mar-marry, mar-Guillot !"
 Bells were not then left to hang idle :
 A week, — and they rang for her bridal.
 But, woe the while, they might as well
 Have rung the poor dame's parting knell.
 The rosy dimples left her cheek,
 She lost her beauties plump and sleek ;

For Guillot oftener kicked than kissed,
 And backed his orders with his fist,
 Proving by deeds, as well as words,
 That servants make the worst of lords.

She seeks the priest, her ire to wreak,
 And speaks as angry women speak,
 With tiger looks, and bosom swelling,
 Cursing the hour she took his telling.
 To all, his calm reply was this, —
 “ I fear you ’ve read the bells amiss.
 If they have led you wrong in aught,
 Your wish, not they, inspired the thought.
 Just go, and mark well what they say.”
 Off trudged the dame upon her way,
 And sure enough the chime went so, —
 “ Don’t have that knave, that knave Guillot ! ”

“ Too true,” she cried, “ there ’s not a doubt :
 What could my ears have been about ! ”
 She had forgot that, as fools think,
 The bell is ever sure to clink.

OUR GUIDE IN GENOA AND ROME. — MARK TWAIN.

EUROPEAN guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart, — the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would, — and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration.

It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more, — we never admired anything, — we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation, — full of impatience. He said : —

"Come wis me, genteelmen! — come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo! — write it himself! — write it wis his own hand! — come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger : —

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! hand-writing Christopher Colombo! — write it himself!"

We looked indifferent, — unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest, —

"Ah, — Ferguson, — what — what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"
Another deliberate examination.

"Ah, — did he write it himself, or — or how?"

"He write it himself! — Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said, —

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo —"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you must n't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! — and if you have n't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said, —

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo! — splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust, — for it *was* beautiful, — and sprang back and struck an attitude: —

"Ah, look, genteelmen! — beautiful, grand, — bust Christopher Colombo! — beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass, — procured for such occasions: —

"Ah, — what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo, — the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America! — discover America, O, ze devil!"

"Discover America. No, — that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo, — pleasant name, — is — is he dead?"

"O, corpo di Baccho! — three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen, — I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe, — maybe. I do *not* know, — I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah, — which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria! — *zis ze bust!* — *zis ze pedestal!*"

"Ah, I see, I see, — happy combination, — very happy combination indeed. Is — is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner, — guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last, — a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him: —

"See, genteelman! — Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah, — Ferguson, — what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name? — he got no name! Mummy! — 'Gyptian mummy!"

“ Yes, yes. Born here ? ”

“ No. ’ *Gyptian* mummy. ”

“ Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume ? ”

“ No ! — *not* Frenchman, not Roman ! — born in Egypta ! ”

“ Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, — mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed ! Is — ah ! — is he dead ? ”

“ O, *sacre bleu* ! been dead three thousan’ year ! ”

The doctor turned on him savagely : —

“ Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this ? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn ! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us* ! Thunder and lightning ! I ’ve a notion to — to — If you ’ve got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out ! — or, by George, we ’ll brain you ! ”

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

The Innocents Abroad.

“ JIM. ” — F. BRET HARTE.

SAY there ! P'r'aps
Some o' you chaps
Might know Jim Wild ?

Well, — no offence :

Thar ain't no sense

In gittin' riled.
 Jim was my chum
 Up on the Bar :
 That 's why I come
 Down from up thar,
 Lookin' for Jim.
 Thank ye, sir ! *you*
 Ain't of that crew, —
 Blest if you are !

Money ? — Not much :
 That ain't my kind ;
 I ain't no such.
 Rum ? — I don't mind,
 Seein' it 's you.

Well, this yer Jim,
 Did you know him ? —
 Jess 'bout your size ;
 Same kind of eyes ? —
 Well, that is strange :
 Why, it 's two year
 Since he come here,
 Sick, for a change.
 Well, here 's to us !
 Eh ?
 Dead, you say !
 That little cuss ?

What makes you star, —
 You over thar ?
 Can't a man drop
 's glass in yer shop
 But you must rar' ?
 It would n't take
 Derned much to break
 You and your bar.

Dead ?

Poor — little — Jim !
 Why thar was me,
 Jones, and Bob Lee,
 Harry and Ben, —
 No-account men ;
 Then to take *him* !

Well, thar, — Good by —
 No more, sir, — I —
 Eh ?

What 's that you say ?
 Why, dern it ! — sho ! —
 No ? Yes ! By Jo !
 Sold !

Sold ! Why, you limb,
 You ornery,
 Derved old
 Long-legged Jim !



JOYS AND SORROWS OF EGGS. — REV. H. W. BEECHER.

BORN in the country, our amusements were few and simple; but what they lacked in themselves we supplied from a buoyant and overflowing spirit of enjoyment. A string and a stick went further with us, and afforded more hearty enjoyment, than forty dollars' worth of trinkets to our own children. Indeed, it would seem as if the enjoying part of our nature depended very much upon the necessity of providing its own pleasures. There are not many of our earlier experiences which we should particularly care to renew. We are content to renew our wading and grubbing after sweet-flag root only in memory. The nuttings were excellent in their way, the gathering of berries, the building of snow-houses, and the various games of summer and winter, on land, ice, or snow. We keep them as a pleasant background

of recollection, without any special wish to advance them again into the foreground.

One thing we shall never get over. We shall never lose enthusiasm for hen's-nests. The sudden cackling outcry of a faithful old hen, proclaiming the wonder of her eggs, we shall never hear without the old flush and wish to seek and bring in the vaunted trophy. The old barn was very large. It abounded in nooks, sheds, compartments, and what-nots, admirably suited to a hen's love of egg-secretiveness. And no lover ever sought the post-office for an expected letter with half the alacrity with which we used to search for eggs. Every barrel, every manger and bin, every pile of straw or stack of cornstalks, every mow and grain-room, was inspected. And there was always the delightful hope that a new nest would suddenly open up to us. For every one properly born and well brought up knows that hen's-nests are fortuitous, and are always happening in the most surprising manner, and in the most unexpected places. And though you bring all your great human brain to bear upon the matter, a silly old hen will tuck away a dozen eggs, right under your eyes, and will walk forth daily after each instalment, with a most domestic air and tone of taunting, saying, as plain as inarticulate sounds can proclaim it, "I've laid an egg! I've laid an egg! I've laid another! You can't find it! You won't find it! I know you won't!"

And sure enough we can't find it, and don't find it, until, after a due time, the gratified old fuss leads forth all her eggs with infinite cluckings responsive to endless peepings! Behold! there was a nest in a clump of grass not a yard from a familiar path.

The knowledge that a nest might dawn upon us at any time kept our youthful zeal more alert than ever Columbus was to discover this little nest of a continent. Sometimes we detected the sly treasure in the box of a chaise; sometimes an old hat held more in it when cast into a corner than in its palmy days. The ash-bin was an excellent spot. The fire-place under an old abandoned Dutch oven was a favorite

haunt. We have crept, flat as a serpent, under the whole barn, fearless of all the imaginary monsters which, to a boy's imagination, populate dark holes, and have come forth flaxed from head to foot with spider's-webs, well rewarded if only a few eggs were found.

Ah, how it comes back to us now! — the round, rosy face of a younger brother; the quiet, dreaming search of a sister, who always was looking, and never finding what she did look for, and always finding what she did not. And then, when the spring was wide-awake, rearing her brood of flowers, and the air smelt of new-growing things, and showers were warm, and clouds were white and fleecy, and wandered about the pale blue heaven, like straggling flocks of pasturing sheep; and new-mated birds kept honeymoon in every bush and tree, and sang amatory poems that Burns might have envied; and new furrows in every field attracted flocks of worm-loving blackbirds, and everything was gay and glad and musical, the very flies having music in their wings; and bees, like wicked poets, singing of the flowers which they have robbed (well, let's see, this long sentence has bewildered us, and we forget what we started for. O, now we remember!) Well, in these fervent, soft, brooding days even hens felt the celestial fire, and piled up their poetical duties in full and overflowing nests, till boys' hearts fairly throbbled with delight, and the pans in the closet swelled up in rounded heaps, until egg could no longer lie upon egg!

Now it sometimes happened that, when busy about the "chores," foddering the horse, throwing down hay to the cows, we discovered a nest brimming full of hidden eggs. The hat was the bonded warehouse, of course. But sometimes it was a cap not of suitable capacity. Then the pocket came into play, and chiefly the skirt pockets. Of course, we intended to transfer them immediately after getting into the house, for eggs are as dangerous in the pocket, though for different reasons, as powder would be in a forgerman's pocket. And so, having finished the evening's work, and put the pin into the stable-door, we sauntered toward the house, behind

which, and right over Chestnut Hill, the broad moon stood showering all the east with silver twilight! All earthly cares and treasures were forgot in the dreamy pleasure, and at length entering the house, — supper already delayed for us, — we drew up the chair, and peacefully sank into it, with a suppressed and indescribable crunch and liquid crackle underneath us, which brought us up again in the liveliest manner, and with outcries which seemed made up of all the hens' cackles of all the eggs which were now holding carnival in our pockets! *Facilis descensus averno, sed revocare gradum, &c.*, which means, It is easy to put eggs into your pocket, but how to get them out again, that's the question. And it was the question! Such a hand-dripping business, — such a scene when the slightly angry mother and the disgusted maid turned the pockets inside out!

We were very penitent! It should never happen again! And it did not — for a month or two. Then a sudden nest, very full, tempted us, and we fortified our courage, as, of course, the same accident could not happen twice. The memory of the old disaster would certainly prevent any such second ridiculous experience!

But it chanced there was company in the house, — cousins and gladly-received neighbors. And amidst the gratulations and the laugh and the hand-shakings, they began to sit down, and we also sat quietly down, but rose up a great deal quicker! Our disgrace was total. Such a tale as we unfolded!

Three times within our melancholy remembrance did we perform this shameful act, until a hen's-nest affected us with peculiar horror.

Are we the only man that sits down on eggs? Is not the whole world hunting nests, and laying up their treasures in pockets behind them, and sitting down on all their spoils, when it is too late? Are there not other things beside eggs, which are very fair on the outside, and very clean if tenderly handled, which, when broken, are most foul to the raiment and the touch? Are there no men whose experience of long-

sought love is but eggs in the pocket of one who sits down? Are there no men filling their pockets with thin-shelled, golden eggs, which Fortune lays, and which they mean to carry home, and employ for all domestic uses, but which in the end are crushed, and only soil their pockets?

We said we performed the feat three times. Why should we conceal the fact that we have understated the number? Let us make a clean pocket of the matter, and confess that it happened oftener, and even after we were grown up and married! The wife's admirable conduct on the occasion established her reputation. And if any one, before venturing upon the untried navigation of matrimony, would test the patience and gentleness of any angelic person, we would advise him to sit down on a dozen eggs in her presence, and witness then the developments of her disposition in the disaster. There are a hundred women who would follow Florence Nightingale into a plague hospital, where there is one who would put her hand into his pocket after such a drear experience as we have narrated!



MORE HULLAHBALOO!—THOMAS HOOD.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
 Which every other century surpasses,
 Is one, — just now the rage, —
 Called “singing for all classes,” —
 That is, for all the British millions,
 And billions,
 And quadrillions,
 Not to name *Quintilians*,
 That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
 To learn to warble like the birds in June,
 In time and tune,
 Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!

In fact, a sort of plan,
 Including gentleman as well as yokel,
 Public or private man,
 To call out a militia, — only vocal
 Instead of local,
 And not designed for military follies,
 But keeping still within the civil border,
 To form with mouths in open order,
 And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
 Will ever get beyond a dream,
 And tend to British happiness and glory,
 Maybe no, and maybe yes,
 Is more than I pretend to guess, —
 However here 's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
 Where Business retreats,
 To shun the daily bustle and the noise
 The shoppy Strand enjoys,
 But Law, Joint Companies, and Life Assurance
 Find past endurance, —
 In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
 The other day a ragged wight
 Began to sing with all his might,
 “ *I have a silent sorrow here !* ”

Heard in that quiet place,
 Devoted to a still and studious race,
 The noise was quite appalling !
 To seek a fitting simile and spin it,
 Appropriate to his calling,
 His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it ;
 But O, the scientific tone it lacked,
 And was, in fact,
 Only a forty-boatswain-power of bawling !

'T was said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,
 The stage had banished him when he tempted it,
 For though his voice completely filled the house,
 It also emptied it.

However, there he stood
 Vociferous, — a ragged don !
 And with his iron pipes laid on
 A row to all the neighborhood.

Louder, and louder still,
 The fellow sang with horrible good-will,
 Curses both loud and deep his sole gratuities,
 From scribes bewildered making many a flaw
 In deeds of law
 They had to draw ;
 With dreadful incongruities
 In posting ledgers, making up accounts
 To large amounts
 Or casting up annuities, —
 Stunned by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
 Against whose overwhelming force
 No invoice stood a chance, of course !

From room to room, from floor to floor,
 From Number One to Twenty-four
 The nuisance bellowed, till, all patience lost,
 Down came Miss Frost,
 Expostulating at her open door, —
 “ Peace, monster, peace !
 Where *is* the New Police !

I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
 Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't !
 You really send my serious thoughts astray,
 Do, — there 's a dear, good man — do, go away.”
 Says he, “ I won't !”

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam,
 That sounded like a wooden d——n,

For so some moral people, strictly loath
 To swear in words, however up,
 Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
 Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath, —
 In fact, this sort of physical transgression
 Is really no more difficult to trace
 Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
 Leaving the subject of her discontent
 To Mr. Jones's clerk at Number Ten ;
 Who, throwing up the sash,
 With accents rash,
 Thus hailed the most vociferous of men :
 "Come, come, I say, old fellow, stop your chant !
 I cannot write a sentence, — no one can't !
 So just pack up your trumps,
 And stir your stumps —"
 Says he, "I sha'n't !"

Down went the sash
 As if devoted to "eternal smash,"
 (Another illustration
 Of acted imprecation,)
 While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
 The independent voice, so loud and strong,
 And clanging like a gong,
 Roared out again the everlasting song,
 "I have a silent sorrow here !"

The thing was hard to stand !
 The music-master could not stand it, —
 But, rushing forth with fiddlestick in hand,
 As savage as a bandit,
 Made up directly to the tattered man,

And thus in broken sentences, began,
 But playing first a prelude of grimaces,
 Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
 So that, to guess his subject from his faces,
 He meant to give a lecture upon apes, —
 “Com — com — I say !
 You go away !
 Into two parts my head you split, —
 My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit
 When I do play —
 You have no bis’ness in a place so still !
 Can you not come another day ?”
 Says he, “I will.”

No, no — you scream and bawl !
 You must not come at all !
 You have no rights, by rights, to beg, —
 You have not one off leg, —
 You ought to work, — you have not some complaint, —
 You are not cripple in your back or bones, —
 Your voice is strong enough to break some stones,” —
 Says he, “It ain’t !”

“I say you ought to labor !
 You are in a young case,
 You have not sixty years upon your face,
 To come and beg your neighbor,
 And discompose his music with a noise
 More worse than twenty boys, —
 Look what a street it is for quiet !
 No cart to make a riot,
 No coach, no horses, no postilion,
 If you will sing, I say, it is not just
 To sing so loud.” Says he, “I MUST !
 I’M SINGING FOR THE MILLION !”

LORD DUNDREARY PROPOSING. — F. J. SKILL.

“**A**NY fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he ’th going to make an ath of himself.”

That ’s vevy twue, — I — I ’ve often thed tho before. But the fact is, evewy fellah doth n’t make an ath of himthelf, at least not quite such an ath as I ’ve done in my time. I — don’t mind telling you, but ’pon my word now, — I — I ’ve made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathions. You don’t believe it now, — do you? I — thought you would n’t, — but I have now — *weally*. Particularly with wegard to women.

To say the twuth, that is my weakneth, — I s’pose I ’m what they call a ladies’ man. The pwetty cweachaws like me, — I know they do, — though they pwetend not to do so. It — it ’s the way with some fellahs. There was hith late Majesty, George the Fourth. I never thaw him mythelf, you know, but I ’ve heard he had a sort of way with him that *no* woman could wesist. They used to call him a cam — what is it? a camelia — no, camel-leopard, no — chameleon, is n’t it? that attwacts people with its eyes — no, by the way that — that ’s the bwute that changes color — it could n’t have been that you know, — Georgius Wex — never changed color, — he — he ’d got beyond blushing, he had — he only blushed once — early — vevy early in life, and then it was by mistake — no cam — chameleon ’s *not* the word. What the dooth is it? O, stop, — it begins with a B. By the way, its ’stonishing how many words begin with a B. O, an awful lot! No — no wonder Dr. Watts talked about the — the busy B. Why, he ’s more work than all the west of the alphabet. However, the word begins with a B, and its Bas — Basiloose — yes, that ’s it — stop, I ’d better look it out in the dictionary to make certain. I — I hate to make mistakes — I do — especially about a thimple matter like this. O, here we are — B. Basilica.

No it — that can’t be the word you know — George was king, and if — if Basilica means a royal palace — they — they might have been — welations — but that ’s all — no, it is n’t

Basilica — it — it's Basilisk — yes, I've got it now — it's Bathilith. That's what his Majesty was — a Bathilith, and fascinated fair creachaws with his eye. Let me see — where was I? O, I rekomember — or weckolect — which is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man.

I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had, — at least, when I say successful, I mean it would have been as far as *I* was concerned, — but of course when two people are engaged — or wather — when one of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himself can't engage that he'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one thentence, and yet — it seems quite fruitless. Come, that's pwetty smart, that is, — for me.

Well, as I was saying, — I mean as I meant to have said, — when I was stopping down at Wockingham, with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a mons'ous jolly girl staying there too. I don't mean *too* girls you know — only — only *one* girl — But stop a minute, — is that right? How could *one* girl be stopping there *two*? What doosid queer expressions there are in the English language! . . . Stopping there two! It's vewy odd *I* — I'll swear there was only one girl, — at least, the one that *I* mean was only one — if she'd been two, of course I should have known it — let me see now, one is singular, and two is plural, — well, you know, she *was* a singular girl — and she — she was one too many for me. Ah, I see now, — that accounts for it, — one *two* many — of course — I *knew* there was a two somewhere. She had a vewy queer name, Miss — miss — Missmiss, no not Miss Missmiss — I always miss the wrong — I mean the right name, — Miss Chaffingham, — that's it, — Charlotte Chaffingham. I weckomember Charlotte, because they called her Lotty, — and one day at bweakfast — I made a stunning widdle — I said, — “Why is Miss Charlotte like a London cabman?” Well, none of them could guess it. They twied and twied, and at last my brother Sam, — he gave a most stupid anthwer, — he said, “I know,” he said, — “She's like a London cabman because she's got a *fair back*.”

Did you ever hear anything so widiculous? Just as if her

face was n't much pwettier than her back! Why, I could see that, for I was sitting opposite her. It's twue Sam was just behind her, offering some muffins, but—you know he'd seen her face, and he weally ought to have known better. I told him so,—I said, “Tham, you ought to be athamed of yourthelf, *that* 'th not the anther.”

Well, of course then they all wanted to know, and I—I told 'em—ha, ha! *my* answer was good, was n't it? O, I forgot I have n't told you, — well, — here it is, —I said, —

“Miss Charlotte is like a London cabman, because she's a Lotty Chaffingham” (of course I meant, lot o' chaff in him). D'ye see? Doosid good *I* call it,—but would you believe? all the party began woarwing with laughter all wound. At first I thought they were laughing at the widdle, and I laughed too, but at last Captain Wagsby said (by the way, I hate Wagsby, — he's so doosid familiar) — Captain Wagsby said, “Mulled it again, my Lord.” From this low expression, — which I weckollect at Oxford, — I thought that they thought I had made a mithtake, and asked them what they meant by woarwing in that absurd manner.

“Why, don't you see, Dundreary,” some one said, — “it won't do, — you've forgotten the lady's sex, — Miss Charlotte can't be said to have any chaff in *him*. It ought to be chaff in *her*,” — and then they began to woar again. Upon my word now, it had n't occurred to me certainly before, but I don't see *now* that it was such a mistake. What's the use of being so doosid particular about the *sense* of a widdle as long as it's a good one? Abthurd!

Well, after breakfast we went out for a stroll upon the lawn, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me. She was a doosid stunning girl, you know. A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when you see them they're *not* so stunning after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl, — fair eyes and beautifully blue, ha — no! blue hair and fair — I (confound it, I always make that mistake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence) — I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way

of looking at one that — that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did tho mythelf, you know, — at least not that I weckomember, — I mean, weckollect, — before that morning. But weally she did look so jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast, — so bewitching when she smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it, — I, I weally began to feel almost *thpooney* mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again; I weally must bweak mythelf off this habit of joking; it's vevy low, you know, — like a beathly clown in a b-beathly pantomime, — I ought n't to have said beathly twice, I know. A fellah once told me, that if — if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught ological. But he's wrong, you know, — for *I* often do, and I'm sure *I* never was taught anything of the kind.

However, Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn, — down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobin wedbweast that she said had built a nest there, — and, sure enough, when we got to it, there was this weddin — wob — I mean wobbin — wed — beast looking out of a gweat lump of moss. I thought Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, and so I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding — wobbin — web-beasts are so doosid sharp, — and I'm dashed if it did n't fly out on the other side.

“You thupid man,” Lotty thaid. “Why — you — you've fwitened the poor little thing away.”

I was wather wild at first at being called *thupid*, — that's a sort of thing — *no* fellah likes, but — *dash* it! I'd have stood anything from Lotty, — I — I'd have carried her pwyer-book to church, — I'd have parted my hair on one side, — or — no — yes — I think I'd have thaved off my whiskers for her thake.

“Poor, dear little wobbin,” she said, — “it will never come back any more; I'm afraid you've made it desert.” What did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs, so, taking one up, I said, “You — you don't mean to thay they eat these specky things after dinner?” I said.

“Of course not,” she weplied, — and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place, and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did.

At the top of the long walk at Wockingham there is a summer-house, — a jolly sort of place, with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants, which give a sort of rural or *wurwal* — which is it? blest if I know — look to the place, and as it was vevy warm, I thought if I’m ever to make an ath of mythelf by pwoposing to this girl, — I won’t do it out in the eye of the sun, — it’s so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began : —

“Miss Chaffingham, now, don’t you think it doosid cool?”

“Cool, Lord D.,” she said; “why, I thought you were complaining of the heat.”

“I beg your pardon,” I said, “I — I — can’t speak vevy fast” (the fact is, that a beathly wasp was butthing about me at the moment), “and I had n’t quite finished my thentence. I was going to say, Don’t you think it’s doosid cool of Wagsby to go on laughing — at — at a fellah as he does?”

“Well, my Lord,” she said, “I think so, too; and I wonder you stand it. You — you have your remedy, you know.”

“What remedy?” I said. “You — you don’t mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?”

Here she — she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I — I could n’t think what she meant.

“A vevy good idea,” I said. “I’ve a vevy good mind to twy it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter’s studio, — and gave it an awful licking. It’s true it — it did n’t hit back, you know — I — I did all — all the hitting then. And pwaps — pwaps Wagsby would hit back. But if — if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always — always — ”

“Always *what*, my Lord?” said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hysterical manner.

“Why I could always say it was a mithtake, and — and it should n’t happen again, you know.”

“Admirable policy, upon my word,” she said, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amused her so *I* never could make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess I felt wather nervouth.

“It’s only a bird,” Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobin-wedbreast, and what a wonderful thing Nature is, — and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, “O Miss Chaffingham!” I said, “if I was a wobin —”

“Yes, Dundreary,” she anthered, — vewy soft and sweet. And I thought to mythelf, — Now’s the time to ask her, — now’s the time to — I — I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying, —

“Yes?” interwoggatively.

“If I was a wobbin, Lotty, — and — and *you* were a wobbin —” I — exclaimed, — with a voice full of emothun.

“Well, my Lord?”

“Would n’t it be — jolly to have thpeckled eggs ewewy morning for breakfast?”

That was n’t *quite* what I was going to say; but just then there was another rustling behind the summer-house, and in wushed that bwute Wagsby.

“What’s the wow, Dundreary?” said he, grinning in a dweadfully idiotic sort of way. “Come, old fellow” (I — I hate a man who calls me old fellow, — it’s so beathly familiar). And then he said he had come on purpose to fetch us back, (confound him!) as they had just awwanged to start on one of those cold-meat excursions, — no, that’s not the word, I know, — but it has something to do with cold meat, — pic — pickles, is it? — no, pickwick? pic — I have it — they wanted us to go picklicking, — I mean picknicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment. Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtathun with Lotty, — to be interwupted in this manner! Was ever anything so pwovoking? And all for a

picnic, — a thort of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in *such* a wage!

Of course I did n't get another chance to say all I wanted. I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of my-thelf.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE. — JOHN G. SAXE.

THIS tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,
Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.
One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
Has told it before in a tedious narration;
In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
But which nobody reads on account of its dulness.

Young PETER PYRAMUS — I call him Peter,
Not for the sake of the rhyme or the metre,
But merely to make the name completer;
For Peter lived in the olden times,
And in one of the worst of pagan climes
That flourish now in classical fame,
Long before either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name, —
Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know;
In years, I ween, he was rather green,
That is to say, he was just eighteen, —
A trifle too short, a shaving too lean,
But “a nice young man” as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl
In the magical trap of an auburn curl, —
A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door
(They lived, in fact, on the very same floor,

With a wall between them and nothing more, —
 Those double dwellings were common of yore),
 And they loved each other, the legends say,
 In that very beautiful, bountiful way
 That every young maid and every young blade
 Are wont to do before they grow staid,
 And learn to love by the laws of trade.
 But (alackaday for the girl and boy !)
 A little impediment checked their joy,
 And gave them awhile the deepest annoy ; —
 For some good reason, which history cloaks,
 The match did n't happen to please the old folks.

So Thisbe's father, and Peter's mother
 Began the young couple to worry and bother,
 And tried their innocent passion to smother
 By keeping the lovers from seeing each other !
 But who ever heard of a marriage deterred
 Or even deferred
 By any contrivance so very absurd
 As scolding the boy and caging the bird ?
 Now Peter, who was not discouraged at all
 By obstacles such as the timid appall,
 Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
 Which was n't so thick but removing a brick
 Made a passage, — though rather provokingly small.
 Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
 And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
 While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter, —
 For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,
 Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes !

'T was here that the lovers, intent upon love,
 Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot
 Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove ;
 For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,
 Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,

To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.
 In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
 The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,
 The mulberry-tree impatient to find ;
 While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
 Strolled leisurely out, some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
 A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on
 Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
 And caused the young maiden in terror to flee
 (A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
 Blood, — and "a terrible thing among ladies"),
 And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
 The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing the veil
 All covered o'er and reeking with gore,
 Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,
 And sat himself down to weep and to wail ;
 For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter
 Made up his mind in very short metre,
 That Thisbe was dead and the lion had eat her !
 So, breathing a prayer, he determined to share
 The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"
 And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost !

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau
 Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),
 She guessed in a moment the cause of his erring ;
 And, seizing the knife that had taken his life,
 In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring.

MORAL.

Young gentlemen ! — pray recollect, if you please,
 Not to make appointments near mulberry-trees.
 Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head

To be stabbing yourself till you know she is dead.
 Young ladies! — you should n't go strolling about
 When your anxious mammas don't know you are out ;
 And remember that accidents often befall
 From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall !

SPEECH-MAKING.

HOW truly fortunate the age and country in which we live, when and where every event is set forth and duly celebrated in a magnificent speech! These ready speech-makers seem determined to effect what Milton implored of his muse : —

“What is low, raise and support.”

We are told by the newspapers, that at a “mowing-match,” lately got up in New Hampshire, the “Hon. Mr. Such-a-one delivered an elegant and appropriate address.” Now, this is nothing to the style in which we do things in the Old Bay State. We could relate a score of instances, if we pleased, where as fine speeches as ever were blown were made on far less occasions than the one above mentioned. I will content myself with a single instance.

In a village on one side or other of the Connecticut River there is a pound, for the imprisonment of such unruly four-footed animals as render themselves obnoxious to the civil authority. This same pound having lost off one of the hinges of the gate, it became a matter of prudence to replace it by a new one.

The making and putting on of a single hinge on a gate of no great magnitude is not a thing necessarily requiring a great deal of noise, saving and excepting what is made by the hammer and the anvil. But this only shows more fully the vast perfection to which the sublime art of speech-making is already brought in this happy land.

On this occasion the Hon. Spouter Puffer was unanimously chosen to deliver the address. And the able and perfect

manner in which he did the thing shows, clearer than noon-day, the wisdom of the choice. The carpenter had taken the hinge in his hand, and was about nailing it fast to the gate, when the honorable gentleman arose, and after alluding to the importance of the occasion, his utter inability to do anything like justice to it, and craving the indulgence of the audience, he thus proceeded :—

“When I look about me, and behold this vast empire of our republic, extending from sea to sea, and from ocean to ocean ; when I contemplate the growing condition of this State ; when I reflect on the magnitude of this country ; when I consider the ineffable importance of this 'ere town, with its dense and enlightened population ; and, especially, when I turn my eyes to the wide circumference of the POUND before us, I am lost in admiration of the magnitude of our destinies.

“Europe is no more to us than a filbert-shell to a meeting-house. If any one doubts that we have arrived at the pinnacle of arts, let him come forward to-day, and view the perfection of this hinge, pounded, as it has been, on the anvil of Independence, and beaten into shape by the hammer of Wisdom.

“On this hinge turns the fate of empires ; on this hinge depends the starvation of horses, and bringing into subjection the flesh of unruly beef. Here they may chew the bitter cud of nonentity ; here they may learn to prize the inestimable privileges of being impounded in a land of liberty ; here — ”

But we will not now pursue the subject any further, as it is utterly impossible to do anything like justice to the eloquence of the honorable gentleman without quoting the whole speech ; which, as it would occupy nine closely printed columns, and we understand it is to be laid before the public in a pamphlet form, we dismiss for the present, just observing, that the honorable gentleman surpassed all his former examples of eloquence ; and such was the attention and stillness of an audience composed of at least twenty persons that the walls of the pound might have fallen down “slam bang !” without once being heard.

THE COURTIN'. — J. R. LOWELL.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in, —
 There war n't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in among 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin';
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin,
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On such a blessed creetur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
 Clean grit an' human natur';
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He 'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells, —
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
 My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin' bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A raspin' on the scraper, —
 All-ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal no I come designin' —"
 "To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meēt'in' come nex' Sunday.

MR. PICKWICK'S DILEMMA. — DICKENS.

MR. PICKWICK'S apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation.

His landlady, Mrs. Bardell, — the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer, — was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy ; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor ; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house ; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior, on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill, would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience, very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation ; but what

that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why, it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger, — "la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table, — "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, — "I do, indeed; and, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You 'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning, — eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose, — a deliberate plan, too, — sent her little boy to the Borough to get him out of the way, — how thoughtful, — how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"O Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It will save you a great deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"O, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and of course, I should take more trouble to please you than than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy —" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart," interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, — "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"O you dear —" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"O you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and

without more ado she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears, and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul!" cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; — "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman, — dear me, what a situation, — pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't — if anybody should come —"

"O, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically. "I'll never leave you, — dear, kind, good soul"; and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing, for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and, considering Mr. Pickwick the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and, butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

“Take this little villain away,” said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, “he’s mad.”

“What is the matter?” said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

“I don’t know,” replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. “Take away the boy” (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment). “Now help me to lead this woman down stairs.”

“O, I’m better now,” said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

“Let me lead you down stairs,” said the ever-gallant Mr. Tupman.

“Thank you, sir, — thank you,” exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

“I cannot conceive,” said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned, — “I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!”

“Very,” said his three friends.

“Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation,” continued Mr. Pickwick.

“Very,” was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

“There is a man in the passage now,” said Mr. Tupman.

“It’s the man that I spoke to you about,” said Mr. Pickwick. “I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass.”

THE BAKER'S REPLY TO THE NEEDLE-PEDLER.

I NEED not your needles, — they’re needless to me ;
 For kneading of needles were needless, you see ;
 But did my neat trousers but need to be kneed,
 I then should have need of your needles indeed.

THE TWINS.

IN form and feature, face and limb,
 I grew so like my brother
 That folks got taking me for him,
 And each for one another.
 It puzzled all our kith and kin,
 It reached an awful pitch ;
 For one of us was born a twin,
 And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
 Before our names were fixed,
 As we were being washed by nurse,
 We got completely mixed.
 And thus you see, by Fate's decree,
 (Or rather nurse's whim),
 My brother John got christened *me*,
 And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogged
 My footsteps when at school,
 And I was always getting flogged, —
 For John turned out a fool.
 I put this question hopelessly
 To every one I knew, —
 What *would* you do, if you were me,
 To prove that you were *you* ?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
 Of our domestic life ;
 For somehow my intended bride
 Became my brother's wife.
 In short, year after year the same
 Absurd mistakes went on ;
 And when I died, — the neighbors came
 And buried Brother John !

TRAVELLING UNDER THE CARE OF A GENTLEMAN. — GAIL HAMILTON.

I REMEMBER well the agonizing stupidity of a journey which I undertook with great expectations. Harlicarnasus was obliged to leave me on the road, and I contemplated a solitary completion of my expedition with unbounded delight; but at the very last moment he hunted up an old schoolmate, and consigned me to him, ready invoiced and labelled! I yielded with a resigned and quiet despair.

He proved to be a very sensible man, and — slept most of the time, except when I spoke to him, which I did occasionally for the sake of seeing him jump. He knew that it was not polite for him to sleep, but he cherished the pleasing illusion that I did not know it, but fancied him lost in profound meditation. Bless his dear soul! If he only could have known that it was the most agreeable disposition he could possibly have made of himself, — though, as far as my observation goes, men certainly look better *awake* than asleep.

Slumber is not becoming to the masculine gender. Look at the next man you see asleep in church. What absolute lack of expression! what falling jaws! what idiocy in the bobbing head! what lack-lustre vacancy about the eyes and in the eyes, when they *drag* themselves slowly open! how senseless are the fingers! and how, when he awakes, he half looks about, and then suddenly looks straight at the minister for two minutes, and pretends he has been awake all the time! — just as if everybody did n't know. It is as good as a pantomime.

But I was glad my fellow-traveller slept, for our attempts at conversation were really distressing to a sensitive mind. He had a habit of receiving my most trifling remarks with an air of deep solemnity, which was very provoking. It is bad enough to say foolish things, and to know they are foolish when you say them; but it is a great deal worse to have people think that you think you have said something wise.

Then he never would understand what I said the first time; consequently it had to be repeated. Now, when you are putting about in distress for a remark, you do often seize hold of any platitude, and give it audible utterance, despising yourself all the while; but when it has done duty, and you have shoved it from you in disgust, to be forced to stretch out your hand and draw it back once more. Eheu!

Our conversation might be daguerreotyped thus:—

I. "This is a fine country."

He. "Ma'âm?"

I. "This is a fine country, I said."

He. "Yes, a very fine country!" (Pause. Profound meditation on both sides.)

I. "Is that an eagle?" (with an attempt at animation.)

He. "Ma'âm?" (with a start, and a wild, bewildered look.)

I. "I asked if that was an eagle, but he is gone now!" (Of course he was—a mile off.)

He. "I don't know, really. I did n't quite see him." (Relapse into meditation.)

I. "Do we change cars at B——?"

He. "Ma'âm?"

I. "Do you know whether we change cars at B——, sir?"

He. "I don't know, but I think we do. I will ask the conductor!"

I. "O no! Pray don't, sir! I dare say we shall find out when we get there." (Third course of meditation, and so on.)

When we did have to change cars, — and it seemed to me as if this occurred at irregular intervals of from ten to twenty miles, — [I desire to enter my protest against it. One is scarcely seated comfortably, with valise and satchel on the floor, shawl on the arm, and bundles tucked on the rack, before "Passengers for Blank change cars"; and up must come the satchel, with a jerk, and down come the bundles with a thud, and off we elbow our way through a crowd, across a dusty track, into another car, where the same process is re-

peated. When people are satisfactorily adjusted, why can't people be let alone ?]

As I was saying, whenever we had to change, he was sure to be sound asleep, and I would spare his feelings and not wake him, knowing that the people jostling against him in passing would do that, and suddenly he would rouse, gaze wildly around, and exclaim, "Are you going to get out?" as if all the commotion were caused by me; and I would turn from the window at which I had been steadfastly staring, and answer calmly, and as if I had just thought of it, "Perhaps we would better, sir; the people seem to be getting out!" And so, by constant watchfulness and studied forbearance, I managed to pick up his goods for him, and land him safely at H——, with great respect for his many virtues, and great contempt for his qualifications as guide and protector.

Yet I was currently reported to be travelling *under the care* of Mr. Lakeman of Alabama; as if I could n't take care of myself fifty thousand times better than that respectable stupidity could take care of me!

CONJUGAL LOVE. — R. S. SHARPE.

I READ of the Emperor Conrad the Third,
 As pleasing a story as ever I heard.
 As it may not have happened to come in your way,
 Perhaps you'll allow me to tell it to-day.

"The city of Wensburg I mean to besiege,"
 He said; and his soldiers said, "Do you, my liege?
 We are all at your service; command, we obey."
 So "blockade and bombard" was the rule of the day.

I can't avoid saying, I think it a pity
 A king should seek fame by destroying a city;
 What a very small portion of glory he shares,
 And how it deranges the city's affairs!

Think of peaceable citizens all at their duties,
Their wives at their needlework (bless 'em! the beauties!)
To be frightened, and have the house broken to bits,
And, maybe, the little ones thrown into fits,

For the purpose of raising an emperor's fame, —
I hope 't is no treason to say, — “It's a shame.”
You will pardon, I trust, this parenthesis long,
But one cannot be silent when people do wrong.

The firing continued, the famine began,
For all had good appetites there to a man,
And because of the noise, as they slept not a wink,
They had more time remaining to eat and to drink.

That Conrad would conquer the ladies knew then,
For the women oft see twice as far as the men ;
So their tongues and their heads then together they laid,
And an active and eloquent senate they made.

They remained full two hours in close consultation,
And during the whole of their confabulation
No noise did they hear of ram, mortar, or ball, —
Could it be the fair council was louder than all ?

No, bless their kind hearts ! not a word let us hear
Against ladies whose memories all must revere ;
These excellent women, my story will show,
All talked to some purpose, — (most women do so.)

To Conrad they sent a well-written petition,
To beg him to pity their hapless condition ;
Their city (and welcome) to take and to sack,
So each lady pass free, — *with a load on her back.*

“Yes, dear little creatures,” the emperor said ;
“To be sure ! let each load both her back and her head ;

The contents of their bandboxes cannot be much,
 Let them take what they will, not a thing will I touch ;
 They may take their whole wardrobe, and welcome for me ;
 All shall pass unmolested, — I sign the decree.”

In beautiful order the army arrayed
 In two lines a magnificent spectacle made ;
 Impatient, the emperor cried out, “ Who waits ?
 A flourish of trumpets, and open the gates ! ”

The gates were thrown wide, the procession began,
 Five hundred fair ladies, each bearing — a man.
 ’T was her husband, her person thus proud to bedeck,
 With his arms — where they ought to be — round his wife’s
 neck !

’T is said that the emperor melted to tears
 At the sight of these ladies thus saving their dears ;
 Relinquished his spoils, spared the citizens’ lives,
 And pardoned the men for the sake of their wives.

My story is finished, I must not impair
 The beautiful truth ’t is intended to bear ;
 That the “ wealth of the mind ” is all other above,
 And the richest of treasures is “ Conjugal Love.”



TOPSY'S FIRST LESSON. — H. B. STOWE.

MISS OPHELIA began with Topsy by taking her into a chamber the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

“Now, Topsy, I’m going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it.”

“Yes, ma’am,” says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woful earnestness.

“Now, Topsy, look here ; this is the hem of the sheet, this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong, — will you remember ?”

“Yes, ma’am,” says Topsy, with another sigh.

“Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster, — so, — and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth, — so, — do you see ?”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Topsy, with profound attention.

“But the upper sheet,” said Miss Ophelia, “must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot, — so, — the narrow hem at the foot.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Topsy, as before ; but we will add — what Miss Ophelia did not see — that, during the time when the good lady’s back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded as before.

“Now, Topsy, let’s see *you* do this,” said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia’s satisfaction, smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia’s attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. “What’s this ? You naughty, wicked child, — you’ve been stealing this !”

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy’s own sleeve, yet was she not in the least disconcerted : she only looked

at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws! why that ar's Miss Feely's ribbon, an't it? How could it a got caught in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty girl, don't you tell me a lie! you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for 't, I did n't; never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feely," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; "it's jist the truth I've been a tellin' now, and an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so."

"Laws, Missis, if you's to whip all day, could n't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat ar, — it must have got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie, that she caught the child and shook her.

"Don't you tell me that again!"

The shake brought the gloves on to the floor, from the other sleeve.

"There, you!" said Miss Ophelia, "will you tell me now you did n't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time." Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me, — I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now tell me if you took anything, and I sha' n't whip you."

"Laws, Missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck."

“You did, you naughty child! — Well, what else?”

“I took Rosa’s yer-rings, — them red ones.”

“Go bring them to me this minute, both of ’em.”

“Laws, Missis! I can’t, — they’s burnt up!”

“Burnt up! — what a story! Go get ’em, or I ’ll whip you.”

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she *could* not. “They’s burnt up, — they was.”

“What did you burn ’em for?” said Miss Ophelia.

“’Cause I’s wicked, I is. I’s mighty wicked, any how, — I can’t help it.”

Just at that moment Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

“Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?” said Miss Ophelia.

“Get it? why, I’ve had it on all day,” said Eva.

“Did you have it on yesterday?”

“Yes; and what is funny, Aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed.”

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

“I’m sure I can’t tell anything what to do with such a child!” she said, in despair: “What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?”

“Why, Missis said I must ’fess; and I could n’t think of nothin’ else to ’fess,” said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

“But, of course, I did n’t want you to confess things you did n’t do,” said Miss Ophelia; “that’s telling a lie, just as much as the other.”

“Laws, now, is it?” said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

“La, there an’t any such thing as truth in that limb,” said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. “If I was Mas’r St. Clare, I’d whip her till the blood run. I would, — I’d let her catch it!”

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command which the child could assume at times; "you must n't talk so, Rosa. I can't bear to hear it."

"La sakes! Miss Eva, you's so good, you don't know nothing how to get along with niggers. There's no way but to cut 'em well up, I tell ye."

"Rosa!" said Eva, "hush! Don't say another word of that sort!" and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its color.

Rosa was cowed in a moment.

"Miss Eva has got the St. Clare blood in her, that's plain. She can speak, for all the world, just like her papa," she said, as she passed out of the room.

Eva stood looking at Topsy.

There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood, the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the African, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice!

When Miss Ophelia expatiated on Topsy's naughty, wicked conduct, Eva looked perplexed and sorrowful, but said sweetly, —

"Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You're going to be taken good care of now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye.

MOLLY MULDOON.

MOLLY MULDOON was an Irish girl,
 And as fine a one
 As you 'd look upon

In the cot of a peasant, or hall of an earl.
 Her teeth were white, though not of pearl,
 And dark was her hair, but it did not curl;
 Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair
 But owned that a power o' beauty was there.

Now many a hearty and rattling gorsoon,
 Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
 Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
 But for *that* in her eye

Which made most of them shy,
 And look quite ashamed, though they could n't tell why,—
 Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,

And *heart* and *mind* seemed in them blended.
 If *intellect* sent you one look severe,

Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it.
 Hers was the eye to check the rude,
 And hers the eye to stir emotion,
 To keep the sense and soul subdued,
 And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
 As fine a boy as you 'd see in a fair,
 And wherever Molly was he was there.
 His face was round and his build was square,
 And he sported as rare
 And tight a pair

Of legs, to be sure, as are found anywhere.
 And Jemmy would wear
 His *caubeen* and hair

With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
 That I 'd venture to swear
 Not a girl in Kildare,

Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,

Could resist his wild way, — called “ Devil may care.”
 Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
 Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
 With Jemmy, — no gorsoon could equal him, — none.
 At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
 At throwing the sledge with such dexterous slight,
 He was the envy of men, and the women’s delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O’Hare,
 And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.

I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
 Never danced in a tent at a pattern in June, —
 To a bagpipe or fiddle,
 On the rough cabin door
 That is placed in the middle, —
 Ye may talk as ye will,

There’s a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there,
 With which People of Quality could n’t compare.
 And Molly and Jemmy were counted the two
 That would keep up the longest, and go the best through
 All the jigs and the reels
 That have occupied heels
 Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long, bright, sunny day,
 They sat on a green knoll side by side,
 But neither just then had much to say ;
 Their hearts were so full that they only tried
 To do anything foolish just to hide
 What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.

They plucked the speckled daisies that grew
 Close by their arms, — then tore them too ;
 And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
 They threw at each other for want of talk ;
 While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile
 Reflected pure souls without art or guile.
 And every time Molly sighed or smiled
 Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child ;

And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,
 The grass so green, the daisies so white :
 Everything looked so gay in his sight,
 That gladly he 'd linger to watch them till night.
 And Molly herself thought each little bird,
 Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,

Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.
 An Irish courtship 's short and sweet,
 It 's sometimes foolish and indiscreet ;
 But who is wise when his young heart's heat
 Whips the pulse to a galloping beat, —
 Ties up his judgment neck and feet,
 And makes him the slave of a blind conceit ?

Sneer not therefore at the loves of the poor,
 Though their manners be rude, their affections are pure ;
 They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
 For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
 O, give me the love that endures no control
 But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
 As the mountain stream gushes its freshness and force,
 Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source !
 Yes, give me the love that but nature has taught,
 By rank unallured and by riches unbought ;
 Whose very simplicity keeps it secure, —
 The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.

All blushful was Molly, or shy at least,
 As one week before Lent
 Jem procured her consent
 To go the next Sunday and spake to the priest.
 Shrove-Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,
 And it dawned as bright as they 'd wish to see.
 And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
 For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
 A bran new coat, with a bright big button,
 He took from a chest and carefully put on, —
 And brogues, as well *lampblack* as ever went foot on,

Were greased with the fat of a *quare sort of mutton* !
 Then a tidier *gorsoon* could n't be seen
 Treading the Emerald Sod so green, —
 Light was his step, and bright was his eye,
 As he walked through the *slobbery* streets of Athy.
 And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
 While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush ! here 's the Priest, —let not the least
 Whisper be heard till the Father has ceased.
 "Come, bridegroom and bride,
 That the knot may be tied,
 Which no power upon earth can hereafter divide."
 Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
 And a passage was made for them both to walk through ;
 And his Reverence stood with a sanctified face,
 Which spread its infection around the place.
 The bridesmaid bustled and whispered the bride,
 Who felt so confused that she almost cried :
 But at last bore up and walked forward, where
 The Father was standing with solemn air ;
 The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied !
 He stopped and sighed,
 Looked round and tried
 To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied ;
 With a spring and a roar
 He jumped to the door,
 AND THE BRIDE LAID HER EYES ON THE BRIDEGROOM NO MORE !

Some years sped on,
 Yet heard no one
 Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
 But since the night of that widowed feast,
 The strength of poor Molly had ever decreased ;
 Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her soul, released,
 Fled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
 And the morning poor Molly to live had ceased,

Just five years after the widowed feast,
 An American letter was brought to the priest,
 Telling of Jemmy O'Hare deceased !

Who, ere his death,
 With his latest breath,

To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
 And the cause of his sudden departure confessed, —

“ O Father ! ” says he, “ I ’ve not long to live,
 So I ’ll freely confess, and hope you ’ll forgive —
 That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed ;
 Ay, as well as the Creed

That was never forsaken by one of my breed ;
 But I could n't have married her after I saw ” —

“ Saw what ! ” cried the Father, desirous to hear, —

And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking, —
 “ Not in her 'karacter,' yer Rev'rince a flaw ” —

The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
 And died as he whispered in the clergyman's ear, —

“ But I saw, God forgive her, A HOLE IN HER STOCKING ! ”

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
 Fixed in hearts immovably,
 May be strong and may be pure ;
 Faith may lean on faith secure,
 Knowing adverse fate's endeavor
 Makes that faith more firm than ever ;
 But the purest love and strongest,
 Love that has endured the longest,
 Braving cross and blight and trial,
 Fortune's bar, or pride's denial,
 Would — no matter what its trust —
 Be uprooted by Disgust ; —
 Yes, the love that might for years
 Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
 Parents' frigid counsel mocking,
 Might be — where's the use in talking ? —
 Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING !

THE PURSUIT OF LEGAL ADVICE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. — A FAMILY SCENE.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

COLONEL ARDEN, *a dry and pompous old army officer.*

ROBERT ABBERLY, ESQ., *a lawyer.*

MRS. MARIA ABBERLY, *his wife.*

GEORGIANA, SOPHY, TOM, WILLIAM, ROBERT, *the Abberly Children.*

COLONEL ARDEN, who has come to town for the express purpose of reclaiming his profligate nephew, dines with Mr. Abberly, his attorney.

The meal was speedily finished, the dessert put down, and the Colonel, who was anxious to converse about his misguided nephew, commenced a series of inquiries upon the interesting subject, when Mrs. Abberly interrupted the conversation by asking her husband "just to ring the bell."

This request having been complied with, a servant appeared, to whom his mistress whispered: "Tell Dawes to bring the children."

The Governess soon made her appearance, attended by seven fine healthy creatures, varying in their height from four feet two to two feet four, and in their ages from ten to three years. They were first taken to the Colonel to be praised. The old gentleman, who was not particularly fond of nestlings at any time, but whose whole heart and soul were just now occupied in the affairs of his prodigal nephew, kissed one and patted the other, and "blessed the little heart" of this one, and "pretty deared" that one, when the conversation was resumed.

"And pray now," said the Colonel, "what is your real opinion, Mr. Abberly, of the state of poor George's pecuniary affairs?"

"Sir," said Abberly, "I really think, if you wish me to speak candidly — Maria, my dear, look at Georgiana, — she is spilling all the sugar over the table."

"Georgiana," said Mrs. Abberly, emphatically, "keep still, child; Sophy, help your sister to some sugar."

"I really believe," continued Mr. Abberly, "that Mr. George Arden — Sophy, put down that knife, — Maria, that child will cut her fingers off; how *can* you let her do so, — I wonder at you, — upon my word, Sophy, I am quite ashamed of *you*."

"Sophy, you naughty girl," cried her mother, "put down that knife directly, or I'll send you up stairs."

"I was only cutting the cake, ma," said Sophy.

"Don't do it again, then, and sit still," exclaimed the mother; and turning to Louisa, the Colonel's niece who had accompanied him, added in an undertone, "Pretty dears, it is so difficult to keep them quiet at that age."

"Well, sir," again said the Colonel, "but let me beg you to tell me seriously, what you advise then to be done in the first instance."

"Why, there is but one course," answered the lawyer, who was a man of first-rate talent; "you know, sir, there are different modes of treating different cases, but in this instance, the course, I think, is clear and evident — Tom, you naughty child, you'll be down; get off the back of Colonel Arden's chair directly."

"What a funny wig!" exclaimed somebody, in reference to an article of that sort worn by the Colonel. Sophy laughed, and slapped her brother's shoulder.

"Hush, William!" exclaimed Mrs. Abberly, holding up her hand in a menacing posture.

"And that course," continued the master of the house, "if there be a chance yet left of preserving the young man, it will be absolutely necessary to pursue."

"Tell me," said the Colonel, deeply interested and highly agitated, "what you propose *should* be our first measure."

"George, my love," exclaimed Mrs. Abberly to her husband, "will you be good enough to speak to Robert? He won't leave Sophy alone, and he don't mind *me* the least in the world."

"Robert, be quiet!" thundered out his father, in an awful tone.

"She won't give me any cherries, pa," said Robert.

"That's a story, now, Robert," said the eldest girl.

"I'm sure you have had more than Sophy, — only you are a rude boy."

"Bless my heart!" said the Colonel, half aside, and warming a little with events, "I beg your pardon, what did you say you would advise, Mr. Abberly?"

"Decidedly this," said Abberly, "I —"

"My love," interrupted Mrs. Abberly once more, "there is a certain little lady," looking very archly at Miss Maria, "wants very much to let Colonel Arden hear how well she can repeat a little poem without book."

"I shall be charmed, madam," said the Colonel, heaving a sigh. And accordingly the child stood up by his side, and began that beautiful bit of Barbauldism, called "The Beggar's Petition." Arden could not, however, suppress a significant ejaculation, quite intelligible to his niece, when the dear little Maria, smelling of soap and bread-and-butter, with her shoulders pushed back, her head stuck up, and her clavicolæ developed like drumsticks, squeaked out the opening line, —

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Arden, at the same time pushing back his chair and twirling his thumbs.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,"

continued the sweet innocent,

"Whose trembling limbs has bore him to oo door,
Whose dace are dwilden'd to is sortest pan,
O —"

"Give relief," said Mrs. Abberly.

"Give a leaf," said the child.

"And Heaven," continued Mrs. Abberly.

"Give a leaf and Heaven —" repeated Maria.

"And Heaven — Well, what's next?" said Mr. Abberly.

"Give a leaf and Heaven, well, what's next?" said the child.

"Heaven will bless your store!"

"No, my dear love," said her papa, patting her little head. Why, you said it yesterday, my darling, without missing a single word."

"Heaven — will bless your store," said the child.

"Now that's all learnt from the book, Colonel," said Mrs. Abberly, "not by rote."

"Very pretty indeed, ma'am," said the Colonel; "very clever!"

"Ah! but there are six more verses, sir," said Sophy; "she only knows three, — I can say 'em all!"

"That you can't," said Tom. "I can say 'em better than you; besides, I can say all about 'The Black-Beetle's Ball,' and 'The Bull and the Watering-Pot.'"

"O you story-teller, Tom!"

"I can," said Tom; "you may go and ask Miss Gubbins if I can't!"

"I know you can't, Tom, and Miss Gubbins said so only yesterday," replied Sophy.

"Hush, hush, my dears!" said the master of the house; "never mind who says that; you know you are older than Tom, my love."

The various fidgetings and twistings of old Arden had not escaped the observation of Mrs. Abberly, who saw with a mother's eye that "the Colonel was not fond of children." The old gentleman whispered to his niece as she chanced to pass him, "O for the days of good King Herod!"

This fatal speech was overheard by Mrs. Abberly, and when the exemplary parent was confiding the little community again to the governess, she observed to that trusty servant that "Colonel Arden was next door to a brute."

THE KNIFE-GRINDER. — GEORGE CANNING.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
 Rough is the road, — your wheel is out of order, —
 Bleak blows the blast ; your hat has got a hole in 't,
 So have your breeches !

Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
 Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
 Road, what hard work 't is crying all day ' Knives and
 Scissors to grind O !

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives ?
 Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
 Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?
 Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
 Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
 Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
 All in a lawsuit ?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
 Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
 Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
 Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir,
 Only last night, a drinking at the Chequers,
 This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
 Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
 Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
 Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
 Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honor's health in
 A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
 But for my part, I never love to meddle
 With politics, sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee hang'd first, —
 Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance, —
 Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast !

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS.

JOSH BILLINGS relateth his first experience with the gong thusly : —

I never can eradicate holi from mi memory the sound ov the fust gong I ever herd. I was settin on the front steps ov a tavern in the sitty of Buffalo, pensively smokin. The sun was goin to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blushin at the performance. The Ery knal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was perusin the line botes a flotin by, and thinkin ov Italy (where I usen to liv), and her gondolers and gallus wimmin. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actually grew.

There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with ; there are times when a man breakes luce from hissself, when he sees sperrets, when he can almost tuch the mune, and feel as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars uv hevins, and almost sware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the korse ov true luv never did run smoothe (this is Shakespeare's opinion, too). Just as I was duin my best — dummer, dummer, spat bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dum —

with a tremenjus jump I struck the center ov the sidewalk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I stood in the middle of the street snortin like an Indian pony at a band of music.

I gazed in wild despair at the tavern stand, mi hart swelling up as big as a outdoor oven, my teeth was as luce as a string of bedes, I thot all the crockery in the tavern had fell down, I thot of fenomenons, I thot of Gabrel and his horn ; I was jest on the pint ov thinken ov somethin else when the landlord kum out on the frunt stupe ov the tavern, holdin by a string the bottom ov a old brass kettle. He kawled me gently with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my fears, he said it was a gong, I saw the kussed thing, he said supper was ready, and axed me ef I wud have black or green tee, and I sed I wud.



AN ORATOR'S FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.—
ALEXANDER BELL.

THE virgin Member takes his honored place,
 While beams of modest wisdom light his face ;
Multum in parvo in the man you see ;
 He represents the people's majesty !
 Behold their choice ! the pledged, midst many a cheer,
 To give free trade ! free votes ! free bread and beer !
 Blest times ! — He sits at last within the walls
 Of famed St. Stephen's venerated halls !
 O shades of Pitt and Fox ! is he within
 The House of Commons ? How his senses spin !
 Proud man ! has he then caught the speaker's eye ?
 No, not just yet, — but he will, by and by.
 I wonder if there are reporters here ?
 In truth there are, and hard at work, don't fear.
 O happy man ! By the next post shall reach
 Your loved constituents, the maiden speech !

The PRESS (great tell-tale!) will to all reveal,
 How you have — spoken for your country's weal!
 In gaping wonder will the words be read,
 "The new M. P., Lord Noodle, rose and said."

This pillar of "ten-pounders" rises now,
 And towards the Speaker makes profoundest bow.
 Unused to so much honor, his weak knees
 Bend with the weight of senate-dignities;
 He staggers, almost falls, stares, strokes his chin,
 Clears out his throat, and ventures to begin.
 "Sir, I am sensible—" (some titter near him) —
 "I am, sir, sensible" — "Hear! hear!" (They cheer him.)
 Now bolder grown, for praise mistaking pothor,
 He hoists first one arm up, and then the other.
 "I am, sir, sensible, — I am, indeed, —
 That, though — I should — want — words — I must proceed;
 And, for the first time in my life, I think, —
 I think — that — no great orator — should — shrink;
 And, therefore, — Mr. Speaker, — I for one —
 Will speak out freely. Sir, — *I've not yet done.*
 Sir, in the name of those enlightened men
 Who sent me here to — *speak* for them, —
 Why then, to do my duty, — as I said before,
 To my constituency, — I 'LL SAY — NO MORE."



THE DUMB-WAITER. — FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

WE have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence you

cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below ; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification-meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us ; but, to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia ; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient ; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps ; bolted the basement door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, — there was no water there ; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter ! The novelty of the idea made me smile ; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp ; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go !

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult ; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above

the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent, — instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door; it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened, — it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me, —

and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me; for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—*somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.

LOVE AND MURDER.

IN Manchester a maiden dwelt,
 Her name was Phœbe Brown;
 Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
 And she was considered by good judges to be by all odds the
 best-looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen,
 Her eyes were sparkling bright;
 A very lovely girl she was,
 And for about a year and a half there had been a young man
 paying his attention to her, by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man
 As any in the town,
 And Phœbe loved him very dear,
 But on account of his being obliged to work for a living, he never
 could make himself agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
 Another she should wed,—
 A rich old miser in the place,—
 And old Brown frequently declared, that rather than have his
 daughter marry Reuben Wright, he 'd sooner knock him in
 the head.

But Phœbe's heart was brave and strong,
 She feared not her parents' frowns ;
 And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
 I've heard him say more than fifty times that (with the ex-
 ception of Phœbe) he did n't care a cent for the whole race
 of Browns.

So Phœbe Brown and Reuben Wright
 Determined they would marry ;
 Three weeks ago last Tuesday night,
 They started for old Parson Webster's, determined to be
 united in the holy bonds of matrimony, though it was
 tremendous dark, and rained like the old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake,
 He loaded up his gun,
 And then pursued the loving pair ;
 He overtook 'em when they'd got about half-way to the Par-
 son's, and then Reuben and Phœbe started off upon the run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
 Toward young Reuben's head,
 But, oh ! it was a bleeding shame,
 He made a mistake, and shot his only daughter, and had the un-
 speakable anguish of seeing her drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
 And vengeance crazed his brain,
 He drew an awful jack-knife out,
 And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty times, so
 that it's very doubtful about his ever coming to

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
 In torrents pouréd down, —
 And in this melancholy and heart-rending manner terminates
 the history of Reuben and Phœbe, and likewise old Captain
 Brown.

FEMALE TENDERNESS. — DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I WAS one of a party of five in the inside of a stage-coach ; among whom were a jolly butcher, and an elderly maiden lady in green spectacles.

At a stopping-place the coachman was regaling himself with some foaming ale, when he was accosted by an official-looking personage ; and some whispers passed, from which I learned that a convict was about to be forwarded to the next seaport. The coachman, however, to do him justice, softened the matter to the passengers with all possible skill.

“ If you please, ma’am and gemmen, I wants to make room here for an individual.”

“ Is he a gentleman, coachman ? and has he any pipe ? ” asked the lady in green spectacles.

“ Quite a gentleman, ma’am, and not a morsel of backey about him ; and what’s more, has n’t a ha’penny to buy a bit.”

“ Why, who is he ? he has not much the cut of a gentleman ! — where’s he bound for ? ”

“ Why, he’s going out of the country on the service of government.”

“ On the service of government ! — a scientific man, doubtless ? What does he know ? — chemistry or geology ? or is he acquainted with *botany* ? ”

“ Why, not yet, ma’am — though that’s what he’s going for. The fact is, ma’am — ”

“ Now, no nonsense, coachman,” says the butcher ; “ is he not a convict ? ”

“ Why, that’s what the unfeeling calls ’em ; but we as have pity says, unfortunate.”

“ Pho ! pho ! why, he has the gallows in his face ! ”

“ Yes, sir ; and now he’s worn irons, he’s got a *Newgate* in his legs ! ”

“ O, I can’t admit a felon ; I shall leave the coach ! ”

“ Lord bless you, ma’am ! he is n’t a felon, — he’s only found guilty of burglary ! ”

"Burglary, O — What! ride with a burglar! I would n't for the world. I will leave the coach! — I will leave the coach!"

"Don't do that, ma'am, — there's no occasion; the poor fellow says, to make himself agreeable, he'll wear handcuffs for the rest of the journey."

"But, burglary! he has committed burglary, Mr. Coachman! I would n't ride with him for the world!"

"Burglary! who said burglary? I said *bigamy*, — bigamy, ma'am, — he's transported for marrying seven wives!"

"Seven wives! Poor fellow! let him come in."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

SOME years ago, ere civil war's alarms
 Disturbed the quiet of our Western farms,
 A backwoodsman, unused to towns and cities,
 Their fashions, usages, quirks, and oddities,
 Resolved to travel. But we cannot furnish
 Particulars of the object of his journeys,
 Or when, or how, or where, — that's not our purpose,
 But just one incident to paint in picture verbose.

He came at length to see those "floating palaces,"
 The Don of Waters tips like mighty chalices
 On liquid lips; and sips, devours if he wishes,
 Not waiting to be *dry*, the contents *and* the dishes.
 Our friend had seen some craft, yet most a dreamer,
 No marvel like a Mississippi steamer.
 He stepped aboard, and setting down his "plunder,"
 Began to explore the splendid floating wonder.
 "My eyes!" said he, "what lots of gold and silver!
 The owners of this boat run up a mighty bill for
 This furniture, and all this other fixin';
 And how the painters, too, have put the licks in!
 I wonder what that deuced door there leads to?"

And stepping towards it, stopped, as he must needs do,
 Quite short, confronted by another Hoosier,
 Who stared, and seemed to say, "Well, who are you, sir?"
 Our hero moved to let the stranger pass,
 Nor once suspected 't was a *full-length glass*!
 Making the circuit of the grand saloon,
 Not strange to tell, the selfsame party soon
 Again before him stood. "Hello! you stranger! at about
 What time is this 'ere boat a goin' out?
 Say, stranger! can't ye tell me?" No response.
 The traveller turned; his hat upon his sconce
 Indignantly he crushed, berating thus:
 "Well, I'm not quarr'lsome, or we'd have a muss!
 Feels grand! Won't speak! He's mighty proud; but now
 A *judgin' from the looks, he ain't MUCH any how!*

'T is thus in other judgments that we make.
 Ourselves are seen in just the views we take.
 One man declares the world is all awry, —
 His own discordant nature we descry;
 Another finds a heaven here below, —
 'T is the reflection of his soul, we know.

A DUTCHMAN IN ENGLAND.— "GOOD WORDS."

ADAPTED BY ALEXANDER MELVILLE BELL.

MY friend, Mynheer Steven Van Brammelandam, pronounced English remarkably well, — better, indeed, than he understood it; but he was never at a loss in speaking; for when he wanted a word, he would simply take the first he remembered in any language, and, giving it something of an English form, launch it forth with perfect confidence.

I expected him to call early in the day at my office, but he had not arrived when I went home in the evening. It appears that he had reached London at half past ten o'clock at night, where he took a cab and drove directly to my office.

He rang the bell, and rang, and rang again, before Mrs. Jenkins, our housekeeper, got to the door. The good woman was disturbed in the luxury of her first sleep. He handed her his card.

"Is my gentleman Dobson to house?"

"I can't read, sir. Take it back."

"Is my gentleman Dobson to house?"

"Sir?"

"Yes, O yes: Sir Dobson."

"What about Sir Dobson, sir?"

"About? — Ah! — Is he to house?"

"What house? I don't understand you, sir."

"Give this card to your gentleman."

"My gentleman! There's no gentleman here, sir. Call to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Ah!" (Shrug.)

And she shut the door upon the benighted Brammelendam. The cabman now came to the rescue.

"You'll have to take a bed at the *hinn* for the night, sir."

"Yes, very well. Take me to a — what?"

"A *hinn*, sir."

"Yes, take me to a *hinn*."

The cabman drove him across four or five streets, and put him down at the entrance of an establishment which displayed the words, "Chops, steaks, and well-aired beds."

Steven pulled out his purse and asked, "What am I guilty to you?"

"Guilty, — don't know, unless you run away without paying me."

"Paying, — ah, yes." He understood that word. "Yes, I will pay the load, — how much?"

"Half a crown." (The fare was only eighteen pence.)

"What is half a crown?"

"Why, it's two and six."

"Frightful! Twenty-six shilling, — only for riding me such a short end!"

"Here, sir, I'll help myself." (And the cabman selected the amount and drove off.)

Steven entered the tap-room, which consisted of twelve boxes, six on each side.

"This is a place for horses. There is precisely room here for twelve horses."

He saw, however, that other persons were seated in the "horse stables," as he called them; so he entered one and ordered his supper.

"Give me a butterham, with flesh and a half-bottle wine."

"No bread?"

"Natural." He meant, "of course," but he did not know that phrase.

The waiter brought up some butter and a few slices of ham.

"Which wine do you take, sir, sherry or port?"

"None of both, — give me Bordeaux."

"Don't know that wine."

"I aim at red wine."

"Why, that is port."

"No port. Port is too heady to me."

"Perhaps you mean French wine!"

"Mean French wine! No, sir; French wine is not mean. It is drunk by kings and princes. Pour me a glass."

"Those conceited Englishmen! Everything which is not English they call mean."

"Where is the butterham?"

"Why, it's before you. This is the butter, and this is the ham."

"O yes, natural! This is butter and ham, but I ordered a butterham. I aim at bread for smearing the butter upon it."

He had meant a sandwich, and now at length he got his wants supplied.

Before retiring for the night, he wished to order a barber for the morning. "What is the word? — scrape? No. Plane? No. It is — knife to scrape? Ra-ra-ra — razor!" He called the landlord.

"Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Raised? yes, to be sure you can."

"Will you, then, send a man to raze me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock, if you please."

"Good night, sir!"

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at the door.

"Within. Ha! Very well. Come in. Yes. Where is your knife?"

"My knife? What for?"

"Well, to raze me."

"Why, you are raised."

"No, I am not razed. You must raze me — along my visage."

"O, I see, you want to be shaved. You must go to a shaving-shop."

The landlord pointed from the window to a street on the opposite side, said something about a turning to the right, and then to the left, the sign of a long pole and a brass plate, and told him to look out for the word "Shaving."

"Yes, yes." Steven understood scarcely a word, but he concluded that he had to walk up the indicated street. Before crossing, however, he was careful to note down the name of the "hinn," the number of the house, and the name of the street. He walked up the opening pointed out, and turned down half a dozen streets, but no shaving-place could be seen. At length he noticed on a window the inscription, "Savings Bank."

"Ah, this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved." He entered the bank. "Can I here be saved?" A glance round the place showed him that he was mistaken. "Still," he thought, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way."

"What can I do for you?"

Steven wanted at once to explain that he was wrong, but he did not know the word. "What is 'verkeerd' in English?" He translated the word into Latin, — "perverto," — and, giving it an English termination, said, "My gentlemen, I see I am perverted, — I wish to be saved."

"What! you are perverted, are you?"

"Yes, I see I am here on the perverted place, but perhaps you will me be so good of to help me on my way."

"Do you want to deposit some money?"

"Yes, I have money. I must be saved with a razor along my visage."

"Ha, ha!" The whole office echoed with the laughter of the clerks. Steven heartily joined them; and the young man politely went with him to a barber's-shop.

On leaving the barber's after being duly "razed," he did not know which way to turn. He walked up street after street, but could not find the "hinn." At length he asked a person whom he met: "Can you tell me where is Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s Entire?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. Ask the cabman over there."

"Do you know where is Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s Entire?"

"I'll take you there, sir, jump in." Steven entered the cab, and after half an hour's drive he found himself at the entrance of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s Brewery at Spitalfields. Of course cabby was ordered to drive back, but this time Steven gave him my address; and he was driven to my office.

"Why, where have you passed the night?"

"Well, in an entire, — Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.'s Entire."

"Ha, ha, ha!" I could not help the laugh, however impolite.

"Do you know the name of the street?"

"Yes, here it is. It is "Stick no Bills."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, but there is more. It is also F. P. 13 feet."

"How in the world did you get that address?"

"Well, on a church at the corner of the street."

It was no easy task to find the place from this address, but the church helped us; and after an hour's search we found the "Entire," and soon were on our way to my house in Chelsea.

Steven studied the shops as we drove along. "You are a great nation. I see you have here warehouses for separate nationalities, — Italian warehouses, I suppose for pictures and statues; and Babylonian warehouses, I suppose for antiquities from Babylon."

"O no, the Italian warehouses have nothing to do with art or literature. They are only shops for preserved fruits and dainties. And as to the Babylonian warehouses I do not know that there are any in this country."

"Well, there is one."

I looked out of the window. It was a baby-linen warehouse. Steven laughed as heartily as I did at the mistake. He then asked me to explain an inscription which he had noticed at the railway station. It was "*Tuo Yaw*." He had looked into his pocket-dictionary which he always carried, but could find no solution of the difficulty. After much questioning and musing I discovered that he had simply read backwards the direction on the glass door, "Way Out."

Next day, as I was engaged in some important business, I left Steven to see London by himself. He refused to take a guide, as he was provided with his dictionary and a map. "On this manner shall I the city better learn to know, and I shall better to my eyes give the food." After walking a couple of hours he found that he must "give the food" also to something else; and, passing a pie-house, he entered.

"Can I here a little eat?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"What have you?"

"I can give you a pork-pie."

"Pork-pie!" He had never seen the word before. He took his dictionary, and soon, as he thought, found it.

"What! do you eat these beasts in this country?"

"Of course we do; why should n't we?"

"Tastes it nicely?"

"Very."

"Give me a piece, if you please."

"I can't give you a piece, — you must take a whole one."

"But I cannot eat a whole porcupine."

"Ha, ha, ha! No. Did you think I was to give you a hedge-hog? No, sir; a pork-pie is made of a pig."

"Pick?" Steven again referred to his dictionary, and found that "pick" was a sort of hammer. He was bewildered, and so was the landlady. She called her husband, and he at once produced a pie and said, "Hugo, hugo, hugo!" Steven understood the language of pigs, and ate the pie with comfort and relish.

In the evening we were to go to a tea-party. "We will take a cab," I said to him.

"A cap? Is that usage in this country by evening parties?"

"O yes; why not? You see it is going to rain."

"Ah, yes, I see; it would corrupt our hats; very well."

The cab was at the door, but Steven had rung the bell for a candle and gone up stairs to his room.

"What keeps you?"

"Why, I cannot find it. I left it on the cloth-rake; but the servant said to me it is here upon my sleep-room."

"What is here?"

"Why, the cap."

"Ha, ha, ha! Come along and put on your hat. The cab is at the door."

And Steven now discovered that "cab" was the common English contraction for "cabriolet," which word he would have understood perfectly.

He found great fault with our national contractions, which he said were only heads or tails of words which we chopped off and threw away the body; as in "cab," the head of a *cabriolet*, and "bus," the tail of an *omnibus*.

"Then you are very irregular and arbitrary in the use of your prepositions. You say, 'depend upon,' 'glad of,' 'sorry for,' and 'disgusted with.' Just the word upside down! We in Dutch say, 'depend from,' and 'glad for,' 'disgusted from,' and 'PLEASED with!' We do not want to be with what disgusts us. We are disgusted *from* it. O, I am dis-

gusted from such irregularities! Who can learn what you mean by 'put *about*,' and 'put *by*,' and 'put *down*,' and 'put *forth*,' and 'put *off*,' and 'put *out*,' and 'put *on*,' and 'put *up*,' and 'put *to*,' and 'put *upon*'?

"O, I am put *out* by such absurdities, and put *to* my wit's end! You should put *forth* some rational effort to put *down* so much irrationality."

"Ha, ha!" There was a good deal of truth in Mynheer Van Brammelendam's observations. We are too inconsiderate to foreigners in all that pertains to our language, both as written and as spoken.

Then the next time we meet with a Dutchman at home,
 Let us think we are foreigners all when we roam.
 Don't make fun of his blunders, but help him along;
 We may need his assistance ourselves when we're wrong.

THE THROES OF SCIENCE. — F. BRET HARTE.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful
 James;

I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
 And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
 That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

But first I would remark that it's not a proper plan
 For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
 And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
 To lay for that same member for to "put a bead" on him.

Nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see,
 Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society;
 Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
 That he found within the tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown, he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
 From these same bones, an animal that was extremely rare.
 And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules,
 Till he could prove that those same bones were one of his lost
 mules.

Then Brown, he smiled a bitter smile, and said his greatest fault
Was that he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault.
He was the most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass, — at least, to all intent ;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen ;
And he smiled a sort of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Then, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare, with the remnants of a paleozoic age ;
And the way they heaved those fossils, in their anger, was a sin,
And the skull of an old monarch caved the head of Thomp-
son in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James ;
And I 've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.



THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT DOG.

THIS was the cause of all the trouble :—

Lost. — On the 10th instant, a small Terrier dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars' reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84 Rickety Row.

I inserted the above in the Daily Flipflap, in the hope that I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached. The Flipflap goes to press at five A. M. At half past six I was

awakened by a pull at my door-bell. I got up and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed :—

“Hello! Are you the fellow who lost a dorg?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Well, then, I’ve fetched him,” said the man.

I then explained to this wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of wood with half the bark off, and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

“Well, ain’t you a going to take him?”

“I would n’t have him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I’ll call the police.”

“Now, I guess you think you’re smart, don’t you? I’d bust you over the jaw for five cents, I would. You don’t know a good dorg when you see him, you don’t,” and he went out, after ripping the palings off the fence.

In about a half-hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs, of a variety of breeds.

“Wh-wh-which of em’s him, b-b-boss,” said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

“Neither of them.”

“Y-you said his n-na-name was J-Jack, d-did n’t you?”

“Yes, that’s it.”

“W-well then, wh-wh-what d’ye call th-that?” says he, as he sung out “Jack,” and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined oxen in fly time.

“Why, I call it confounded nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they’re named Jack. I don’t want to start a sausage-mill, you understand. Mince-meat is n’t in my line.”

“W-w-w-well, ain’t you going to take him?”

“Certainly not; do you suppose I am a gibbering idiot?”

“W-w-w-well, you sh-sha’ n’t have him now if you want him.

I w-w-would n't trust a decent d-d-dog with a m-m-man like you, anyway."

And the six canines fell into line, and trotted down the street after him.

I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring

"You advertise for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir."

"Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he was n't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it."

"Not at all, sir. Only shedding his coat, sir; all good dogs do at this time of the year. See that, sir," said this seedy Caucasian, holding the dog by the cuff of the neck. "See how he yelps; that's a sign of pluck; that dog would fight a million wild-cats, he would, and lick 'em too, sir."

"Get out!" I exclaimed; and the dog put his tail between his legs and ran for the gate.

"See that, sir? see that?" said the man, as he seized him, "that's a sign he's well trained; no raw dog behaves like that, I want you to know. Now s'pose you fork over that five."

"Not much! I don't want him, my friend."

"You won't do it? Well, then take him for seventy-five cents, and say no more about it. He's a valuable animal. You'll never get another such a chance."

"I tell you I won't have him."

"Well, don't then," said the man, as he kicked the animal over on my flower-pots and broke three of them, while the brute dashed madly down the middle of the street.

Just then a big ruffian in a slouched hat came up with a bull-dog, sprung in the knees, and lamenting the entire loss of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him he wagged the whole of the last half of him.

"I've brought that there dog," was the observation made by the ruffian, "and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "that is not my dog."

"Yes, it is, though."

"But it is not."

"Don't I tell you it is? Did n't you say the tip of his tail was gone! Well, just look at him, will you?"

"Well, I won't have him, anyhow."

"You want to cheat me, do you? I'll fix you. S-sick him, Bull!" said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his frontispiece. I guess I squeezed the nose off of that dog. But the man cursed me about five minutes, and then flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. Small pock-marked man in a red shirt this time. And a speckled dog that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the small-pox:—

"You know that dog you advertised for. Well, here he is."

"O, pshaw!" said I, "you know that is n't my dog."

"Your name's Quill, ain't it?"

"It is," said I.

"Well, then, this here is the dog. He's the best ratter you ever seen. Sling them around like he was amusin' hisself, he does, and —"

"But he is not my dog."

"And he's a bully watch-dog. Look at him! Look at him now, — he's watching now! Why, he'll sit there and watch and watch, until he goes stone blind, he will. He'll watch all night if you only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I'll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V."

"No, you need n't," said I. "I'll blow his brains out if you don't take him away."

"Well, say, stranger, I'm a little strapped to-day; jest

lend me five on him till morning, will you? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"See here, now, you just get out of here, or I'll take the hide off of you," I said, for I began to get excited, you know.

"Aw! you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't," said the pock-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence-palings, and then putting his fingers up to his nose.

Not a minute after up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse.

"Say, boss, I want that five," was all he remarked by way of introducing the subject.

"Well, you can't get it; and if you don't leave I'll call the police," I exclaimed in despair.

"Watch him, Zip!" said the man, instantly; and the dog flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off and went away laughing.

I did n't answer any more rings that day, but about four o'clock in the afternoon I looked out of the second-story window, and the yard was full of men with all kinds of dogs, — black dogs, white dogs, yellow dogs, variegated dogs, flea-bitten dogs, dogs with tails, dogs without tails, rat-terriers, bull-pups, poodles, fox-hounds, spaniels, Newfoundlands, mixed breeds, pointers, setters, and a multitude of other varieties, all growling, yelping, barking, snapping, and jumping about until there was n't a flower-pot left in the place, and the noise was worse than a menagerie at meal-time.

I have n't got my dog yet. I don't want him either. I don't care if I never see another dog between this and the silent grave. I only wish that all the dogs from here to Alaska were collected into a convention, and had hold of that man with the mastiff, that they might gnaw on him until he had n't a morsel of meat left on his skeleton. That is all I want in the dog line in this world.

H I G H E R .

THE shadows of night were a comin' down swift,
 And the dazzlin' snow lay drift on drift,
 As through a village a youth did go,
 A carryin' a flag with this motto, —

“ Higher ! ”

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
 His nose a Roman, complexion fair,
 O'er an eagle eye an auburn lash ;
 And he never stopped shoutin' through his mustache, —

“ Higher ! ”

He saw through the windows, as he kept gettin' upper,
 A number of families sittin' at supper ;
 But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
 And fled as he cried, and cried while a fleein', —

“ Higher ! ”

“ Take care, you there ! ” said an old woman ; “ stop !
 It's blowin' gales up there on top,
 You 'll tumble off on t' other side.”
 But the hurryin' stranger loud replied, —

“ Higher ! ”

“ O, don't you go up such a shocking night !
 Come, sleep on my lap,” said a maiden bright.
 On his Roman nose a tear-drop come ;
 But still he remarked, as he upward clomb, —

“ Higher ! ”

“ Look out for the branch of that sycamore-tree,
 Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see.”
 Sayin' which, the farmer went home to bed,
 And the singular voice replied overhead, —

“ Higher ! ”

About a quarter past six the next afternoon,
 A man accidentally goin' up soon
 Heard spoken above him, as often as twice,
 The very same word in a very weak voice, —
 “ Higher ! ”

And not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven
 (He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven),
 Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
 Still clutchin' the flag with this motto, —
 “ Higher ! ”

Yes ! lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,
 The lamp of his bein' decidedly out,
 On the dreary hillside the youth was a layin',
 And there was no more use for him to be sayin', —
 “ Higher ! ”



A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH.

A N enthusiastic French student of Shakespeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth : —

“ Ah ! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier ! He is gr-r-ää-nd — mysterieuse — soo-blime ! You 'ave reads ze Macabess ? — ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch — eh ? Superb sooblinitée ! W'en he say to ze Vitch, ' Ar-r-r-oynt ze, Vitch ! ' she go away : but what she say when she go away ? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no naäme ! ' Ah, ha ! ' she say, ' I go, like ze r-r-ää-t vizout ze tail — but, I 'll do ! I 'll do ! I 'll do ! ' W'at she do ? Ah, ha ! — voila le grand mystérieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier ! She not say what she do ! ”

This was “ grand,” to be sure ; but the prowess of Macbeth, in his “ bout ” with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor : —

“ Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by : he say (proud *empressement*), ' Come o-o-n, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say *Enoffs* ! ' Zen zey fi-ight — moche.

Ah, ha! — voila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-right r-r-apper 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac : he say, vis grand simplicité, 'Enoffs!' What for he say 'Enoffs?' 'Cause he *got* enoffs — plaänty; and he *ex-pire*, r-r-ight away, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

THE LOST HEIR. — THOMAS HOOD.

"Oh where, and oh where,
Is my bonny laddie gone?" — *Old Song.*

ONE day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And, lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possessed,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man, —
Her right hand held a frying-pan;
The left, a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech;
And with a tone, almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear! my heart will break, I shall go stick stark
staring wild!"

Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying
lost-looking child ?

Lawk help me ! I don't know where to look or to run, if I only
knew which way —

A child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven
Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver, — get out of my sight, do, you wretch,
you little Kitty M'Nab !

You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did,
you dirty deceitful young drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own
blessed Motherly eyes,

Sitting, as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making
little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all the
other young boys ;

With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster shells, and a dead
kitten by way of toys.

When his Father comes homes, and he always comes home as
sure as ever the clock strikes one,

He 'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost ; and the
beef and the inguns not done !

La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't
be making a mob in the street ;

O Sergeant M'Farlane ! you have not come across my poor
little boy, have you, in your beat ?

Do, good people, move on ! don't stand staring at me like a
parcel of stupid stuck pigs ;

Saints forbid ! but he 's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court
for the sake of his clothes, by the prigs ;

He 'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for
a shilling one day in Rag Fair ;

And his trousers, considering, not very much patched, and red
plush, they was once his Father's best pair.

His shirt, it 's very lucky, I 'd got washing in the tub, or that
might have gone with the rest ;

But he 'd got on a very good pinafore, with only two slits and
a burn on the breast.

He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and not
 quite so much jagged at the brim ;
 With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit,
 and you 'll know by that if it 's him.
 Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some
 old beggarwoman, in want of an orphan,
 Had borrowed the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather
 see him laid out in his coffin !
 Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys ! I'll break
 every bone of 'em I come near.
 Go home, — you 're spilling the porter, — go home, — Tommy
 Jones, go along home with your beer.
 This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my
 name was Betty Morgan,
 Them vile Savoyards ! they lost him once before all along of
 following a Monkey and an Organ.
 O my Billy — my head will turn right round — if he 's got
 kiddynapped with them Italians,
 They 'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the
 outlandish tatterdemalions.
 Billy — where are you, Billy ? — I'm as hoarse as a crow,
 with screaming for ye, you young sorrow !
 And sha' n't have half a voice, no more I sha' n't, for crying
 fresh herrings to-morrow.
 O Billy, you 're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't
 be of no more vally,
 If I'm to see other folk's darlins, and none of mine, playing
 like angels in our alley,
 And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the
 old three-legged chair
 As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't no
 Billy there !
 I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only
 knowed where to run ;
 Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month
 through stealing a penny bun, —
 The Lord forbid of any child of mine ! I think it would kill me
 raily,

To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.

For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and miles

And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved from one end to t' other of St. Giles's.

And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a Mother ought to speak ;

You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it has n't been washed for a week ;

As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest hair when I've time to just show it the comb ;

I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.

He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a little cast he's certainly got ;

And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;

He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age ;

And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.

And then he has got such dear winning ways — But O, I never, never shall see him no more !

O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door !

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny !

And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.

And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all and, drat him, made a seize of our hog. —

It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog ;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.

Billy — where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home,
 to your best of Mothers!
 I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so,
 they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
 Or maybe he's stole by some chimibly sweeping wretch,
 to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
 And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when
 the soot has ketched, and the chimibly's red hot.
 O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine,
 to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,
 For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come back,
 you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
 I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and
 would n't I hug him and kiss him!
 Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was — but a child
 don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
 Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch,
 it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
 But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and
 I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

THE QUIET MR. SMITH. — FANNY FERN.

“WHAT a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Smith!”
 Quiet! a snail is an “express train” to him! If
 the top of this house should blow off, he'd just sit still and
 spread his umbrella! He's a regular pussy-cat. Comes
 into the front door as though the entry was paved with eggs,
 and sits down in his chair as if there was a nest of kittens
 under the cushion. He'll be the death of me yet. I read
 him all the horrid accidents, dreadful collisions, murders, and
 explosions, and he takes it just as easy as if I was saying the
 ten commandments.

He is never astonished, or startled, or delighted. If a
 cannon-ball should come through that window, he would n't
 move an eyelash. If I should make the voyage of the world,

and return some fine day, he'd take off his spectacles, put them in the case, fold up the newspaper, and settle his dickey, before he'd be ready to say, "Good morning, Mrs. Smith." If he'd been born of a poppy, he could n't be more soporific.

I wonder if all the Smiths are like him. When Adam got tired of naming his numerous descendants, he said, "Let all the rest be called Smith!" Well, I don't care for that, but he ought to have known better than to call my husband Abel Smith.

Do you suppose, if I were a man, I would let a woman support me? Where do you think Abel's coats and cravats and canes and cigars come from? Out of my brain! "Quiet!" — it's perfectly refreshing to me to hear of a comet, or see a locomotive, or look at a streak of chain-lightning! I tell you he is the expressed essence of chloroform.

THE MAIDEN'S REQUEST. — LOVER.

I 'LL tell you a story that 's not in Tom Moore :
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door ;
 So he called upon Lucy, — 't was past ten o'clock, —
 Like a spruce *single* man, with a smart *double* knock.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a *puss* when she hears a *rat-tat* ;
 So Lucy ran up, and in two seconds more
 Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe, —
 For the moment will come when such comers must go ;
 So she sighed, and she whispered, — poor innocent thing, —
 "The next time you come, love, pray come with a *ring*."

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.—

S. J. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

I HAD never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religion, there in the silver-mines, to precede such a meal with whiskey cocktails. Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except a whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one. I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes. I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers. But Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech. He said :—

“Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance. Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between castings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curbstone

“Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred, — say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the ‘inclines,’ maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don’t go down but two hundred, any way you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the castings come nearer or approach each other, you may say, that is when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?”

I said to myself: “Now I just knew how it would be, — that cussed whiskey cocktail has done the business for me; I don’t understand any more than a clam.” And then I said aloud, “I — I — that is — if you don’t mind, would you — would you say that over again? I ought —”

“O, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I don’t present my case clearly, but I —”

“No, no — no, no — you state it plain enough, but that vile cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will, — no, I do understand, for that matter; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again, — and I’ll pay better attention this time.”

He said, “Why, what I was after, was this.” [Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.] “This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or maybe twelve hundred (it don’t really matter), before you drift; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it,

where the sulphurets — I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained, wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced among us could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said, sorrowfully: "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"O, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt, — though I did think it clear enough for —"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again, and —"

"Don't now, — for goodness' sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now, don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning." [Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and I, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish.] "You know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising as possible the relative differences existing within

the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which —”

I said: “O, blame my wooden head, it ain’t any use! — it ain’t any use to try, — I can’t understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can’t get the hang of it.”

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstasy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold, — that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that did n’t mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but, with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

W A X W O R K .

ONCE on a time, some years ago,
 Two Yankees, from Connecticut,
 Were travelling, — on foot of course,
 A style now out of date ;
 And, being far away down South,
 It was n’t strange or funny,
 That they, like other folks, sometimes
 Should be out of money.

So, coming to a thriving place,
 They hired a lofty hall,
 And on the corners of the streets
 Put handbills, great and small,
 Telling the people, far and near,
 In printed black and white,
 They’d give a show of *wax work*
 In the great town-hall that night.

Of course the people thought to see
 A mighty show of figures,
 Of Napoleon, Byron, George the Third,
 And lots of foreign gentlemen,
 Of Mary, Queen of Scots, you know,
 And monks in black and white,
 Heroes, peasants, potentates,
 In wax work brought to light.

One of the Yankees had, they say,
 No palate to his mouth,
 And this, perhaps, the reason was
 Why he was going South ;
 Be that as it may, — you see
 He could n't speak quite plain,
 But talked with much obscurity,
 And sometimes talked in vain.

The other was a handsome man,
 Quite pleasant, and quite fine ;
 He had a form of finest mould,
 And straight as any pine.
 Indeed, he was a handsome man
 As you will often see,
 Much more so than you, — or you, — or you,
 But like Franklin Pierce, — *or me.*

This handsome man stood at the door
 To let the people in,
 And the way he took the quarters
 And the shillings was a sin ;
 And when the time of show had come,
 He a curtain pulled aside,
 And our friend, without a palate,
 Stood in all his pomp and pride.

And in his brawny hand he held
 A pound or two, or more,
 Of *shoemaker's wax*, which he
 Had some time made before.
 He began to work it,
 And his audience thus addressed,
 And the people looked and listened ;
 Let their great surprise be guessed.

Said he, " My friends, how some folks cheat
 I never could conceive ;
 But this is the real wax work,
 For I stoop not to deceive :
 This is your real wax work,
 For your quarters and your twelves.
 Ladies and gentlemen, just walk up
 And examine for yourselves."

But when the people saw the joke,
 With anger they turned pale,
 Hammer and tongs they came at him,
 To ride him on a rail ;
 But he had an open window,
 And a ladder to the ground,
 And just as he went out of sight,
 He turned himself around,

And, holding up the wax to view,
 Said, with a saucy grin,
 " My friends, here 's no deception,
 For I scorn to take you in ;
 This is real *wax work*,
 For your quarters and your twelves.
 Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up
 And examine for yourselves."

ORATION ON THE CRISIS.

A HUM-M-M! Feller-citizens, — I have been called upon, this evenin', to appear before you ; that is, I have been requested to appear on the scaffold, this evenin', for the purpose of elucidatin' to you the all-absorbin' subjiç which am now agitatin' the — the — certainly I have. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjiç.

As I was about to remark previously, beforehand, what's our country comin' to? That's what *I*'d like to know myself. Look at the great congregated circumflex of this glorious Union; just look at it! Does anybody see it? Certainly, that's what's the matter. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjiç.

Look at our great American eagle, the glorious emblem of our liberty! Just look at *me*! What are you going to do with that ere bird? Look at 'im as he flies from the cloud-capped summick of the Licherdee mountains to the terrific abyss of the Goshwallican avenue, an' flutters his tail-feathers, and says, in the sweet language of Pharaoh, in his epistle to the Egyptians, "Root, hog, or die." That's what's the matter. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjiç.

Look at our — look at our — look at our — that's what *I*'d like to know. Look at our newspapers; just look at 'em! Can't pick up one without reading something in it, — that's what's the matter. What did I see in a paper this morning? What did I see there? Provisions has riz. What's the consequences? Coffee and molasses had a fight. And what's the consequences agin? Molasses got licked, and coffee had to settle down on its own grounds. That's what's the matter, — or any other man. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjiç.

Look at our soldiers; just look at 'em! Does anybody see 'em? Do they not march forth to battle, and — and get shot in the neck? Certainly they do; that's just what's the matter. Ahum-m-m! But to return to our subjiç.

Look at our sailors ; look at 'em. Do they not — do they *not*? Certainly they do. Do they not sail out into the briny ocean, where the devourin' elephants open their jaws for 'em, and — and lay down in their warm hammocks and sleep? Certainly they do, — or any other man. Ahum-m-m!

Look at our firemen ; ah ! those boys, just look at 'em ! Do they not, at the dead hour of the night, when the clock proclaims the hour of midnight, and when the barometer is forty-seven degrees below Cicero, — do they not rush forth to the scene of conflagration, and — and get into a row? Certainly they do ; and that's just what's the matter with me, — or any other man. But to return to our subjic.

Now, what does this great and glorious Constitooshun of this United Confederation of Pennsylvtucky say? What does it say? Does not our Constitooshun *say*? Certainly it does. That's just what it says. What did Patrick Henry Jackson say? Did he not say that each and every one should stand upon his own ground? and did he not lay his hand upon his heart, and say with a clear conscience that he was a paper doll, with a glass eye? Certainly he did, — or any other man.



THE THREE SAILORS. — THACKERAY.

THREE were three sailors in Bristol City
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy;
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They did n't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
 " I am extremely hungaree."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
 " We have no provisions, so we must eat **we**."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
 " O gorging Jim, what a fool you be !

" There 's little Bill is young and tender,
 We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he."

" O Bill, we 're going to eat you,
 So undo the collar of your chemie."

When Bill received this information,
 He used his pocket-handkerchee.

" O, let me say my catechism,
 As my poor mammy taught to me."

" Make haste, make haste," says guzzling **Jacky**
 While Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
 Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
 When up he jumps — " There 's land I see.

" There 's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
 And North and South Amerikee.

" There 's the British fleet a riding at anchor,
 With Admiral Nelson, K. C. B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
 He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee.

But as for little Bill, he made him,
 The captain of a seventy-three.

MR. PICKWICK'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURE

WITH A MIDDLE-AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL-PAPERS.

MR. PICKWICK, in company with a japanned candlestick, was conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings to his bedroom in the hotel.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"O no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And, bidding Mr. Pickwick good night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell; and from that lady it wandered, by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very centre of the history of the queer client: and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep; so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down stairs.

Now this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat, for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state, at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless

it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in his watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So, as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and, taking the japanned candlestick in his hand, walked quietly down stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bedchamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in, — right at last. There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood, one on each side of the door: and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-

bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth, and slowly drawing on his tasselled nightcap, secured it firmly on his head by tying beneath his chin the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and, throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the nightcap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings, — "it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen

himself was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manoeuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back-hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap, — "never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here, the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea

of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he could n't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly, —

“Ha — hum.”

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

“Most extraordinary female this,” thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. “Ha — hum.”

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

“Gracious Heaven!” said the middle-aged lady, “what’s that?”

“It’s — it’s — only a gentleman, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

“A gentleman!” said the lady, with a terrific scream.

“It’s all over,” thought Mr. Pickwick.

“A strange man,” shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

“Ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, — “ma’am.”

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick’s

nightcap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am, — nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap" [here the lady hastily snatched off hers], "but I can't get it off, ma'am" [here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement]. "It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly, — "certainly, ma'am. I — I — am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion, — deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his nightcap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

“Immediately, ma’am; this instant, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

“I trust, ma’am,” resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, — “I trust, ma’am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this” — But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Whatever grounds for self-congratulation Mr. Pickwick might have for having escaped so quietly from his late awkward situation, his present position was by no means enviable. He was alone, in an open passage, in a strange house, in the middle of the night, half dressed; it was not to be supposed that he could find his way in perfect darkness to a room which he had been wholly unable to discover with a light, and if he made the slightest noise in his fruitless attempts to do so, he stood every chance of being shot at, and perhaps killed, by some wakeful traveller.

He had no resource but to remain where he was until daylight appeared. So after groping his way a few paces down the passage, and to his infinite alarm, stumbling over several pairs of boots in so doing, Mr. Pickwick crouched into a little recess in the wall, to wait for morning as philosophically as he might.

He was not destined, however, to undergo this additional trial of his patience; for he had not been long ensconced in his present concealment when, to his unspeakable horror, a man, bearing a light, appeared at the end of the passage. His horror was suddenly converted into joy, however, when he recognized the form of his faithful attendant. It was, indeed, Mr. Samuel Weller, who after sitting up thus late, in conversation with the Boots, who was sitting up for the mail, was now about to retire to rest.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, “where’s my bedroom?”

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed, “I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes to-night that ever were heard of.”

“Wery likely, sir,” replied Mr. Weller, dryly.

“But of this I am determined, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick; “that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it, alone, again.”

“That’s the very prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. “You rather want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out a wisitin’!”

“What do you mean by that, Sam?” said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed, and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more; but, suddenly checking himself, turned round, and bade his valet “Good night.”

“Good night, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door, — shook his head, — walked on, — stopped, — snuffed the candle, — shook his head again, — and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER. — J. T. FIELDS.

MANY a long, long year ago,
 Nantucket skippers had a plan
 Of finding out, though “lying low,”
 How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
 And then, by sounding through the night,
 Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
 They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell by tasting, just the spot,
And so below, he 'd "dowse the glim," —
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found ;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept, — for skippers' naps are sound !

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead ;
He 'd up and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 't was Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag, — the pedler's son ;
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
" To-night I 'll have a grain of fun.

" We 're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows by tasting
What ground he 's on ; Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting !"

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck (a parsnip-bed),
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

" Where are we now, sir ? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung !

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden, —
" Nantucket 's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden !"

THE GRIDIRON.

THE CAPTAIN, PATRICK, AND THE FRENCHMAN.

PATRICK. Well, Captain, whereabouts in the wide world *are* we? Is it Roosia, Proosia, or the Jarmant ocean?

Captain. Tut, you fool; it 's France.

Patrick. Tare an ouns! do you tell me so? and how do you know it 's France, Captain dear?

Captain. Because we were on the coast of the Bay of Biscay when the vessel was wrecked.

Patrick. Throth, I was thinkin' so myself. And now, Captain jewel, it is I that wishes we had a gridiron.

Captain. Why, Patrick, what puts the notion of a gridiron into your head?

Patrick. Because I 'm starving with hunger, captain dear.

Captain. Surely you do not intend to eat a gridiron, do you?

Patrick. Ate a gridiron! bad luck to it! no. But if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefsteak.

Captain. Yes; but where 's the beefsteak, Patrick?

Patrick. Sure, could n't we cut it off the pork?

Captain. I never thought of that. You are a clever fellow, Patrick. (*Laughing.*)

Patrick. There 's many a throe word said in joke, Captain. And now, if you will go and get the bit of pork that we saved from the rack, I 'll go to the house there beyant, and ax some of them to lind me the loan of a gridiron.

Captain. But, Patrick, this is France, and they are all foreigners here.

Patrick. Well, and how do you know but I am as good a furriner myself as any o' them.

Captain. What do you mean, Patrick?

Patrick. Parley voo frongsay?

Captain. O, you understand French, then, is it?

Patrick. Throth, you may say that, Captain dear.

Captain. Well, Patrick, success to you. Be civil to the foreigners, and I 'll be back with the pork in a minute.

[*He goes out.*]

Patrick. Ay, sure enough, I 'll be civil to them; for the Frinch are always mighty p'lite intirely, and I 'll show them I know what good manners is. Indade, and here comes mun-seer himself, quite convaynient. (*As the Frenchman enters, Patrick takes off his hat, and, making a low bow, says:*) God save you, sir, and all your children. I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but it's only being in disthress in regard of ateing, that I make bowld to trouble ye; and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron, I 'd be intirely obleeged to ye.

Frenchman (staring at him). Comment!

Patrick. Indade it's thru for you. I'm tathered to paces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by rason of the storm that dhruv us ashore jist here, and we're all starvin'.

Frenchman. Je m'y t— (*pronounced zhe meet*).

Patrick. Oh! not at all! by no manes! we have plenty of mate ourselves, and we 'll dhress it, if you 'd be plased jist to lind us the loan of a gridiron, sir. (*Making a low bow.*)

Frenchman (staring at him, but not understanding a word).

Patrick. I beg pardon, sir; but maybe I'm undher a mistake, but I thought I was in France, sir. An't you all furriners here? Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur.

Patrick. Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, if you plase? (*The Frenchman stares more than ever, as if anxious to understand.*) I know it's a liberty I take, sir; but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir, parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui.

Patrick. Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron, sir, and you 'll obleege me?

Frenchman. Monsieur, pardon, monsieur —

Patrick (angrily). By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress, and if it was to owld Ireland you came, it 's not only the gridiron they 'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put on it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain. Can't you understand your own language? (*Very slowly.*) Parley — voo — frongsay — munseer?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur; oui, monsieur, mais —

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, I say, and bad scam to you.

Frenchman (bowing and scraping). Monsieur, je ne l'entend —

Patrick. Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your *long tongs!* I don't want a tongs at all, at all. Can't you listen to rason?

Frenchman. Oui, oui, monsieur: certainement, mais —

Patrick. Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, and howld your prate. (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if to say he did not understand; but Patrick, thinking he meant it as a refusal, says, in a passion:*) Bad cess to the likes o' you! Throth, if you were in my counthry, it 's not that-a-way they 'd use you. The curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner! The divil another word I 'll say to you. (*The Frenchman puts his hand on his heart, and tries to express compassion in his countenance.*) Well, I 'll give you one chance more, you owld thafe! Are you a Christhian, at all, at all? Are you a furriner that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you! do you understand your mother tongue? Parley voo frongsay? (*Very loud.*) Parley voo frongsay?

Frenchman. Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.

Patrick. Then, thunder and turf! will you lind me the loan of a gridiron? (*The Frenchman shakes his head, as if he did not understand; and Pat says, vehemently:*) The curse of the hungry be on you, you owld negarly villain! the back of my hand and the sowl of my fut to you! May you want a gridiron yourself yet! and wherever I go, it 's high and low, rich and poor, shall hear of it, and be hanged to you!

SONG OF SARATOGA. — JOHN G. SAXE.

“PRAY what do they do at the Springs?”
 The question is easy to ask ;
 But to answer it fully, my dear,
 Were rather a serious task.
 And yet, in a bantering way,
 As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
 I'll venture a bit of a song,
 To tell what they do at the Springs !

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
 The waters so sparkling and clear ;
 Though the flavor is none of the best,
 And the odor exceedingly queer ;
 But the fluid is mingled, you know,
 With wholesome, medicinal things ;
 So they drink, and they drink, and they drink, —
 And that 's what they do at the Springs !

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
 They hasten to breakfast or dine ;
 (The latter precisely at three,
 The former from seven till nine.)
 Ye gods ! what a rustle and rush,
 When the eloquent dinner-bell rings !
 Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat, —
 And that 's what they do at the Springs !

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
 Or loll in the shade of the trees ;
 Where many a whisper is heard
 That never is heard by the breeze ;
 And hands are commingled with hands,
 Regardless of conjugal rings ;
 And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt, —
 And that 's what they do at the Springs ?

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
 And music is shrieking away ;
 Terpsichore governs the hour,
 And fashion was never so gay !
 An arm round a tapering waist, —
 How closely and fondly it clings !
 So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz, —
 And that 's what they do at the Springs !

In short, — as it goes in the world, —
 They eat, and they drink, and they sleep ;
 They talk, and they walk, and they woo ;
 They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep ;
 They read, and they ride, and they dance ;
 (With other remarkable things :)
 They pray, and they play, and they PAY, —
 And that 's what they do at the Springs !

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

ABOUT half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I would n't, but did n't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down? The critter promised me. I 'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over sumthin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar-bear here. O, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberrry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door : —

“Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?”

“Tell him it 's most morning,” whispered Joe.

“I can't tell a fib,” said Sally.

“I 'll make it a truth, then,” said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

“Look at the clock and tell me what time it is,” cried the old gentleman up stairs.

“It 's five by the clock,” answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

“Good gracious ! it 's father.”

“The deacon, by thunder !” cried Joe ; “hide me, Sal !”

“Where can I hide you ?” cried the distracted girl.

“O, I know,” said he ; “I 'll squeeze into the clock-case.”

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and, sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

“Five o'clock, eh ?” said he. “Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes ; then I 'll go and feed the critters.”

“Had n't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterward ?” suggested the dutiful Sally.

“No ; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up,” answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r — whiz — z — ding — ding! went the clock.

“Tormented lightning!” cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. “What in creation is that?”

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock, furiously.

“It’s only the clock striking five,” said Sally, tremulously.

“Powers of mercy!” cried the deacon, “striking five!” It’s struck a hundred already.”

“Deacon Barberry!” cried the deacon’s better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, “what is the matter of the clock?”

“Goodness only knows,” replied the old man.

“It’s been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before.”

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

“It’ll burst itself!” cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, “and there won’t be nothing left of it.”

“It’s bewitched,” said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. “Anyhow,” he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, “I’ll see what’s got into it.”

“O, don’t!” cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

“Don’t,” chorused both the women together.

“Let go my raiment!” shouted the deacon; “I ain’t afraid of the powers of darkness.”

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extri-

cating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

THE WIDOW. — C. F. GELLERT.

Translated by Rev. C. T. Brooks.

DORINDA'S youthful spouse,
 Whom as herself she loved, and better too —
 "Better?" — methinks I hear some caviller say,
 With scornful smile; but let him smile away!
 A true thing is not therefore the less true,
 Let laughing cavillers do what they may.
 Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms —
 Too early snatched, in all his glowing charms —
 The best of husbands and the best of men;
 And I can find no words, — in vain my pen,
 Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray,
 In lively colors, all the young wife felt,
 As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,
 And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek, of clay.

The priest, whose business 't was to soothe her, came;
 All friendship came, in vain;
 The more they soothed, the more Dorinda cried.
 They had to drag her from the dead one's side.
 A ceaseless wringing of the hands
 Was all she did; one piteous "Alas!"
 The only sound that from her lips did pass:
 Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.

Meanwhile a neighbor o'er the way
 Had happened in, well skilled in carving wood.
 He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,
 And, partly at her own request,
 Partly to show his reverence for the blest,
 And save his memory from untimely end,
 Resolved to carve in wood an image of his friend.

Success the artist's cunning hand attended ;
 With most amazing speed the work was ended ;
 And there stood Stephen, large as life.
 A masterpiece soon makes its way to light.
 The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen met their
 sight :

“ Ah, Heavens ! Ah, there he is ! Yes, yes, 't is he !

O happy artist ! happy wife !

Look at the laughing features ! Only see
 The open mouth, that seems as if 't would speak !

I never saw before in all my life
 Such nature, — no, I vow, there could not be
 A truer likeness ; so he looked to me,
 When he stood godfather last week.

They brought the wooden spouse,
 That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,
 Up to the second story of the house
 Where he and she had dwelt one blessed year.
 There in her chamber, having turned the key,
 She shut herself with him, and sought relief
 And comfort in the midst of bitter grief,
 And held herself as bound, if she would be
 Forever worthy of his memory,
 To weep away the remnant of her life.
 What more could one desire of a wife ?

So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,
 And had not, my informant said,

In all that time to living creature spoken,
 Except her house-dog and her serving-maid.
 And this, after so many weeks of woe,
 Was the first day that she had dared to glance
 Out of her window ; and to-day, by chance,
 Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.
 Up in a twinkling came the house-maid running,
 And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning,
 " Madam, a gentleman would speak with you,
 A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view,
 Almost as lovely as your blessed one ;
 He has some business with you must be done, —
 Business, he said, he could not trust with me."

" Must just make up some story then," said she,
 " I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man ;
 In short, go down and do the best you can ;
 Tell him I 'm sick with sorrow ; for, O me !
 It were no wonder —"

" Madam, 't will not do ;
 He has already had a glimpse of you,
 Up at your window as you stood below !
 You must come down ; now do, I pray.
 The stranger will not thus be sent away.
 He 's something weighty to impart I know.
 I *should* think, madam, you *might* go."

A moment the young widow stands perplexed,
 Fluttering 'twixt memory and hope ; the next
 Embracing, with a sudden glow,
 The image that so long had soothed her woe,
 She lets the stranger in. Who can it be ?
 A suitor ? Ask the maid : already she
 Is listening at the key-hole ; but her ear
 Only Dorinda's plaintive tone can hear.
 The afternoon slips by. What can it mean ?
 The stranger goes not yet, has not been seen

To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request —
 Unheard-of boldness! — to remain, a guest?
 Dorinda comes at length, and, sooth to say, alone. —
 Where is the image, her dear, sad delight? —
 “Maid,” she begins, “say, what shall now be done?
 The gentleman *will* be my guest to-night.
 Go instantly, and boil the pot of fish.”
 “Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure, as you wish.”

Dorinda goes back to her room again.

The maid ransacks the house to find a stick
 Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot, — in vain.

She cannot find a single one; then quick
 She calls Dorinda out, in agony.

“Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth,” says she;
 There’s not a stick of fish-wood in the house.

Suppose I take that image down and split it? That
 Is good, hard wood, and to our purpose pat.”

“The image? No, indeed! — But — well — yes, do!
 What need you have been making all this touse?”

“But, ma’am, the image is too much for me;
 I cannot lift it all alone, you see; —

’T would go out of the window easily.”

“A lucky thought! and that will split it for you, too.

The gentleman in future lives with me;

I may no longer nurse this misery.”

Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen flew.



A DRY EXPERIMENT. — JOHN NEAL.

I WAS a member of the Delphian Club, at Baltimore, when
 I had reached the age of twenty-three or thereabouts.
 Two or three of us Delphians were one day dining at the
 house of a friend. On the table was a plate of hard crack-
 ers, or biscuit. Some talk was had about the difficulty of

swallowing them without the help of water. Somebody declared that it would be impossible for any human being to eat five of these little crackers without drinking.

"But in how long a time?" said our President, *Pertinax Particular*.

"In five minutes," was the answer.

"I'll bet you half a dozen of wine," said the President, firing up, as only Dr. Tobias Watkins could fire up on such an occasion, he being a capital surgeon, and valuing himself especially on all that concerned deglutition, physiology, anatomy, and all the rest of the sciences, — "I'll bet you half a dozen that I can eat five of those biscuit, — not crackers, if you please, biscuit, sir, biscuit, — within five minutes, and without drinking a drop."

"Done! and who shall time you?"

"The Vice-President."

"Agreed."

And so Mr. Pierpont, our Vice-President, lugged out his watch, and sat, with one elbow on the table, and with eyes fixed upon its face, while Watkins went to work.

The first two or three were soon disposed of, but the fourth began to be troublesome; and long before he had got through with the fifth he began to breathe short, to grow very red in the face, and to shift about in his chair, as if undergoing strangulation. After two or three convulsive gasps, with his eyes fixed upon Mr. Pierpont, he succeeded in swallowing the last mouthful; and, springing from his chair, he asked, in a voice so husky as to be almost inaudible, how long he had been at work.

"Just six minutes and a half," said Mr. Pierpont, without a change of countenance.

And then was n't there a shout! I never heard men laugh more heartily, nor, if I must own up, more unfeelingly. The poor doctor was almost beside himself with suppressed rage; he could n't see the joke, — not he; and while he sat puffing and blowing, seemed to believe, almost, that he had been cruelly betrayed and perhaps cheated. Nor do I believe that he

ever forgot or forgave the trick to his dying day, though he was one of the most amiable men I ever knew, and eminently good-natured, but a man who could not bear to be laughed at.

ORATOR PUFF. — THOMAS MOORE.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so ;
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
 For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 " My voice is for war," asked him, " Which of them, pray ?"
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
 " Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

" Good Lord !" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
 " Help me out ! help me out ! — I have broken my bones !"
 " Help you out !" said a Paddy who passed, " what a bother !
 Why, there 's two of you there ; can't you help one another ?"
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

A NIGHT WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.—HENRY COCKTON.

THERE happened to be only four bedrooms in the house : the best, of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant ; but that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double-bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his election between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for, as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself and everything came off ; when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He therefore turned the thing seriously over in his mind while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

“ Now for a beautiful night’s rest,” observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

“ Mew ! mew ! ” cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

“ Hish ! — curse that cat ! ” cried Mr. Beagle. “ We must have you out at all events, my lady. ” And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried “ hish ! ” again, emphatically, and threw his smalls towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to “ stand not on the order of her going, ” when, as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagle thanked Heaven that she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

“ Mew ! mew ! mew ! ” cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What! are you there still, madam?" inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone; "I thought you had been turned out, madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep, heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this is n't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic"; and he "hished!" again with consummate violence, and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply, — a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, — when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again, he missed the pillow, which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he could n't even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this — Why, where have you got to?" he added, addressing the pillow, which, with all the sweeping action of his feet, he was for some time unable to find. "O, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search, and gave it several severe blows, when, having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed, in a subdued tone, "Well, let's try again!"

Now Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. His boast was, that nothing could put him in a passion; and as he had had less than most of his contemporaries to vex him, he had certainly been

able, in the absence of all cause for irritation, to preserve his equanimity. As a perfectly natural matter of course, he invariably attributed the absence of such cause to the innate amiability of his disposition, and marvelled that men — men of sense and discernment — should so far forget what was justly expected of them as reasonable beings, as to suffer themselves to be tortured by excitement, seeing that, albeit human nature and difficulties are inseparable, human nature is sufficiently potent, not only to battle with those difficulties, but eventually to overcome them. If Mr. Jonas Beagle had had to contend against many of the “ills that flesh is heir to,” he in all probability would have acted like the majority of his fellow-men; but as he had met with very few, and those few had not been of a very serious complexion, he could afford to be deeply philosophical on the subject, and felt himself competent, of course, to frame laws by which the tempers of men in the aggregate should be governed. He did, however, feel, when he violently smote the pillow, that that little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried, “Meyow! — pit! — meyow!”

“Hallo!” exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, “here again!”

“Mew!” cried Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

“What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!”

“Meyow! — meyow!” cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

“Well, how many more of you?” inquired Mr. Beagle; “you’ll be able to get up a concert by and by”; and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

“Swear away, you beauties!” cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; “I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you, for your sakes! At it again? Well, this is a blessing. Don’t you hear these devils of cats?” he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. “Well, this is

particularly pleasant," he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly!" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact, that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate. "What's to be done?" he inquired very pointedly, -- "what's to be done? My smalls are right in the midst of them. I can't get out, now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate, for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence at his companion, and shouted so loudly that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out, "Who's there?"

"'T is I," shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hish!" cried Valentine; "why, there are two of them!"

"Two!" said Mr. Beagle, "more likely two and twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool."

"O, never mind!" said Valentine; "let's go to sleep; they'll be quiet by and by."

"It's all very fine to say 'Let's go to sleep,' but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically. "Curse the cats! I wish there was n't a cat under heaven, — I do, with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin, too, when they happen to be put out; and there's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting; and confound her! I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are peculiarly characteristic of the feline race; and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must, in justice, be said that he developed a degree of fluency which did him great credit. He purred and mewed, and cried and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had been "damped for the mangle."

"Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly," observed Mr. Beagle. "Did you *ever* hear such wailing and gnashing of teeth? Are you never going to leave off, you *devils!*" he added, throwing the bolster with great violence under the bed, and therefore, as he fondly conceived, right amongst them. Instead, however, of striking the cats therewith, he unhappily upset something, which rolled with great velocity from one end of the room to the other, and made during its progress so singular a clatter that he began to "tut! tut!" and to scratch his head audibly.

"Who's there?" demanded Plumplee in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the rolling of the articles in question had alarmed him! "Who's there? d'ye hear? Speak, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" and on the instant the report of a pistol was heard, which in all probability had been fired with the view of convincing all whom it might concern that he had such a thing as a pistol in the house. "Who's there?" he again demanded; "you vagabonds, I'll be at you!" — an intimation that may be held to have been extremely natural under the circumstances, not only because he had not even the slightest intention of carrying so desperate a design into execution, but because he — in consequence of having supped off cucumbers and crabs, of which he happened to be particularly fond, seeing that as they did not agree with him, and invariably made him suffer, they partook of the nature of forbidden fruit — he had sin-

gularly enough been dreaming of being attacked by a party of burglars, and of having succeeded in frightening them away by holding out a precisely similar threat.

"Beagle!" he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

"Here!" cried Beagle, "come up here! It's nothing! I'll explain! For Heaven's sake," he added, addressing Valentine, "open the door"; but Valentine was too much engaged to pay attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Plumplee were heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better, cried, "Come in! my good friend, come in!"

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Mr. Plumplee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, in his night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

"It's all right," said Beagle; "t'was I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster, I upset that noisy affair, that's all."

"Cats!" cried Mr. Plumplee, "cats! you ate a little too much cucumber, my friend! that and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach! you have been dreaming! you've had the nightmare! We have n't a cat in the house; I can't bear them."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Beagle, "they're about here in swarms. If I've turned *one* cat out this night, I'm sure that I've turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while fast as a church!"

"I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises."

"Meyow, — meow!" cried Valentine, quietly.

"Now have I been dreaming?" triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle; "now have I had the nightmare?"

"Bless my life!" cried Mr. Plumplee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, "they don't belong to me."

"I don't know whom they belong to," returned Mr. Beagle, "nor do I much care; I only know that there they *are*! If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them! only hook 'em this way!—I'll wring their precious necks off!"

"They're out of my reach," cried Plumplee. "Hish! hish!" Finding, however, that harsh terms had no effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of "Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy! kit, kit, kit!"

"Hish! you devils!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, who began to be really enraged!

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty! — puss, puss, puss!" repeated Mr. Plumplee, in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewling proceeded in the most melancholy strain.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumplee; "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle. "Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hollo!" cried Plumplee.

"Hullo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Plumplee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"O, that's of no use. I've tried the *hishing* business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?"

“Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats!” exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity. “Where are they?”

“Under my bed,” replied Beagle. “*There’s* a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!” and Valentine leaped out of bed, and, after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

“Thank Heaven! they are all gone at last!” cried Mr. Beagle; “we shall be able to get a little rest, now, I suppose;” and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

As soon as Plumplee had departed, Valentine assisted Beagle to remake his bed; and when they had accomplished this highly important business with the skill and dexterity of a couple of thoroughbred chambermaids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have a six hours’ sound and uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes, when the mewling was renewed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to “listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear,” he started up at once, and exclaimed, “I wish I may *die* if they’re all out now! Here’s one of them left!” added he, addressing Valentine; but Valentine, having taken a deep inspiration, answered only with a prolonged gurgling sound. “He’s off again, by the living Jove!” continued Beagle; “I *never* heard of any one sleeping so soundly. Hollo! my good fellow! ho! Fast as a four-year-old! Won’t you be quiet, you *witch*? Are you determined not to let me have a wink of sleep to-night? She must be in the cupboard. I must have overlooked her; and yet I don’t see how I could. O, keep the thing up,

dear! Don't let me rest!" and he fumbled about for his box, and, having taken a hearty pinch of snuff, began to turn the thing seriously over in his mind, and to make a second person of himself, by way of having, under the circumstances, a companion with whom he could advise, and if necessary remonstrate.

"Well, what's to be done, now?" inquired he of the second person thus established. "What's to be the next step, Jonas? It's of no use at all, you know! we can't go to sleep; we may just as well try to get a kick at the moon! nor must we again disturb — *Hish!* you — Jonas! Jonas! keep your temper, my boy! keep your temper! Don't let a contemptible cat put you out!" and Mr. Beagle took another pinch of snuff, from which he apparently derived a great degree of consolation. "What, at it again?" he continued. "I wish I had the wringing of your neck off, madam! You want to put me in a passion; but you won't! you can't do it! therefore, don't lay that flattering unction to your soul! *Well,* Jonas! how are we to act? Shall we sit here all night, or take up our bed and walk, Jonas; eh?"

Jonas was so struck with the expediency of the latter course, that he apparently urged its immediate adoption; for Mr. Beagle, in the first place, half dressed himself in bed, and in the next, threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a sheet over his shoulder, when, tucking a pillow and a bolster under his arm, said, "We'll leave you to your own conscience, madam? Good night!" and left the room with the view of seeking repose upon the sofa.

Valentine was astonished at the coolness displayed by Mr. Beagle throughout the entire transaction; and after reproaching the spirit of mischief that was within him, and striving, by way of a punishment, to disturb his own repose, and succeeding, too, as well as the monks of old did, when they inflicted the scourge upon themselves, he proceeded to justify himself upon the ground that his object was to learn the true characters of men, and being perfectly satisfied with that justification, went soundly and solemnly to sleep.

THE CHARCOAL-MAN. — J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat ;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries, —
 “ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”
 While echo faint and far replies, —
 “ Hark, O ! hark, O ! ”
 “ Charco’ ! ” — “ Hark, O ! ” — Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat ;
 His coat is darker far than that ;
 ’T is odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot nor speck, — though still he cries, —
 “ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”
 And many a roguish lad replies, —
 “ Ark, ho ! ark, ho ! ”
 “ Charco’ ! ” — “ Ark, ho ! ” — Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay ;
 Yet feels no less of happiness
 Than many a richer man, I guess,
 When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries, —
 “ Charco’ ! charco’ ! ”
 And Martha from the door replies, —
 “ Mark, ho ! Mark, ho ! ”
 “ Charco’ ! ” — “ Mark, ho ! ” — Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright ;
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,
 Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o'er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries, —
 "Charco' ! charco' !"
 And baby with a laugh replies, —
 "Ah, go ! ah, go !"
 "Charco' !" — "Ah, go !" — While at the sounds
 The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal-man !
 Though dusky as an African.
 'T is not for you, that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,
 His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries, —
 "Charco' ! charco' !"
 While mocking echo still replies, —
 "Hark, O ! hark, O !"
 "Charco' !" — Hark, O !" — Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

A LESSON IN READING. — LEIGH HUNT.

I HAD a schoolmate who had come into school at an age later than usual, and could hardly read. There was a book used by the learners in reading called "Dialogues between a Missionary and an Indian." It was a poor performance, full of inconclusive arguments and other commonplaces. The boy in question used to appear with this book in his hand in the middle of the school, the master standing behind him.

The lesson was to begin. The poor fellow, whose great fault lay in a deep-toned drawl of his syllable and the omis-

sion of his stops, stood half looking at the book, and half casting his eye towards the right of him, whence the blows were to proceed. The master looked over him, and his hand was ready. I am not exact in my quotation at this distance of time; but the spirit of one of the passages that I recollect was to the following purport, and thus did the teacher and his pupil proceed:—

Master. “Now, young man, have a care; or I’ll set you a *swingeing* task.” (A common phrase of his.)

Pupil (making a sort of heavy bolt at his calamity, and never remembering his stop at the word “Missionary”).
Missionary Can you see the wind?”

(Master gives him a slap on the cheek.)

Pupil (raising his voice to a cry, and still forgetting his stop). “*Indian* No!”

Master. “Zounds, young man! have a care how you provoke me!”

Pupil (always forgetting the stop). *Missionary* How then do you know that there is such a thing?”

(Here a terrible thump.)

Pupil (with a shout of agony). *Indian* Because I feel it.”

SCOTCH WORDS. — ROBERT LEIGHTON.

THEY speak in riddles north beyond the Tweed.
The plain pure English they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,
Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.

Their jaws are chafts; their hands, when closed, are nieves;
When lost, folk never ask the way they want, —
They spier the gait; and when they yawn they gaunt.
Beetle with them is clock; a flame’s a lowe;
Their straw is strae, — chaff cauff, and hollow howe.
A pickle means a few; muckle is big;
And a piece of crockeryware is called a pig.

Speaking of pigs — when Lady Delacour
 Was on her celebrated Scottish tour,
 One night she made her quarters at the “Crown,”
 The head inn of a well-known country town.
 The chambermaid, in lighting her to bed,
 Before withdrawing, courtesied low, and said, —

“This nicht is cauld, my lady, wad ye please
 To hae a pig i’ the bed to warm yer taes?”

“A pig in the bed to tease! What’s that you say?
 You are impertinent, — away, — away!”

“Me impident! no, mem, — I meant nae harm,
 But just the greybeard pig to keep ye warm.”

“Insolent hussy, to confront me so!
 This very instant shall your mistress know.
 The bell, — there’s none, of course, — go, send her here.”

“My mistress, mem, I dinna need to fear;
 In sooth, it was hersel’ that made me spier.
 Nae insult, mem; we thocht ye wad be gled,
 On this cauld nicht, to hae a pig i’ the bed.”

“Stay, girl; your words are strangely out of place,
 And yet I see no insult in your face.
 Is it a custom in your country, then,
 For ladies to have pigs in bed wi’ them?”

“O, quite a custom wi’ the gentles, mem, —
 Wi’ gentle ladies, ay, and gentle men,
 And troth, if single, they wad sairly miss
 Their het pig on a cauldrijf nicht like this.”

“I’ve seen strange countries, — but this surely beats
 Their rudest makeshifts for a warming-pan.

Suppose, my girl, I should adopt your plan,
You would not put the pig between the sheets?"

"Surely, my lady, and nae itherwhere.
Please, mem, you'll find it do the maist guid there."

"Fie, fie! 't would dirty them, and if I keep
In fear of that, you know, I could not sleep."

"You'll sleep far better, mem. Tak' my advice;
The nicht blaws snell, — the sheets are cauld as ice;
I'll fetch ye up a fine, warm, cosey pig;
I'll mak' ye a' sae comfortable and trig,
Wi' coortains, blankets, every kind o' hap,
And warrant ye to sleep as soond 's a tap,
As for the fying' o' the sheets, — dear me,
The pig's as clean outside as pigs can be.
A weel-closed mooth's eneuch for ither folk,
But if ye like, I'll put it in a poke."

"But, Effie, — that's your name, I think you said,
Do you yourself now take a pig to bed?"

"Eh! nae, mem, pigs are only for the great,
Wha lie on feather-beds and sit up late;
Feathers and pigs are no for puir riff-raff, —
Me and my neiber lassie lie on cauff."

"What's that, — a calf? If I your sense can gather,
You and the other lassie sleep together."

"Such are your customs" — Effie, you may go; —
As for the pig I thank you, but — no, no —
Ha, ha! good night, — excuse me if I laugh, —
I'd rather be without both pig and calf."

On the return of Lady Delacour
She wrote a book about her Northern tour

Wherein the facts are graphically told.
 That Scottish gentle folks, when nights are cold,
 Take into bed fat pigs to keep them warm ;
 While common folk, who share their beds in halves, —
 Denied the richer comforts of the farm, —
 Can only warm their sheets with lean, cheap calves.

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT. — F. M. WHITCHER.

HE was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once, when he was in one of his poor turns, that I shall never forget the longest day I live. He says to me, one winter evenin', as we was a settin' by the fire ; I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter), and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he 'd be better off to let tobacker alone ; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he 'd got the chores done up, and when he wan't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well, he took his pipe out o' his mouth, and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he : "Silly" (my name was Prissilly naturally, but he most gineraly always called me "Silly," cause 't was handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you. He had a sollem countenance naterally, — and afore he got to be deacon 't was more so, but since he lost his health he looked solemer than ever, and certingly you wouldent wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights, 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down.

Why, it 's an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married, and for five or six year after, I shouldent desire to see a ruggeded man than what he was. But the time I 'm speakin' of he 'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's, a spell afore Sally was married.

I 'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a-gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She 'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt for better 'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody 'd a-told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a-said — But lawful sakes! I most forgot. I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing, I believe in finishin' on 't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round forevermore, and never coming to the pint. Now there 's Miss Jenkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejusest indiwidoal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" I didnt say "What, Hezekier," for I didnt like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laughing. "Hezekier Bedott," says I. "Well, I would give up if I had such a name," but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you have this minit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it 's curus we should a-named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it 's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speaking o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now, don't you never tell nobody that I

said so, but between you and me, I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she 's a-gwine to ketch Kier Bedott, she 's a leettle out o' her reckoning. But I was gwine to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly." I says, says I, "What?" If I dident say "What," when he said "Silly," he 'd a-kept on saying "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was.

Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" though I 'd no idee what he was gwine to say; dident know but what 't was something about his sufferings, though he wan't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin', — think it can? Why, I 've seen him in sitivations when you 'd a-thought no mortal could a-helped grumblin', but *he* dident. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one-hoss shay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hizen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a-sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now that was what I call a perdickerment, don't you? Most men would a-swore, but husband dident. He only said, says he, "Consarn it!" How did we get out, did you ask? Why, we might a-been sittin' there to this day, fur as I know, if there hadent a-happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team, and they hysted us out.

But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I could see by the light of the fire (there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgetful, but I know we wan't apt to burn candles 'ceptin' when we had company), — I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was oncommonly solemnized. Says he to me, says he, "Silly." I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, says he, "*We're all poor critters!*"

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on !
 Through pathless realms of space
 Roll on !

What though I 'm in a sorry case ?
 What though I cannot meet my bills ?
 What though I suffer toothache's ills ?
 What though I swallow countless pills ?
 Never *you* mind !
 Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !
 Through seas of inky air
 Roll on !

It 's true I 've got no shirts to wear ;
 It 's true my butcher's bill is due ;
 It 's true my prospects all look blue, —
 But don't let that unsettle you !
 Never *you* mind !
 Roll on !

[*It rolls on.*

LORD DUNDREARY AT BRIGHTON,

AND THE RIDDLE HE MADE THERE.

ONE of the many popular delusions respecting the British swell is the supposition that he leads an independent life, — goes to bed when he likes, gets up when he likes, d-dwesses how he likes, and dines when he pleases.

The public are grossly deceived on this point. A wealthy swell is as much under authority as a poor devil of a private in the marines, a clerk in a government office, or a fourth-form boy at Eton. Now I come under the demon —

demonima — (no, — thop, — what is the word?) — dom — denom — d-denomination, — that 'th it — I come under the d-denomination of a swell — (in — in fact — a *howwid* swell — some of my friends call me, but *that 'th* only their flattewy), and I assure you a f-fellah in that capacity is so much we-stained by rules of f-fashion, that he can scarcely call his eye-glath his own. A swell, I take it, is a fellah who t-takes care that he swells as well as swells who swell as well as he, (there 's thuch lot of thwelling in that thentence, — ha, ha! — it 's what you might c-call a busting definition). What I mean is, that a f-fellah is obliged to do certain things at certain times of the year, whether he likes 'em or no. For instance, in the season I 've got to go to a lot of balls and dwums and tea-fights in town, that I don't care a bit about, and to show myself in the Park wegularly evey afternoon; and latht month I had to victimize mythelf down in the coun-twy, — shooting (a bwutal sort of amusement, by the way). Well, about the end of October evey one goes to Bwighton, n-no one knowth why, — that 'th the betht of it, — and so I had to go too, — that 's the wortht of it, — ha, ha!

Not that it 's such a b-bad place after all, — I d-dare say if I had n't *had* to go I should have gone all the same, for what is a f-fellah to do who ith n't much of a sportsman just about this time? There 'th n-nothing particular going on in London. Eveything is b-beathly dull; so I thought I would just run down on the Southeastern Wailway to be — ha, ha! — Bwightoned up a bit. (Come, th-that 's not bad for an im-promptu!)

B-Bwighton was invented in the year 1784, by his Woyal Highness George P-Pwince of Wales, — the author of the shoe-buckle, the stand-up collar (a b-beathly inconvenient and cut-throat thort of a machine), and a lot of other exthploded things. He built the Pavilion down there, which looks like a lot of petrified onions from Bwobdinag clapped down upon a guard-house. There 'th a jolly sort of garden attached to the building, in which the b-band plays twice a week, and evey one turns in there about four o'clock, so I went too

(n-not *two* o'clock, you know, but f-four o'clock). I—I 'm vevy fond of m-martial music, mythelf. I like the dwums and the t-twombones, and the ophicleides, and all those sort of inthtwuments, — yeth, ethpethelly the bwass ones, — they 're so vevy exthpiring, they are. Thtop though, ith it expiring or *p-perthpiring*? — n-neither of 'em sound quite right. Oh! I have it now, it — it 's *inthpiring*, — that 'th what it is, because the f-fellahs *bweathe into them!*

That weminds me of a widdle I made down there (I—I 've taken to widdles lately, and weally it 'th a vevy harmleth thort of a way of getting ththrough the morning, and it amuthes two f-fellahs at onth, because if—if you athk a fellah a widdle, and he can't guess it, you can have a jolly good laugh at *him*, and —if he — if he *doth* guess it, he — I mean you — no — that is the widdle — stop, I — I 'm getting confuted, — where wath I? Oh! I know. If—if he *doth* guess it however, it ith n't vevy likely he would — so what 's the good of thupposing impwobabilities?) Well, thith was the widdle I made, — I thed to Sloper (Sloper 's a fwiend of mine, — a vevy good thort of fellah Sloper is, — I d-don't know exactly what his pwofession would be called, but hith uncle got him into a b-berth where he gets f-five hundred a year, — f-for doing nothing — s-somewhere — I forget where — but I—I know he does it), — I said to Sloper, “Why is that f-fellah with the b-bassoon l-like his own instrument?” and Sloper said, “How — how the dooth should I know?” (Ha, ha! — I thought he'd give it up!) So I said to Sloper, “Why, b-because they both get *blown* — in *time!*” You thee the joke, of course, but I don't think Sloper did, thomehow; all he thed was, “V-vevy mild, Dundreary,” — and t-tho — it was mild — thertainly, *f-for October*, but I d-don't thee why a f-fellah should go making wemarks about the weather instead of laughing at m-my widdle.

In this pwomenade that I was speaking of, you see such a lot of thtunning girls evey afternoon, — dwessed twemen-dous swells, and looking like — yes, by Jove! l-like angels in cwinoline, — there 'th no other word for it. There are two or thwee always *will* l-laugh, somehow, when I meet

them, — they do now *weally*. I — I almost fancy they wegard me with intewest. I mutht athk Sloper if he can get me an introduction. Who knowth? pwaps I might make an impwession, — I'll twy, — I — I've got a little converthathional power, — and *theveral* new wethcoats.

Bwighton is filling fast now. You see dwoves of ladies ewevy day on horseback, widing about in all diwections. By the way, I — I muth n't forget to mention that I met those two girls that always laugh when they thee me, at a tea-fight. One of 'em — the young one — told me, when I was intwo-duced to her, — in — in confidence, mind, — that she had often heard of me and of my *widdles*. Tho you thee I'm getting quite a weputathun that way. The other morning, at Mutton's, she wath ch-chaffing me again, and begging me to tell her the latetht thing in widdles. Now, I had n't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I could n't give her any *wevy* great novelty, but a fwiend of mine made one latht theason which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her, When ith a jar not a jar? Thingularly enough, the moment she heard thith widdle she burtht out laughing behind her pocket-handkerchief!

“Good gwacious! what'th the matter?” said I. “Have you ever heard it before?”

“Never,” she said emphatically, “in that form; do, *please* tell me the answer.”

So I told her, — When it ith a door! Upon which she — she went off again in hystewics. I — I — I never *did* see such a girl for laughing. I know it 's a good widdle, but I did n't think it would have such an effect as *that*.

By the way, Sloper told me afterwards that he thought *he* had heard the widdle before, somewhere, but it was put in a different way. He said it was: When ith a door not a door? — and the answer, When it ith ajar!

I — I've been thinking over the matter lately, and though I dare thay it — d-don't much matter which way the question is put, still — pwaps the last f-form is the betht. It — it seems to me to *wead* better. What do you think?

Now I weckomember, I made thuch a jolly widdle the other day on the Ethplanade. I thaw a fellah with a big New — Newfoundland dog, and he inthpired me — the dog, you know, not the fellah, — he wath a lunatic. I'm keeping the widdle, but I don't mind telling *you*.

Why does a dog waggle hith tail? Give it up? I think motht fellahs will give that up!

You thee, the dog waggles hith tail becauth the dog's stwonger than the tail. If he wath n't, the tail would waggle the dog!

Ye-eth, — that 'th what I call a widdle. If I can only wocollect him, I thall athtonish those two girls thome of these days.

THE STUTTERING LASS. — J. G. SAXE.

WHEN deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
 I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
 I would always endeavor to please her.
 She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
 Said never a word, except "You 're an ass —
 An ass — an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
 The stammering lady had spoken the truth.
 For often, in obvious dudgeon,
 She 'd say, — if I ventured to give her a jog
 In the way of reproof, — "You 're a dog — you 're a dog —
 A dog — a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
 This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,
 And hinted we ought to be wiser,
 She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
 And fretfully cried, "You 're a Jew — you 're a Jew —
 A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
 Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
 I begged her to go to a neighbor,
 She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
 And saucily said, "You 're a cus — cus — cus —
 You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
 And feeling that Madame was greatly to blame
 To scold me instead of caressing,
 I mimicked her speech, — like a churl as I am, —
 And angrily said, "You 're a dam — dam — dam —
 A dam-age instead of a blessing!"



SIGNS AND OMENS.

AN old gentleman, whose style was Germanized, was asked
 what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pe-
 lieve averydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is somedings
 ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sits and reads mine
 newspaper, und my frau she speak und say, —

"'Fritz, de dog ish howling!'

"Vell, I don' dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on
 und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say, —

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen, — der dog ish
 howling!'

"Und den I gets hop mit mineself und look out troo de
 wines on de porch, und de moon was shinin, und mine leetle
 dog he shoomp right up and down like averydings, und he park
 at de moon, dat was shine so bright as never vas. Und ash
 Y hauled mine het in de winder, de old voman she say, —

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen.
De dog ish howling!'

"Vell, I goes to pet, und I shleeps, und all night long ven
 I vakes up dere vas dat dog howling outside, und ven I

dream I hear dat howling vorsher ash never. Und in de morning I kits up und kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say, werry solemn, —

“ ‘ Fritz, dere ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.’

“ Und shoost den de newspaper came in, und I opens him und by shings, vot you dinks ! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia !*”

THE KISS IN SCHOOL. — J. W. PALMER.

A DISTRICT SCHOOL not far away,
 Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
 Was humming with its wonted noise
 Of threescore mingled girls and boys, —
 Some few upon their tasks intent,
 But more on future mischief bent.
 The while the master's downward look
 Was fastened on a copy-book,
 When suddenly, behind his back,
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !
 As 't were a battery of bliss
 Let off in one tremendous kiss.
 “ What 's that ?” the startled master cries.
 “ That, thir,” a little imp replies,
 “ Wath William Willith, if you pleathe, —
 I saw him kith Thuthannah Peathe !”
 With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered, “ Hither, Will !”
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to that awful presence came, —
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered : “ I 'm amazed

That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude !
 Before the whole set school to boot, —
 What evil genius put you to 't ?”
 “ 'T was she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad,
 “ I did n't mean to be so bad, —
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered I was 'fraid of girls,
 And darsn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I could n't stand it, sir, at all !
 But up and kissed her on the spot.
 I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,
 But somehow, from her looks, — boo-hoo, —
 I thought she kind o' wished me to !”

THE GREAT BEEF-CONTRACT. — MARK TWAIN.

IN as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter, — this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this, — and I assert here that every fact in the following *résumé* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government.

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington, Sherman had gone to Manassas ; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late ; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta, — but he

never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but, hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died:—

THE UNITED STATES

<i>In acct. with</i> JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE, of New Jersey,		
deceased,		Dr.
To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman, @ \$100,	\$ 3,000	
To travelling expenses and transportation,	14,000	
	<hr/>	
Total,	\$17,000	
	Rec'd Pay't.	

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. *He* left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me,

—*I am willing to go.*” And so he was, poor soul! Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard, — Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and, weeping, gave me the beef-contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef-contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said, —

“Well, sir, what can I do for you?” I said, —

“Sire: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence, kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said, —

“Well, sir?”

I said, “Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—” -

“That will do, sir, — that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef.”

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, “Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting.” I said, —

“Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General

Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef —”

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef-contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior. I said, —

“Your Imperial Highness: On or about the 10th day of October —”

“That is sufficient, sir, — I have heard of you before. Go, — take your infamous beef-contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.”

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous government till that contract business was settled; I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent-Office. I said, —

“Your august Excellency: On or about —”

“Perdition! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef-contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef-contracts for the army, my dear sir.”

“O, that is all very well, — but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef! It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I’ll confiscate this old Patent-Office and everything in it.”

“But, my dear sir —”

“It don’t make any difference, sir. The Patent-Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent-Office has got to pay for it.”

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent-Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place

for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury. I said; —

“Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken —”

“That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury.”

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends; to his clerk, rather, — he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading, —

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After a while he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: On or about —"

"You are the beef-contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the Northwest Passage, as *I* regarded it, — he found the long-lost record of that beef-contract, — he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced, — for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He did n't die at all, — he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You did n't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! *I* don't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I *know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the government will never pay that transportation and those traveling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* is n't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why did n't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He did n't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why did n't the Second tell me? why did n't the Third? why did n't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

“Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears, — I see it in your soft glances ; you wish to marry her, — but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand, — here is the beef-contract ; go, take her and be happy ! Heaven bless you, my children !”

This is all that I know about the great beef-contract, that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough, he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington, and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.

The Galaxy.

THE RETORT.

OLD BIRCH, who taught the village school,
 Wedded a maid of homespun habit ;
 He was stubborn as a mule,
 And she was playful as a rabbit.
 Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country polished life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Katie sadly missed him ;
 When he returned, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.
 The husband's anger rose, and red
 And white his face alternate grew :
 “ Less freedom, ma'am !” Kate sighed and said,
 “ O, dear ! I did n't know 't was you.”

A RURAL LESSON IN RHETORIC.

DON'T fire too high. Speak to men in language they understand. *Ministers* should remember not to fire over people's heads. Truth must be put in simple language, and illustrated by metaphors familiar to all. Call the sun a *sun*, — not a *luminary*. Don't call the sky "an azure vault"; call it the sky. Don't talk of the "*economy of grace*," for your plainer hearers will at once revert to the kitchen. Here is "A Rural Lesson in Rhetoric," which shows the importance of not firing too high : —

Brown was invited to visit a town in the extreme rural districts, for the purpose of lecturing the people on temperance. He arrived at his destination late in the evening, and was invited to the cottage of a farmer to partake of supper, previous to the display of his eloquence.

The farmer had two sons, twenty to twenty-five years of age, and to them a temperance lecturer appeared something more than an ordinary man. Brown had great difficulty in drawing them into conversation, but at length the ice was broken, and the following colloquy was the result : —

"I suppose you've both affixed your names to the pledge long ago?"

"Which?"

"I presume you are both temperance men, and have pledged yourselves to abstain from the use of everything that intoxicates?"

"The which, stranger?"

"You do not get the idea clearly. I was expressing the hope that you do not indulge in intoxicating beverages."

"Eh?"

"That you do not indulge in the inebriating cup."

"Sir?"

"*Do either of you drink liquor?* That's what I'm trying to get at."

"Waal, stranger! I did n't know but ye was a-talkin

French jabber. Why did n't ye ax the thing right eout? Sam and me don't drink no liquor to speak on, 'cept hayin' and harvist, and then we drink right smart. So does fayther and everybody 'round here. Ef ye talk French stuff in yer lecture, stranger, 't won't du much good, I tell ye, for nobody won't know a word what yer means in this yer neck o' timber, sartin and sure."

Brown declares this to be the best lesson in rhetoric he ever received, and he made an unusual effort to adapt his word to the comprehension of his hearers in that "neck o' timber." Other speakers may profit by the hint.

THE BIG OYSTER.—GEORGE ARNOLD.

A LEGEND OF RARITAN BAY.

'T WAS a hazy, mazy, lazy day,
 And the good smack *Emily* idly lay
 Off Staten Island, in Raritan Bay,
 With her canvas loosely flapping.
 The sunshine slept on the briny deep,
 Nor wave nor zephyr could vigils keep,
 The oysterman lay on the deck asleep,
 And even the cap'n was napping.

The smack went drifting down the tide, —
 The waters gurgling along her side, —
 Down where the bay grows vast and wide, —
 A beautiful sheet of water ;
 With scarce a ripple about her prow,
 The oyster-smack floated, silent and slow,
 With Keyport far on her starboard bow,
 And South Amboy on her quarter.

But, all at once, a grating sound
 Made the cap'n awake and glance around ;

“Hold hard!” cried he, “we’ve run aground,
 As sure as all tarnation!”
 The men jumped up, and grumbled and swore;
 They also looked, and plainly saw
 That the *Emily* lay two miles from shore,
 At the smallest calculation.

Then, gazing over the side, to see
 What kind of a bottom this shoal might be,
 They saw, in the shadow that lay to the lee,
 A sight that filled them with horror!
 The water was clear, and beneath it, there,
 An oyster lay in its slimy lair,
 So big, that to tell its dimensions fair
 Would take from now till to-morrow.

And this it was made the grating sound;
 On this the *Emily* ran aground;
 And this was the shoal the cap’n found, —
 Alack! the more is the pity.
 For straight an idea entered his head:
 He’d drag it out of its watery bed,
 And give it a resting-place, instead,
 In some saloon in the city.

So, with crow, and lever, and gaff, and sling,
 And tongs, and tackle, and roller, and ring,
 They made a mighty effort to bring
 This hermit out of his cloister.
 They labored earnestly, day and night,
 Working by torch and lantern light,
 Till they had to acknowledge that, do what they might,
 They never could budge the oyster!

The cap’n fretted, and fumed, and fussed, —
 He swore he’d “have that ’yster, or bust!”
 But, for all his oaths, he was quite nonplussed;
 So, by way of variation,

He sat him quietly down, for a while,
 To cool his anger and settle his bile,
 And to give himself up, in his usual style,
 To a season of meditation.

Now, the cap'n was quite a wonderful man ;
 He could do almost anything any man can,
 And a good deal more, when he once began
 To act from a clear deduction.

But his wonderful power, — his greatest pride, —
 The feat that shadowed all else beside, —
 The talent on which he most relied, —
 Was his awful power of suction !

At suction he never had known defeat !
 The stoutest suckers had given in, beat,
 When he sucked up a quart of apple-jack, neat,
 By touching his lips to the measure !
 He 'd suck an oyster out of its shell,
 Suck shrimps or lobsters equally well ;
 Suck cider till inward the barrel-heads fell, —
 And seemed to find it a pleasure.

Well, after thinking a day or two,
 This doughty sucker imagined he knew
 About the best thing he could possibly do,
 To secure the bivalvular hermit.
 "I'll bore through his shell, as they bore for coal,
 With an auger fixed on the end of a pole,
 And then, through a tube, I'll suck him out whole, —
 A neat little swallow, I term it !"

The very next day, he returned to the place
 Where his failure had thrown him into disgrace ;
 And there, with a ghastly grin on his face,
 Began his submarine boring.
 He worked for a week, for the shell was tough,
 But reached the interior soon enough

For the oyster, who found such surgery rough, —
Such grating, and scraping, and scoring!

The shell-fish started, the water flew,
The cap'n turned decidedly blue,
But thrust his auger still further through,
To quiet the wounded creature.

Alas! I fear that my tale grows sad,
The oyster naturally felt quite bad,
And ended by getting excessively mad,
In spite of its peaceful nature.

It arose, and, turning itself on edge,
Exposed a ponderous shelly wedge,
All covered with slime, and sea-weed, and sedge, —
A conchological wonder!

This wedge flew open, as quick as a flash,
Into two great jaws, with a mighty splash;
One scraunching, crunching, crackling crash, —
And the smack was gone to thunder!

CHICKEN ON THE BRAIN.

NEAR Erie there lives a colored person by the name of James Stewart, whom the community by common consent have dubbed Commodore Stewart. He is a talented but eccentric individual, and has a weakness for chickens. On one occasion, being found near a poultry-yard under suspicious circumstances, he was interrogated rather sharply by the owner of the premises as follows:—

“Well, Jim, what are you doing here?”

“O, nuffin, nuffin! jess walkin' roun'.”

“What do you want with my chickens?”

“Nuffin at all. I was only lookin' at 'em, day looks so nice.”

This answer was both conciliatory and conclusive, and would have been satisfactory had it not been for Jim's hat. This was a rather worn soft felt, a good deal too large for its wearer's head; and it seemed to have a motion entirely unusual in hats, and manifestly due to some remarkable cause. It seemed to contract and expand and move of itself, and clearly without Jim's volition. So the next inquiry was, —

“What is the matter with your hat?”

“My hat? Dat's an ole hat. I'se fond of dat hat.”

“Well, take it off and let's look at it.”

“Take off dis hat? No, sah. I'd ketch cold in my head, sartan. Always keep my hat on when I'm out o' doors.”

And with that Jim was about beating a hasty retreat, when, at his first step, a low “kluk, kluk, kluk,” was heard coming only too clearly from the region of his head-gear. This was fatal; and Jim was stopped and forced to remove his hat, when a plump, half-grown chicken jumped out and ran hastily away. The air with which the culprit gazed after it was a study for a painter; it expressed to a perfection wonder and perplexity blended, but not a trace of guilt. Slowly he spoke, as though explaining the matter to himself, and accounting for so remarkable an incident.

“Well, if dat ain't de funniest ting I ebber did see. Why, dat dar chicken must have clum up de leg of my pantaloons.”



THE UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN. — GEORGE CANNING.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U —
 — niversity of Göttingen —
 — niversity of Göttingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in! —

Alas! Matilda then was true!

At least, I thought so at the U —
— niversity of Göttingen —
— niversity of Göttingen.

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew,

Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languished at the U —
— niversity of Göttingen —
— niversity of Göttingen.

[At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.]

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,

My years are many, — they were few

When first I entered at the U —
— niversity of Göttingen —
— niversity of Göttingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my tu —

— tor, law professor, at the U —
— niversity of Göttingen —
— niversity of Göttingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,

That kings and priests are plotting in!

Here doomed to starve on water gru —

— el, never shall I see the U —
— niversity of Göttingen —
— niversity of Göttingen.

APPEAL TO THE KIND SYMMETRIE OF OUR NATURE.

GENTLEMEN of the Jury, — It is with feelings of no ordinary communion that I rise to defend my injured client from the attacks that have been made on his hitherto unapproachable character. I feel, gentlemen, that though a good deal smarter than any of you, even the judge himself, yet I am utterly incompetent to present this case in the magnanimous and heart-rending light which its importance demands; and I trust, gentlemen, that whatever I may lack in presenting the subject will be immediately made up by your own natural good-sense and discernment, if you have got any.

The counsel for the prosecution, gentlemen, will undoubtedly attempt to heave dust in your eyes. He will tell you that his client is pre-eminently a man of function, — that he is a man of undoubted and implicable veracity, — that he is a man who would scorn to fotch an action against another merely to gratify his own personal corporosity; but, gentlemen, let me cautionate you how to rely upon such specious reasoning like this. I myself apprehend that this suit has been wilfully and maliciously focht, gentlemen, for the sole and only purpose of brow-beating my client here, and in an eminent manner grinding the face of the poor; and I apprehend, also, that if you could but look into that man's heart, and read there the motives that have impelled him to fotch this suit, such a picture of moral turpentine and heart-felt ingratitude would be brought to light as has never before been exhibited since the falls of Niagara.

Now, gentlemen, I want to make a brilliant appeal to the kind symmetries of your nature, and see if I can't warp your judgments a little in favor of my unfortunate client here, and then I shall fotch my argument to a close. Here is a poor man, with a numerous wife and child, depending upon him for their daily bread and butter, wantonly fotch't up here, and arranged before an intellectual jury on the charge of ig-

nominiously hooking—yes, hooking—six quarts of new cider. You, gentlemen, have all been placed in the same situation, and you know how to feel for the misfortunes of my client; and I humbly calculate that you will not permit the gushing of your symperthizing hearts to be squenched in the bud by the surrupsions and superogating arguments of my ignorant opponent on the other side.

The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakespeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice and fotch him in innocence. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentlemen, you will have the honor of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look upon this occasion, and reflect with pleasure that you did as you would be done by; but if, on the other hand, you disregard this great principle of law, and set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fotch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you over every fair corn-field, I reckon, and my injured and down-trodden client will be pretty apt to light on you some of these nights, as my cat lights on a sassar of new milk.



THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover in the night,
 Near the roadside an alehouse chanced to spy;
 And, being rather tired, as well as dry,
 Resolved to enter. But first he took a peep
 In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
 He enters: "Hallo! garçon, if you please,
 Bring me a little bit of bread and cheese.
 And hallo! garçon, a pot of portare too," he said,
 "Vich I shall take, and den meself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
 Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,

Into his pocket put ; then slowly crept
 To wished-for bed. But not a wink he slept ;
 For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid
 To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
 Pulled on his cap and bid the world good night ;
 But first his breeches which contained the fare
 Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans cérémonie soon the rats all ran,
 And on the flour-sacks greedily began,
 At which they gorged themselves ; then, smelling round,
 Under the pillow soon the cheese they found.
 And while at this feast they regaling sat,
 Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap,
 Who, half awake, cries out, "Hallo ! Hallo !
 Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?
 Ah ! 't is von big huge rat !
 Vat de diable is he nibbel nibbel at ?"

In vain our little hero sought repose ;
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose.
 And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
 That he, on end antipodes upright
 Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
 "Hallo ! Maison ! Garçon ! I say !
 Bring me ze bill for vot I have to pay !"
 The bill was brought, and to his great surprise
 Ten shillings was the charge. He scarce believes his eyes.
 With eager haste he cons it o'er and o'er,
 And every time he viewed it thought it more.

"Vy, zounds and zounds !" he cries, "I sall no pay !
 Vot charge ten shelangs for vot I have mangé,
 A leetel cup of porter, dis vile bed,
 Vare all ze rats do run about my head !"

“Plague on those rats!” the landlord muttered out,
 “I wish upon my word that I could make ’em scout;
 I’ll pay him well that can.” “Vot ’s dat you say?”
 “I’ll pay him well that can.” “Attend to me, I pray!
 Vill you dis charge forego, vot I am at
 If from your house I drive away ze rat?”
 “With all my heart,” the jolly host replies.
 “*Ecoutez donc, ami!*” the Frenchman cries.
 “First, den, regardez if you please,
 “Bring to dis spot a leetel bread and cheese.
 “Eh bien! a pot of porter too,
 And den invite ze rats to sup vid you.
 And after, no matter dey be villing,
 For vot dey eat you sharge dem just ten shelang!
 And I am sure ven dey behold ze score,
 Dey ’ll quit your house, and never come no more.”



EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MISS TABITHA
 TRENOODLE. — *Belgravia.*

DID you ever drive a cow to pound?
 No, of course not.

Did your mother ever drive a cow to pound? or your wife?
 Of course not, again.

Well, *I* have. I, Tabitha Trenoodle, of Tregawk, spinster, drove a large brindled knot cow to pound. And since I am neither first cousin to Mrs. Squeamish nor first toady to Mrs. Grundy, I see no reason whatever why I should deny the fact.

Perhaps up in England folks may n’t know what a knot cow is. I have heard there’s a good deal of ignorance in London. Well, a knot cow is a cow without horns, having a little knot or knob on the head instead of those appendages. If that brindle had had horns, I don’t think — well, yes, I’ll confess it — I don’t think I should have driven her to pound.

I object to horns. They have an ugly look ; and they give me a sort of a ripping feeling, highly unpleasant, in my backbone. Moreover, they make me say over to myself all the "ifs" and "ands" in the alphabet.

"If that beast knew his strength, and just took it into his head" — then a cold shiver, and I feel very glad I'm walking a long way behind the creature.

I've got a little meadow at Tregawk. I'm rather proud of it, because it's the best land and grows the best grass for miles around. The granite does n't show up through the soil in ever so many places at once, as it does elsewhere in the parish.

Now when a person has got a meadow with good grass in it, that person does n't like the grass to be eaten up night after night, nobody knows how. At least, I don't. My maid suggested :

"Evul sperruts."

I said, "Stuff! Evil spirits don't eat grass : they devour men."

Then she said : "Veers."

Now I believe Veer is a grand name in England ; and I have heard of a Lady Clara Veer de Veer who cut somebody's throat in a grand way, and was n't found out. But with us veers are little pigs ; and in some parishes heifers are called veers too. So you see it is not such a noble name with us that I was going to be startled at the idea of a veer eating up my grass.

"No signs of 'em," I answered. "Nothing nuzzled up."

"Nebuchadnezzar," said my maid.

"Nonsense! He's dead and gone these hundred years."

"Not him. Her, — the passon's wife."

This seems ridiculous. But it was not, because that poor howling maniac fancied herself Nebuchadnezzar ; and she was always trying to get out and eat grass. She took to calling herself the King of Babylon, at first through fun, because of the herb-pies she ate down in Cornwall, and because her husband's name was Daniel. Then, getting a little wild, —

through loneliness, as she chose to say, — she stuck to her fancy. In fact, it got to be what the doctors call a fixed idea, — though where fixed, or how, I can't say.

Of course, after this explanation you'll understand I was not surprised when my maid Temper — Temperance is her right name — suggested that the parson's wife ate my grass.

"She is capable," I said; "so I'll watch."

Accordingly that night I made Temper bring down into the fields the small kitchen table and a big stool, and by aid of these I clamber up pretty high into a tree, where I sit perched like Charles the Second in a crinoline. Temper stayed with me till nearly dark, and brought me my tea out there, as I had got into the tree quite early, thinking it wise to be in time. She had to climb to the top of the table to hand up the cups, and I found it rather novel, though a sofa-cushion on the branch might have improved the situation.

When it grew dusk I made Temper leave, lugging the table with her of course, lest it should attract Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar's attention. I screamed after her for a cushion, but she did not hear me.

After nightfall, I thought of Charles the Second, and Robinson Crusoe, and Prince Absalom, till I did n't know which was which, or whether I was one or the other of them. Then cramp came on for want of that cushion, after that the shivers, then the cramp again. And my limbs took a kind of spontaneous locomotion, and would n't stay in any place where I put 'em. I was just thinking that African travellers told awful stories about sleeping up trees with snakes and things, when suddenly I heard steps.

"No! it can't be!" I said, bumping myself frightfully, forgetting my sofa-cushion was at home. "Surely she won't carry out her ideas of Nebuchadnezzar as far as this, in my meadow too, to eat grass! Poor thing! Herb-pies indeed! Herb-pies are not grass; it's a judgment on her for despising good victuals."

Harder steps, thick bootish steps, lumpy, then the gate swings, and I see coming into my field a big cow with a man

behind her! As the gate swings to and fro, and at last shuts, the man stays outside it, and, leaning on the top rail, he grins. I saw his grin in the moonlight quite plainly, — a very plain grin it was, — and if the skirt of my dress had not been caught in a great hooked branch I believe I should have sprung down on him and astonished him. But I had got up into the tree with the help of a stool and a table, and these being gone, I saw my coming down again was an impossible thing. In fact, it was a point Temper and I had n't considered.

This was nice, certainly. A woman perched up a tree with the cramp in every part of her body except her head, and her gown hooked up somehow, but how and where she can't screw her eyes round to see and remedy!

Nice, certainly! Worse, it was aggravating and awful, because here's a man grinning on a gate, who may look up at any minute and see her. However, the situation has to be borne, so I watch grimly, and wonder what's coming next.

This is what came next. The cow ate my grass. Chop, chop, munch, munch, chow, chow, as plain as a pikestaff; while the man, grinning like a Cheshire cat, called out in a clear voice: —

“Go it, Brindle! Make a good meal, old girl! Miss Tab is greener than her own grass; she won't find us out yet awhile.”

Upon that, and whistling to himself the old Fadé tune, which they play at Helston on the 8th May, when the mayor dances through the streets, he walked off, while the cow positively made herself at home, and lay down on my grass as comfortable as you please.

I was speechless. I was frantic. I propped myself against a branch and tore at my gown till it was all out of the gathers, and hung in rags. Still that horrid hook would n't give way. Then I tried to be patient. I shut my eyes, and told myself I had *not* got the cramp, and a branch was not grazing my back, and a knob was not boring a hole in my shoulder, and I was very comfortable, and better off than Robinson Crusoe, or a Casual.

But it would n't do. My limbs got dead, and did n't belong to me. They might have been the cow's legs, or the legs of the kitchen-table, for anything *I* knew about them.

"Good gracious!" I said. "Where's that girl Temper? Why does n't she come and get me down? Why did n't I think about the getting down before I got up? No, Temper won't come. I remember now I ordered her not to show her nose here for the world. I was to run in and tell her when Nebuchadnezzar came. Run and tell her! I wish I could. I shall never run again; my legs are gone. Where were my wits when I got up this tree? O Tabitha! Tabitha! I never knew you were such a fool!"

A cold perspiration broke over me when I thought of Temper dozing by the kitchen fire, in tranquil unsolicitude, awaiting my return. No uneasy thoughts about me would rouse her. O no! nothing would but a red-hot cinder thrown at her nose, and that cinder I had n't got to throw.

"Mercy alive!" I groaned; "I shall be here all night. I shall be here till next week. I shall be here forever. I shall be a few bleached bones up a tree when the end of the world comes. What o'clock is it? It's midnight. It's three o'clock to-morrow morning. It will be daylight soon, and that horrid man will be here for his cow. What shall I do? I shall have to forgive him. I shall have to scream out to him to take pity on me, and get me down. He'll stare. He'll grin. He'll triumph. I shall go out of my mind. No; I'll never bear it. I won't. I'll do something desperate. I'll get all my things off, and come down from this tree like Eve went up. No, I can't. My hands are too cramped with holding on to this branch, this evil branch. This is a bad tree; this is the worst of trees; this is the very tree that Satan put his forked tail around. O, how did I get hooked in this forked branch? This is the hook that could not take Leviathan, but it has taken me,—me, an innocent spinster, who never did any harm. I am going mad. I am certain of it. I shall howl soon. I'm a worse maniac than the parson's wife. Look at that diabolical cow, how she eats to aggravate me! I'll be revenged on

her. I'll be revenged on her master. I won't stay here like a scarecrow, pinned up in a tree by the wings. I'll come down. I'll smash all my bones but what I'll come down."

True to my word, I tore, I pulled, I gasped, I made a desperate spring. I got my head and the tips of my fingers to the ground; but my wretched feet were lodged among the birds'-nests. In this dreadful position I hung so long that I thought my head was bursting, and balls of fire ran along the ground out of my eyes.

"Jerusalem!" I cried, "here's that emperor come to life, who turned heathen, and took to building. He's me. No, he is n't. I'm Absalom, only my cap ought to be where my shoes are. I'm turned upside down, and my ideas are confused. There's a lucifer-match manufactory in my head. That's it. That's the fire. I shall be in flames soon. There are a hundred thousand pins and needles in me, and I'm sprouting all over with acorns. My nose is taking root. I feel it."

At last the cow, like the animal that swallowed Tom Thumb, began to think there was something uncomfortable going on somewhere. And she positively came up and sniffed all round the tree. What I felt when that cow put her nose against my foot I can never express. If she had had horns, I should have died. As it was, her sniffing at me was so horridly unpleasant, that I made a frantic effort, and down I came sprawling on the grass, while the cow ran off with her tail in the air bel- lowing like a scared demon. I rushed home in such horrible indignation, that the ground flew and fired as I went. I seized Temper by the arm, and woke her up boiling. She screamed, and stood amazed, like an owl with his eyes out.

"What have you done to your nose, ma'am?" she cried.

"My nose? Nothing. It's only a sting-nettle."

Then I sat down and told Temper all that had happened.

"And now," I concluded, "I mean to have revenge on that man and on that cow. Who is he?"

"Have he got a noase like a kittle-spout, and eyes looking two ways for Sunday?" asked Temper.

"Yes, he has, — the beast!"

"Then it's Uncle Nat Treloob, as sure as I am a sinner. You bet! And narra spell of work do he ever lay his ten talons to from waun year's end to t' other, the lazy lutter-pouch!"

"I'll give him something to do to-morrow. He shall go cow-hunting. I hope he'll tear up and down the country from Saltash to Breage. Temper, we must get a boy to drive that cow to pound, and hold his tongue."

"There's narra boy to do et. It's three miles to the pound. And a graet bucha, like a black dog, seed on the moor aunly least week."

"Uncle Dick, the Gunner, my grandfather's boy, will go."

He was called the Gunner because he was blind of one eye, which he kept shut.

"Thic clogging toad!" said Temper. "Uncle Dick can no more stompey through Clidgy-lane, and over Gallish-moor, than he can fly in his gashly auld green breeches to heaven."

"Then I'll go myself," I said very composedly. And I did go.

I went down to my meadow, and drove out that burglarious cow, leaving the gate open, that her thieving owner might be unsettled in his mind, and fly hither and thither after his strayed property. Then through Clidgy-lane, — so called because the mud in it is sticky as treacle, — and all along the dismal moor, Temper and I followed that fiendish brindle with all the spirit we could muster. Once we nearly drove her down a shaft. If Temper had n't pulled her back by the tail, she would have gone in stam bang, and have disappeared for ever. I turned cold. I felt like a murderer. I began to repent. The beast was not to blame, and the driving of the innocent creature into that snare called a pound troubled my conscience. Especially as the rain came down upon us, as if the cow was going straight into the ark, and there was n't much time to get there.

Not that the cow cared. O dear, no! She grazed, and stood still when she liked, which was mighty often. I pushed, and poked, and slapped her on the back with my handkerchief, — with a knot in it, — but that did n't improve the pace a bit.

"I know how it is," said Temper; "this cow has been used to swearing. Uncle Nat cusses awful."

"Hi! Hip, hip! Gee up! Hi!"

The only reply to this was a sudden whop from the cow's tail, and the sound of munching.

"Go it, Brindle," I cried, remembering I had heard these words from her master.

She did go it; but then it was only into the grass by the wayside.

"Have you got a knife, ma'am? If we cut down a stick, I reckon we shall get along better."

No, I had n't a knife. I had a thimble, a bodkin, and a small pair of scissors, in a morocco case. They would n't cut sticks.

"Hi! Gee! G'long! Yi!"

No movement except of the tail and jaws.

"Would you mind swearing a bit, Temper?" I asked pleadingly.

"No, missus, really I can't. I was converted only three weeks agone at the Revival, and I could n't swear so soon. I durst n't, ma'am, indeed!"

"Then confound the cow, and you too!" I cried. "I'll do it myself!"

And I did. Such awful stuff I never spoke before nor since. Mrs. Squeamish would have dropped. And I must say, the next Sunday, in church, when Mr. Daniel read in the Epistle, "Swear not at all," I thought it very rude on his part to look at me as he did. "Ah!" I said to myself, "I should like to see you drive a cow to pound, I should."

She went now, like the wind. If she stopped a bit, I tried Uncle Nat Treloob's receipt again, — reluctantly, and to Temper's horror, — but there was no help for it.

One o'clock in the morning; and here's the farm and the pound.

"Now, Temper," I said, "I've done all the swearing, and the hardest part of the work; it is time I retired into the background, and pushed you forward. Go and wake up the

farmer's man, — you understand these folks better than I, — and hand over the cow into his charge. Take care you don't wake the bull-dog instead" (there was a terrible wild beast at this farm of that species); "he might break his chain and kill us."

Delivering the cow's tail into Temper's hand, I retired to the shelter of a moor stone, put over the mouth of an old shaft near; and there I waited the result calmly.

Apparently the farmer's man was hard to rouse, for I heard screams and bellows and shouts enough to waken all the bulls of Bashan. However, I remained tranquil and serene, feeling I had done my duty. At last, through the glimmering moon-light Temper came running breathless.

"It's all right, m'm! The man was sleepy as a owl. He came to me with his eyes as fast as a biled pig's; but he'll see to it, he says. He's a imperent gaukum! He axed where the young man wus who drove the cow, — in coorse, I could n't say you was the young man, — and he grinned like a dog in a hoss collar. Lor-a-mussy me! here's lashings and pourings of rain! We shall be in a fitty shaape by the time we've fatched hoam. Don't-ee quat there, m'm, no longer, plase; I'm feared of my life as it is, and I'm as soaking wet as Noah's auld shoe!"

Evidently Temper was equal to her name to-night; so I refrained from reply.

Wet! It rained drowned cats and dogs, and spouting whales, and watering-pots and fire-engines, all the way, as we walked home. It was very lonesome; and, though I would n't own it, I felt horribly afraid. However, we met neither ghost, nor goblin, nor living man, either in going or returning; and was n't revenge worth the trouble and the wetting?

When we reached the kitchen we looked like two shags who had n't dried themselves for a year. I went to bed, and dreamt I was a cow floating about in Noah's ark, with my horns cut off and hanging over the kitchen chimney-piece, and a sting-nettle tied on to my nose for my dinner. When I saw my nose in the morning I did n't wonder at my dream, for it was as big as a rutabagur.

It went on raining cats and dogs all that day, together with watering-carts and hydraulic machines ; and not being able to see the light-house through the mist, and the cheerful boy who took sights on the Island being invisible through the rain, I certainly felt a little lonely. However, about three o'clock satisfaction and good spirits arrived in the shape of Uncle Nat Treloob, in a sack, with a hole cut for the eyes that looked two ways for Sunday and all ways for his cow.

He came up to my window, dripping, drenched, dismal. The sack came a little below his waist, — it was a short wide one, — haybands came up to his knees ; his boots went squash on the gravel. He took off the sack and bowed. Then he clasped his hands and sighed.

“Well,” I said, “who are you ?”

“I'm Nat Treloob, ma'am ; fust cousin to Uncle Dick the gunner, who was his Honor your gran'fer's stable-boy wellnigh 'pon fifty years.”

“And what do you want, Uncle Nat Treloob ?”

“Jist to ax how you are, Miss Tabitha. You are the pictur of his Honor your grandfeyther, and there wad n't a better favored man betwixt this and the king, — no, not in no county.”

“What do you want, Uncle Nat ?”

“And you are the nat'ral-born image of your mauther too, miss. And I mind she well, the day your feyther brought her hoam, — prinkt and pridy she was, the raal lady, and prettier —”

I took up my work again, and went on stitching.

“Miss Tabitha, I'm sure you won't be wishing nobody ill, leastways a poor man. You are the best of friends to the poor, and the kindest lady that ever rode in her aun coach, or auft to, if you had your rights. And you've the best meadow in the parish, Miss Tabitha, — sure you have.”

“Nobody knows that better than you, Uncle Nat Treloob.”

“It's boosting work making good coose sich a day as this, Miss Tabitha. I'm in a cruel shaape weth tha wind and tha rain, and my heart 'most bruk about thic cow. And plase sure, Miss Tabitha, I tied her oop laest night 'pon tha com-

mon with a big rope ; and I dunno how she bruk loose. I'm afeard some simpleton left your gaate open, and she smelled the good grass. It's the fust time, Miss Tabitha, the very fust' tha imperent ould thing ever thoft of getting 'into your croft. And ef you'll look over et this waunce, I'll wax tha tail of her on to the pump. I will, plase sure, afore she shall do it again."

"Uncle Nat Treloob, I wonder at you ! It's awful to hear an old man telling falsehoods."

"Miss Tabitha, I abbn't tould a stram never since I went to mitin-house twenty-nine year agone. Don'tee go now to taake away my good character, there's a dear lady. I've been tarving and teering round arter thic polrumptuous beast ever since five this blessed morning, and narra sup, nor porridge, nor crouse has gone enside my craw. And I abbn't titch pipe waunce by the way. You won't be hard, Miss Tabitha, on a ould man ?—an ould man who seed you christened, and the pootiest babby you was as ere I looked upon in aal my born days ; you won't be hard, Miss Tabitha ?"

"Uncle Nat, you are a bad old rascal. I saw you put your cow in my field with my own eyes."

"Me ! plase, father, it wad n't me. — Miss Tabitha, I would n't be so unmannerly. Your eyes ded n't see right, miss."

"It was not you ?"

"Narra bit of me, miss. Or, ef 't was me, I was mazed, or the devil had hould of me. Plase sure, it wad n't me en my right mind, Miss Tabitha. I'd liefer the ould brindle went empty for a month than I'd help her steal a blade of your grass."

He was very wet ; he looked very dismal. I gave way before his eloquence.

"Ah, well, Uncle Nat, your cow is in the pound ; go and fetch her." But Uncle Nat gave no signs of stirring.

"There's a hunder weight of water atop of me, and my lems is wore out, miss ; and I've been oop to tha pound a'ready, and Farmer Kunckey waient give oop tha cow without a guinea, and a line from you to say she may go."

“A guinea!” I screamed through the wet window; “that’s too much. I don’t want you to pay for the grass. I’ll write a line to the pound-keeper, and tell him to give you the cow.”

Uncle Nat shook his head. “’T is no good to carr’ oop tha letter without the guinea, miss. I’m bedoled and bruk down with grief to think of axing you fur a guinea. The piskies was in the cow, I bla’, to taake her into your croft; but aal my savings es aunly haafe a crown. Miss Tabitha, if you’ll aunly forgive the auld cow, and let me have the guinea, I’ll pay ’ee back every farden — fath and sure I will — honest as Job, I will. And ef you waient, Miss Tabitha, then me and my auld woman, who is totleish and bedoled with rheumatism, must staarve outright. We shaan’t have a croon or mossel to swallow ef the cow goes. My old missus lives on the scal’ milk.”

What could I do? I knew the old rascal was as poor as a coot. I knew his wife was childish and had the rheumatism.

I gave the guinea. Need I observe that it never came back to my pocket?

Temper and I always felt very doubtful about that guinea. We thought it extraordinary the farmer should make so high a charge for keeping that pickpocket of a cow a few hours in the pound. However, we dared make no inquiries about it, as that might have let out the fact that I had driven the beast there. And you see I did n’t want to get laughed at in my own parish.

In about a year after this I met Uncle Nat Treloob and his cow with a young calf.

“Well, Uncle Nat,” I observed, “your cow has got a fine calf. What have you called her?”

“Dorcas, which, being interpreted, meaneth Tabitha,” said the old sinner, taking off his hat, and passing on, with a droll expression in his pivot eye. And Dorcas that calf remains to this day. She is an old calf now; in fact, she is n’t a calf at all, she is an elderly cow; and I always feel, when I see people grin over her name, that somehow I only came off second-best in the revenge I took on Uncle Nat Treloob.

THE FACETIOUS STORY OF JOHN GILPIN.—COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown ;
A train-band captain, eke, was he, of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, "Though wedded we
have been

These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day, and we shall then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.
My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride on horseback after we."

John Gilpin said, "I do admire, of woman-kind, but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear ; therefore it shall be done.
I am a linen-draper bold, as all the world doth know ;
And my good friend, Tom Callender, will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That 's well said ; and, for that wine is
dear,

We will be furnished with our own, which is both bright and
clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ; o'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not
allowed

To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was proud.
So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did all
get in, —

Six precious souls, — and all agog to dash through thick and
thin !

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels ; were never
folks so glad ;

The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin, at his horse's side, seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride, but soon came down again :

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw three customers come in.
So down he got ; for loss of time, although it grieved him
sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him much
more.

'T was long before the customers were suited to their mind,
When Betty screamed into his ears, "The wine is left be-
hind!"
"Good lack!" quoth he ; "yet bring it me, my leathern belt
likewise,
In which I wear my trusty sword, when I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin, careful soul, had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved, and keep it safe and sound.
Each bottle had a curling ear, through which the belt he
drew ;
He hung a bottle on each side, to make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did
throw.
Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good
heed :

But, finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.
"So ! fair and softly !" John he cried ; but John he cried in
vain ;
The trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must, who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and, eke, with all
his might.
Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ; away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamed, when he set out, of running such a rig.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got, did wonder more and more.
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows
all,
And every soul cried out " Well done ! " as loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he ! his fame soon spread around,
" He carries weight ! He rides a race ! 'T is for a thousand
pound ! "

And still, as fast as he drew near, 't was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,
The bottles twain, behind his back, were shattered at a blow.
Down ran the wine into the road, most pitecus to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke, as they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight, with leather girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle necks still dangling at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about on both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling-mop, or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife, from the balcony, spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.

" Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! here 's the house ! " they all at once
did cry ;

" The dinner waits, and we are tired ! " Said Gilpin, " So
am I ! "

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there ;
For why ? his owner had a house, full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow, swift he flew, shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly — which brings me to the middle of my song.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath, and sore against his will,
Till at his friend Tom Callender's his horse at last stood
still.

Tom Callender, amazed to see his friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him :
“ What news ? What news ? Your tidings tell ! Make haste,
and tell me all !
Say, why bare-headed are you come ? or why you come at
all ? ”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto Tom Callender, in merry strains, he spoke :
“ I came because your horse would come ; and, if I well
forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here ; they are upon the road ! ”

Tom Callender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in ;
Whence straight he came with hat and wig, — a wig that
flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear, — each comely in its
kind.

He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready wit, —
“ My head is twice as big as yours ; they, therefore, needs
must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “ It is my wedding-day, and all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton and I should dine at Ware.”
Then, turning to his horse, John said, “ I am in haste to
dine :

'T was for your pleasure you came here ; you shall go back for
mine.”

A luckless speech and bootless boast, for which he paid full dear ;

For while he spake a braying ass did sing most loud and clear ;
Whereat his horse did snort as he had heard a lion roar,

And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.
Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ; — for why ? — they were
too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown ;
And thus unto the youth she said, that drove them to the Bell,
“ This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe
and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back again,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein ;
But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels ;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the
wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and
cry :

“ Stop thief ! stop thief ! — a highwayman ! ” — not one of
them was mute,

And all and each that passed that way did join in the pursuit.
And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space,
The tollman thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too ; for he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.
Now let us sing “ long live the king,” and Gilpin long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC. — DR. VALENTINE.

DR. WILLARD was a man about six feet four inches high, extremely thin, and hatchet-faced; his body was so small and short that he appeared all arms and legs, and looked like a little pestle on two bean-poles; and had you met him on the beach, you would think he had just waded in from the West Indies. He was, moreover, troubled with all the ills that flesh is heir to; and it was his greatest pleasure to communicate them to every one who had the courage to ask him how he did.

“How do you do, Dr. Willard?” “Wal, I ain’t a good deal well; but I’m a little better to-day than I was yesterday, but not quite so well as I was the day afore. I’ve got a desput headache, and then I’ve got shockin’ sore eyes, and t’ other night I had an awful ear-ache, but my wife put some walnut sap into it, and it’s a leetle better now; and then I’ve got a dreadful cough that I’ve had these forty years, which is very troublesome. (*Coughs.*) Last night I had the colic in a most shockin’ way, that my wife thought come from eatin’ cow-cumbers that wan’t ripe. (*Coughs.*) But she gin me some burnt brandy and a little hoarhound tea, and it seemed to help me a good deal; but I ain’t well. (*Coughs.*) Then I’ve got a crick in the back of my neck, so that I hain’t been able to turn my head without turnin’ my body these two days. (*Coughs.*) Then I’ve got a pain in my left shoulder, and another across the small of my back, that seems sometimes as though it would tear my kidneys right out. (*Coughs.*) Then I’ve had the sciatica in my hip ever since Deacon Lobdil’s raisin’. Then I’ve got a pain in my knee that sometimes a’most onmans me. (*Coughs.*) Then my thigh that I broke at the raisin’ of Cousin Doolittle’s saw-mill is dreadful troublesome jist afore a storm. (*Coughs.*) And then I was ploughin’ in the garden t’ other day, and what do you think the old mare did? Why, the tarnal critter run back and knocked my shin agin the coulter, and I’ve hardly been able to walk since. But,

to crown all, my wife sent me after some oven-wood the other day ; and as I was comin' up the steps with it, my foot slipped, and I fell back on my crooper-bone. The wood fell on my face and knocked out the only tooth I had, squashed the bridge of my nose, and e'n a'most killed me. (*Coughs.*) Then I've fifteen corns on my feet, and the yellow jaundice besides.
How do you due ?"

TO THE "SEXTANT."

O SEXTANT of the meetin house, wich sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to ! and makes fires,
 And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
 in wich case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile ;
 And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dyes,
 to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths
 And for the servusses gets \$ 100 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it ;
 Gettin up before starlite in all wethers and
 Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlin
 i wouldn't be hired to do it for no sum,
 But O Sextant ! there are I kermoddity
 Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
 Worth more than anything except the sole of man !
 i mean pewer *Are*, Sextant, i mean pewer are !
 O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
 Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts !
 in short, its jest's as "fre as are" out dores,
 But O Sextant, in our church, its scarce as buty,
 Scarce as bank bills, when agints begs for mischuns,
 Wich some say is purty often (taint nothin to me, wat I give
 aint nothin to nobody) but O Sextant
 U shet 500 men, wimmin and children,
 Sheshally the latter, up in a tite place,

Some has bad breths, none aint 2 sweet,
 Some is fevery, some is scrofilous, some has bad teeth
 And some haint none, and some aint over cleen ;
 But every 1 on 'em brethes in and out, and out and in,
 Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half breths an our.
 Now how long will a church ful of are last at that rate,
 I ask you — say 15 minits — and then wats to be did ?
 Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
 And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
 At least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more
 The same individoal don't have the priviledge
 of brethin his own are, and no ones else,
 Each one must take what ever comes to him.
 O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
 To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out ;
 and how can bellusses blo without wind
 And aint wind *are* ? i put it to your conschens.
 Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox
 Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,
 Or little pills unto an omepath,
 Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe,
 What signifies who preaches if i cant brethe ?
 Wats Pol ? Wats Pollus to sinners who are ded ?
 Ded for want of breth, why Sextant, when we dy,
 Its only coz we cant brethe no more, thats all.
 And now O Sextant, let me beg of you
 To let a little are into our church.
 (Pewer are is certain proper for the pews)
 And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,
 It aint much trouble, only make a hole
 And the are will come of itself ;
 (It luv's to come in where it can git warm)
 And O how it will rouze the people up,
 And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
 And yawns and figgits, as effectooal
 As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels of.

ARTEMUS WARD'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.—
C. F. BROWNE.

FELLER-CITIZENS, — I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you to-day ; and when I say that I scurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me. I'm a plane man. I don't know nothing about no ded langwidges, and am a little shaky on livin' ones. There 4, expect no flow'ry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out. I am not a politician, and my other habits air good. I've no enemys to reward, nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union — it is a Big Thing — and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery people a-movin heaven — no, not heaven, but the other place — and earth, to bust it up.

Feller-Citizens, — I haint got time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the May flowers cum over in the Pilgrim and bawt Plymouth Rock with them ; but every skool boy nose our career has been tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the early settlers of the Kolonies. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolution. We need n't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase.

G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over ! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER ! They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git onto the fust poplar hobby-hoss which trots along, not caring a cent whether the beast is even goin, clear-sited and sound, or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go pel mel with it, instid

of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of oblivyun, without the slitest hesitashun.

Washington never slopt over. That was n't George's stile. He luv'd his country dearly. He was n't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kórnered hat and knee britches, and we shant see his like right away.

My frends, we cant all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patrits, and behave ourselves in a human and a christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the characters of seseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus. I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he 'd never been born.



THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

“THE snow is deep,” the Justice said ;
 “There 's mighty mischief overhead.”
 “High talk, indeed !” his wife exclaimed ;
 “What, sir ! shall Providence be blamed ?”
 The Justice, laughing, said, “O no !
 I only meant the loads of snow
 Upon the roofs. The barn is weak ;
 I greatly fear the roof will break.
 So hand me up the spade, my dear,
 I 'll mount the barn, the roof to clear.”
 “No !” said the wife ; “the barn is high,
 And if you slip, and fall, and die,
 How will my living be secured ?
 Stephen, your life is not insured.

But tie a rope your waist around,
 And it will hold you safe and sound."
 "I will," said he. "Now for the roof,
 All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
 Excelsior! Excel — But no!
 The rope is not secured below!"
 Said Rachel, "Climb, the end to throw
 Across the top, and I will go
 And tie that end around my waist."
 "Well, every woman to her taste;
 You always would be tightly laced.
 Rachel, when you became my bride,
 I thought the knot securely tied;
 But lest the bond should break in twain,
 I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
 She takes her station on the ground.
 While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
 He shovels clear the lower edge,
 But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
 Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
 And as he tumbles with the slide,
 Up Rachel goes on t' other side.
 Just-half way down the Justice hung;
 Just-half way up the woman swung.
 "Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
 "Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
 Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
 At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
 Shout back and forth what best to do.
 Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
 All have their ups and downs in life."
 Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 't is
 To joke at such a time as this!

A man whose wife is being hung
 Should know enough to hold his tongue.*
 "Now, Rachel, as I look below,
 I see a tempting heap of snow.
 Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
 And cut the rope to save my life."
 She shouted, "Don't! 't would be my death
 I see some pointed stones beneath.
 A better way would be to call,
 With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
 "Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
 Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-*
be Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
 Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
 Was sitting sewing snug and warm;
 But hearing, as she thought, her name,
 Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
 Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
 "If now a kitchen chair were brought,
 And I could reach the lady's foot,
 I'd draw her downward by the boot,
 Then cut the rope, and let him go;
 He cannot miss the pile of snow."
 He sees her moving towards his wife,
 Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
 And, ere he is aware, perceives
 His head ascending to the eaves;
 And, guessing what the two are at,
 Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
 You make me fall too far, by half!"
 But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
 "Please tell a body by what right
 You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
 And then, with well-directed blows,
 She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo ! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro ;
They look around, above, below ;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank ;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope, —
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow ;
What's this ? A hat ! Ah ! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile ;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CALAMITY THAT BEFELL
MR. WINKLE. — DICKENS.

AS Mr. Pickwick contemplated a stay of at least two months in Bath, he deemed it advisable to take private lodgings for himself and friends for that period ; and as a favorable opportunity offered for their securing, on moderate terms, the upper portion of a house in the Royal Crescent, which was larger than they required, Mr. and Mrs. Dowler offered to relieve them of a bedroom and sitting-room. This proposition was at once accepted, and in three days' time they were all located in their new abode, when Mr. Pickwick began to drink the waters with the utmost assiduity.

Mr. Pickwick was sitting up by himself, after a day spent in the accustomed routine of the watering-place, making entries in his journal, — his friends having retired to bed, — when he was aroused by a gentle tap at the room door.

"Beg your pardon," said Mrs. Craddock, the landlady, peeping in; "but *did* you want anything more, sir?"

"Nothing more, ma'am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"My young girl is gone to bed, sir," said Mrs. Craddock, "and Mr. Dowler is good enough to say that he'll sit up for Mrs. Dowler, as the party is n't expected to be over till late; so I was thinking that if you wanted nothing more, Mr. Pickwick, I would go to bed."

"By all means, ma'am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Wish you good night, sir," said Mrs. Craddock.

"Good night, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Pickwick.

Mrs. Craddock closed the door, and Mr. Pickwick resumed his writing.

In half an hour's time the entries were concluded. Mr. Pickwick carefully rubbed the last page on the blotting paper, shut the book, wiped his pen on the bottom of the inside of his coat tail, and put it carefully away in the drawer.

Mr. Pickwick yawned several times, and then, with a countenance expressive of the utmost weariness, lighted his chamber candle, and went up stairs to bed.

He stopped at Mr. Dowler's door, according to custom, and knocked to say good night.

"Ah!" said Dowler, "going to bed? I wish I was. Dismal night. Windy; is n't it?"

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick. "Good night."

"Good night."

Mr. Pickwick went to his bedchamber, and Mr. Dowler resumed his seat before the fire, in fulfilment of his rash promise to sit up till his wife came home.

There are few things more worrying than sitting up for somebody, especially if that somebody be at a party. You cannot help thinking how quickly the time passes with them, which drags so heavily with you; and the more you think of this, the more your hopes of their speedy arrival decline. Clocks tick so loud, too, when you are sitting up alone, and you seem as if you had an under garment of cobwebs on. First something tickles your right knee, and then the same

sensation irritates your left. You have no sooner changed your position than it comes again in the arms ; and when you have fidgeted your limbs into all sorts of odd shapes, you have a sudden relapse in the nose, which you rub as if you would rub it off, — as there is no doubt you would if you could. Eyes, too, are mere personal inconveniences ; and the wick of one candle gets an inch and a half long while you are snuffing the other. These and various other little nervous annoyances render sitting up for a length of time after everybody else has gone to bed anything but a cheerful amusement.

This was just Mr. Dowler's opinion, as he sat before the fire, and felt honestly indignant with all the inhuman people at the party who were keeping him up. He was not put in better humor either by the reflection that he had taken it into his head, early in the evening, to think he had got an ache there, and so stopped at home. At length, after several droppings asleep, and fallings forward towards the bars, and catchings backward soon enough to prevent being branded in the face, Mr. Dowler made up his mind that he would throw himself on the bed in the back room and *think* — not sleep, of course.

“ I'm a heavy sleeper,” said Mr. Dowler, as he flung himself on the bed. “ I must keep awake ; I suppose I shall hear a knock here. Yes. I thought so. I can hear the watchman. There he goes. Fainter now though. A little fainter. He's turning the corner. Ah !” When Mr. Dowler arrived at this point, *he* turned the corner at which he had been long hesitating, and fell fast asleep.

Just as the clock struck three, there was blown into the Crescent a sedan-chair with Mrs. Dowler inside ; borne by one short fat chairman, and one long thin one, who had had much ado, all the way, to keep their bodies perpendicular, to say nothing of the chair ; but on that high ground, and in the Crescent, which the wind swept round and round as if it were going to tear the paving-stones up, its fury was tremendous. They were very glad to set the chair down, and give a good round loud double-knock at the street door.

They waited some time, but nobody came.

"Servants is in the arms of Porpus, I think," said the short chairman, warming his hands at the attendant linkboy's torch.

"I wish he'd give 'em a squeeze and wake 'em," observed the long one.

"Knock again, will you, if you please," cried Mrs. Dowler from the chair. "Knock two or three times, if you please."

The short man was quite willing to get the job over as soon as possible ; so he stood on the step and gave four or five most startling double-knocks, of eight or ten knocks apiece ; while the long man went into the road and looked up at the windows for a light.

Nobody came. It was all as silent and as dark as ever.

"Dear me !" said Mrs. Dowler. "You must knock again, if you please."

"Their ain't a bell, is there, ma'am ?" said the short chairman.

"Yes, there is," interposed the linkboy, "I've been a ring-ing at it ever so long."

"It's only a handle," said Mrs. Dowler, "the wire's broken."

"I wish the servants' heads wos," growled the long man.

"I must trouble you to knock again, if you please," said Mrs. Dowler, with the utmost politeness.

The short man did knock again several times, without producing the smallest effect. The tall man, growing very impatient, then relieved him, and kept on perpetually knocking double knocks of two loud knocks each, like an insane post-man.

At length Mr. Winkle began to dream that he was at a club, and that, the members being refractory, the chairman was obliged to hammer the table a good deal to preserve order ; then he had a confused notion of an auction-room where there were no bidders, and the auctioneer was buying everything in ; and ultimately he began to think it just within the bounds of possibility that somebody might be knocking at the street door. To make quite certain, however, he remained quiet in bed for ten minutes or so, and listened ; and when he had counted two or three and thirty knocks,

he felt quite satisfied, and gave himself a great deal of credit for being so wakeful.

“Rap rap — rap rap — rap rap — ra, ra, ra, ra, rap!” went the knocker.

Mr. Winkle jumped out of bed, wondering very much what could possibly be the matter, and, hastily putting on his stockings and slippers, folded his dressing-gown round him, lighted a flat candle from the rushlight that was burning in the fireplace, and hurried down stairs.

“Here’s somebody comin’ at last, ma’am,” said the short chairman.

“I wish I was behind him with a bradawl,” muttered the long one.

“Who’s there?” cried Mr. Winkle, undoing the chain.

“Don’t stop to ask questions, cast-iron head,” replied the long man, with great disgust, — taking it for granted that the inquirer was a footman, “but open the door.”

“Come, look sharp, timber eyelids,” added the other, encouragingly.

Mr. Winkle, being half asleep, obeyed the command mechanically, opened the door a little, and peeped out. The first thing he saw was the red glare of the linkboy’s torch. Startled by the sudden fear that the house might be on fire, he hastily threw the door wide open, and, holding the candle above his head, stared eagerly before him, not quite certain whether what he saw was a sedan-chair or a fire-engine. At this instant there came a violent gust of wind; the light was blown out; Mr. Winkle felt himself irresistibly impelled on to the steps; and the door blew to with a loud crash.

“Well, young man, now you *have* done it!” said the short chairman.

Mr. Winkle, catching sight of a lady’s face at the window of the sedan, turned hastily round, plied the knocker with all his might and main, and called frantically upon the chairman to take the chair away again.

“Take it away, take it away,” cried Mr. Winkle. “Here’s somebody coming out of another house; put me into the chair. Hide me, — do something with me!”

All this time he was shivering with cold ; and every time he raised his hand to the knocker, the wind took the dressing-gown in a most unpleasant manner.

“ The people are coming down the Crescent now. There are ladies with 'em ; cover me up with something. Stand before me ! ” roared Mr. Winkle. But the chairmen were too much exhausted with laughing to afford him the slightest assistance, and the ladies were every moment approaching nearer and nearer.

Mr. Winkle gave a last hopeless knock ; the ladies were only a few doors off. He threw away the extinguished candle, which all this time he had held above his head, and fairly bolted into the sedan-chair where Mrs. Dowler was.

Now Mrs. Craddock had heard the knocking and the voices at last ; and, only waiting to put something smarter on her head than her nightcap, ran down into the front drawing-room to make sure it was the right party. Throwing up the window-sash as Mr. Winkle was rushing into the chair, she no sooner caught sight of what was going forward below than she raised a vehement and dismal shriek, and implored Mr. Dowler to get up directly, for his wife was running away with another gentleman.

Upon this, Mr. Dowler bounced off the bed as abruptly as an India-rubber ball, and, rushing into the front room, arrived at one window just as Mr. Pickwick threw up the other ; when the first object that met the gaze of both was Mr. Winkle bolting into the sedan-chair.

“ Watchman, ” shouted Dowler, furiously ; “ stop him — hold him — keep him tight — shut him in till I come down. I'll cut his throat — give me a knife — from ear to ear, Mrs. Craddock. I will ! ” And, breaking from the shrieking landlady and from Mr. Pickwick, the indignant husband seized a small supper-knife and tore into the street.

But Mr. Winkle did n't wait for him. He no sooner heard the horrible threat of the valorous Dowler than he bounced out of the sedan quite as quickly as he had bounced in, and throwing off his slippers into the road, took to his heels and tore

round the Crescent, hotly pursued by Dowler and the watchman. He kept ahead ; the door was open as he came round the second time : he rushed in, slammed it in Dowler's face, mounted to his bedroom, locked the door, piled a wash-handstand, chest of drawers, and table against it, and packed up a few necessaries ready for flight with the first ray of morning.

Dowler came up to the outside of the door ; avowed through the key-hole his steadfast determination of cutting Mr. Winkle's throat next day ; and after a great confusion of voices in the drawing-room, amidst which Mr. Pickwick was distinctly heard endeavoring to make peace, the inmates dispersed to their several bedchambers, and all was quiet once more.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover City ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 " 'T is clear," cried they, " our Mayor 's a noddy ;
 And as for our Corporation, — shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What 's best to rid us of our vermin !
 You hope, because you 're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we 're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing !"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in counsel,
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 " For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell ;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It 's easy to bid one rack one 's brain, —
 I 'm sure my poor head aches again
 I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 " Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what 's that ?"
 " Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

" Come in !" the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
 And in did come the strangest figure !
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in, —
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :
Quoth one : “ It’s as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone ! ”

He advanced to the council-table :
And, “ Please your honors,” said he, “ I’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check ;
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats :
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? ”
“ One? fifty thousand ! ” was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he new what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was : “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe ;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your luncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me !
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
“ Go,” cried the Mayor, “ and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats ! ” — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a “ First, if you please, my thousand guilders ! ”

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation too.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
“ Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
“ Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;

A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty !”
 The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
 “ No trifling ! I can’t wait, beside !
 I’ve promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor, —
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver !
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion.”

“ How ?” cried the Mayor, “ d’ ye think I’ll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook ?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
 You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst !”

Once more he stept into the street ;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stoo
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by, —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When, lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No. One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
“It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 And horses were born with eagles' wings ;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,
 To go now limping as before,
 And never hear of that country more ! ”

Alas ! alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
 A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
 Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
 As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
 The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
 To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
 Silver and gold to his heart's content,
 If he 'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
 But soon they saw 't was a lost endeavor,
 And Piper and dancers were gone forever.
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last retreat,
 They called it the Pied Piper's Street, —
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
 Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church Window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;

And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there 's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbors lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.



THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S POETRY.—FRANCES M.
 WHITCHER.

YES,—he was one o' the best men that ever trod shoe-leather, husband was, though Miss Jenkins says (she 't was Poll Bingham), *she* says, I never found it out till after he died, but that's the consarndest lie that ever was told, though it's jest a piece with everything else she says about me. I guess if everybody could see the poitry I writ to his memory, nobody would n't think I dident set store by him. Want to hear it? Well, I'll see if I can say it; it ginerally affects me wonderfully, seems to harrer up my feelin's; but I'll try. Dident know I ever writ poitry? How you talk! used to make lots on 't; hain't so much late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had a bee, I sent him an amazin' great cheese, and writ a piece o' poitry, and pasted on top on 't. It says:—

Teach him for to proclaim
 Salvation to the folks;
 No occasion give for any blame,
 Nor wicked people's jokes.

And so it goes on, but I guess I won't stop to say the rest on now, seein' there 's seven and forty verses.

Parson Potter and his wife was wonderfully pleased with it; used to sing it to the tune o' Haddem. But I was gwine to tell the one I made in relation to husband; it begins as follers:—

He never jawed in all his life,
 He never was unkind, —
 And (tho' I say it that was his wife)
 Such men you seldom find.

(That's as true as the Scripturs; I never knowed him to say a harsh word.)

I never changed my single lot, —
 I thought 't would be a sin —

(though widder Jinkins says it's because I never had a chance.) Now 't ain't for me to say whether I ever had a numerous number o' chances or not, but there's them livin' that *might* tell if they wos a mind to; why, this poetry was writ on account of being joked about Major Coon, three year after husband died. I guess the ginerality o' folks knows what was the nature o' Major Coon's feelin's towards me, tho' his wife and Miss Jinkins *does* say I tried to ketch him. The fact is, Miss Coon feels wonderfully cut up 'cause she knows the Major took her "Jack at a pinch,"— seein' he couldnt get such as he wanted, he took such as he could get, — but I goes on to say —

I never changed my single lot,
 I thought 't would be a sin, —
 For I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott,
 I never got married agin.

If ever a hasty word he spoke,
 His anger dident last,
 But vanished like tobacker smoke
 Afore the wintry blast.

And since it was my lot to be
 The wife of such a man,
 Tell the men that's after me
 To ketch me if they can.

If I was sick a single jot,
 He called the doctor in —

That 's a fact, — he used to be scairt to death if anything ailed me. Now only jest think, — widdler Jinkins told Sam Pendergrasses wife (she 't was Sally Smith) that she guessed the deacon dident set no great store by me, or he wouldnt a went off to confrence meetin' when I was down with the fever. The truth is, they couldnt git along without him no way. Parson Potter seldom went to confrence meetin', and when he wa' n't there, who was ther, pray tell, that knowed enough to take the lead if husband dident do it? Deacon Kenipe hadent no gift, and Deacon Crosby hadent no inclination, and so it all come on Deacon Bedott, — and he was always ready and willin' to do his duty, you know; as long as he was able to stand on his legs he continued to go to confrence meetin'; why, I've knowed that man to go when he couldnt scarcely crawl on account o' the pain in the spine of his back. He had a wonderful gift, and he wa' n't a man to keep his talents hid up in a napkin, — so you see 't was from a sense o' duty he went when I was sick, whatever Miss Jinkins may say to the contrary. But where was I? Oh! —

If I was sick a single jot,
 He called the doctor in —
 I sot so much by Deacon Bedott,
 I never got married agin.

A wonderful tender heart he had,
 That felt for all mankind, —
 It made him feel amazin' bad
 To see the world so blind.

Whiskey and rum he tasted not —

That 's as true as the Scripturs, — but if you 'll believe it, Betsy Ann Kenipe told my Melissy that Miss Jinkins said one day to their house, how 't she 'd seen Deacon Bedott high, time and agin! did you ever! Well, I'm glad nobody don't pretend to mind anything *she* says. I've knowed Poll Bingham from a gal, and she never knowed how to speak the truth — besides she always had a pertikkeler spite against husband and me, and between us tew I'll tell you why if you won't mention it, for I make it a pint never to say nothin' to injure nobody.

Well, she was a ravin'-distracted after my husband herself, but it's a long story. I'll tell you about it some other time, and then you'll know why widder Jinkins is eternally runnin' me down. See, — where had I got to? O, I remember now, —

Whiskey and rum he tasted not, —
 He thought it was a sin, —
 I thought so much o' Deacon Bedott
 I never got married agin.

But now he's dead! the thought is killin',
 My grief I can't control —
 He never left a single shillin'
 His widder to console.

But that wa'n't his fault — he was so out o' health for a number o' year afore he died, it ain't to be wondered at he dident lay up nothin' — however, it dident give him no great oneasiness, — he never cared much for airthy riches, though Miss Pendergrass says she heard Miss Jinkins say Deacon Bedott was as tight as the skin on his back, — begrudged folks their vittals when they came to his house! did you ever! why, he was the hull-souldest man I ever see in all my born days. If I'd such a husband as Bill Jinkins was, I'd hold my tongue about my neighbors' husbands. He was a dretful mean man, used to git drunk every day of his life, and he had an awful high temper, — used to swear like all possest when he got mad, — and I've heard my husband say, (and he wa'n't a man that ever said anything that wa'n't true), — I've heard *him* say Bill Jinkins would cheat his own father out of his eye teeth if he had a chance. Where was I? Oh! "His widder to console," — ther ain't but one more verse, 't ain't a very lengthy poem. When Parson Potter read it, he says to me, says he, — "What did you stop so soon for?" — but Miss Jinkins told the Crosbys *she* thought I'd better a' stopt afore I'd begun, — she's a purty critter to talk so, I must say. I'd like to see some poetry o' hern, — I guess it would be astonishin' stuff; and mor'n all that, she said there wa'n't a word o' truth in the hull on 't, — said I never cared two cents for the

deacon. What an everlastin' lie!! Why, when he died, I took it so hard I went deranged, and took on so for a spell, they was afraid they should have to send me to a Lunatic Arsenal. But that's a painful subject, I won't dwell on 't. I conclude as follers :—

I'll never change my single lot, —
 I think 't would be a sin, —
 The inconsolable widder o' Deacon Bedott
 Don't intend to get married agin.

Excuse my cryin' — my feelin's always overcomes me so when
 I say that poitry — O-o-o-o-o-o !

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. GOOSE, BY A. POPE.

BEHOLD the mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
 In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
 The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
 Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides, —
 Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent
 Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent !

Lo ! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
 That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
 Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
 That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
 Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn.

Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain,
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the Damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoil from vaccine dug who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The harrying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realms ethereal, was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordaceous rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the priest who links
In hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat that kilt
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

MELTING MOMENTS.

ONE winter evening, a country storekeeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, when, while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within take half a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"Stay, Seth!" said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. "Without it, you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something

warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this very place, sure enough the storekeeper sat down.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he declared he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I've got a story to tell you, Seth; sit down now." And Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"O, it's too hot here!" said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such a night as this, a little something warm would n't hurt a fellow; come, sit down."

"Sit down, — don't be in such a plaguy hurry," repeated the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be a goin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you must n't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgety," said the grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which in Seth's present situation would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's — here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter — I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood in the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

“Very cold night this,” said the grocer. “Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don’t you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away.”

“No!” exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat,—“no! — I must go — let me out — I ain’t well — let me go!” A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow’s face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

“Well, good night, Seth,” said the humorous Vermonter, “if you *will* go”; adding, as Seth got out into the road, “Neighbor, I reckon the fun I’ve had out of you is worth sixpence; so I sha’ n’t charge you for that half-pound of butter.”

TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS. — T. Hood.

I REALLY take it very kind,
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
 I have not seen you such an age,
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls!
 What heads for painters’ easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears!
 (And give it, p’rhaps, the measles!)

Your charming boys, I see, are home,
 From Reverend Mr. Russell’s;

'T was very kind to bring them both,
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)

What ! little Clara left at home ?

Well now, I call that shabby !

I should have loved to kiss her so,

(A flabby, dabby babby !)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well ;

But, though he lives so handy,

He never once drops in to sup,

(The better for our brandy !)

Come, take a seat ; I long to hear

About Matilda's marriage ;

You've come, of course, to spend the day,

(Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage !)

What ! must you go ? Next time, I hope,

You'll give me longer measure.

Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,

(With most uncommon pleasure !)

Good by ! good by ! Remember, all,

Next time you'll take your dinners ;

(Now, David, mind, I'm not at home,

In future, to the Skinners.)

A TOUGH SNUFF STORY. — HOWARD PAUL.

JOHN PEABODY, a Connecticut grocer, came on to New York to purchase stock. Completing his purchases, which were in due time deposited on the docks to be shipped per steamer, Mr. Peabody thought proper to keep his eye upon his goods until they could be taken on board. Among them was a magnificent Goshen cheese, weighing about sixty-five pounds, upon which, for the want of better accommodation, the weary grocer seated himself as he watched the remainder of the property upon the wharf.

While thus seated, ruminating over current events, calcu-

lating profits that he would realize upon his purchases, and every now and then solacing his nasal organ from a "yaller" snuff-box, two well-dressed young men approached and entered into conversation.

"You take snuff, sir?" said nice young man number one.

"Yes; could n't do without it. Took it over eight years."

"You use the maccaboy, I perceive."

"Yes. That mild sort suits me best for a steady-going snuff."

"Let me recommend you to try mine," said the sharper, producing a silver-plated box engraved with an American eagle and two shields. "I imported it from France. It is the identical snuff used by the Emperor and the officers of the French army."

Mr. Peabody said "Certainly," and inserted his thumb and finger into the stranger's box. The moment he placed it to his nose he was seized with violent sneezing. At every sneeze he lifted himself about a foot from the cheese upon which he was sitting. While he was doing this, sharper number two was carrying out his share of the programme. As Mr. Peabody gave the third sneeze he pushed the cheese from under him, and in its stead dexterously placed a peck measure. As he was sneezing for the eighth and last time the sharpeners and the cheese had disappeared.

Mr. P. rubbed his nose for about five minutes, and spent about five minutes more in wondering as to the style of noses possessed by the Emperor and the officers of the French army, who took such powerful snuff. By this time the deck hands of the boat commenced to load up Mr. Peabody's goods.

He rose from his seat and said, "Take this cheese, too." Deck hand said, "What cheese?" Mr. Peabody looked round and found that instead of the cheese he had been sitting upon a peck measure. When he understood the manner in which the exchange had been effected, he was about the worst-excited man of the season. He offered fifty dollars to any one who would give him an opportunity to fight the thieves with one hand tied behind his back.

THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY. — REV. R. H. BARHAM.

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy, — I said “What make you
here?”

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but
joy”;

Again I said, “What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?”

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy, — he deemed I meant to
scoff, —

And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off”;
He put his finger to his mouth, his little bosom rose, —
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

“Hark! don’t you hear, my little man? — it’s striking nine,”
I said,

“An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold —
O, fie!

It’s very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony, — he cried like anything!
I stooped, and thus amid his sobs I heard him murmur, “Ah!
I have n’t got no supper! and I have n’t got no Ma!!

“My father he is on the seas, my mother’s dead and gone!
And I am here on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my
heart,

Nor ‘brown’ to buy a bit of bread with, — let alone a tart.

“If there’s a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!” (he was a vulgar boy;))
And now I’m here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment!”

“Cheer up ! cheer up ! my little man, — cheer up !” I kindly
said,

“You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head ;
If you should jump from off the pier, you ’d surely break your
legs,

Perhaps your neck, — then Bogey ’d have you, sure as eggs !

“Come home with me, my little man, come home with me
and sup ;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones, — we must not keep her up, —
There ’s roast potatoes at the fire, — enough for me and you, —
Come home, you little vulgar Boy, — I lodge at Number 2.”

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside the Foy,”
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes, — that little vulgar Boy, —
And then I said to Mrs. Jones, the kindest of her sex,
“Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X !”

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she “did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys.”
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the
delf,

Said I might “go to Jericho, and fetch the beer myself !”

I did not go to Jericho, — I went to Mr. Cobb, —
I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a
“Bob”), —

It was not so much for myself as for the vulgar child, —
And I said, “A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild !”

When I came back I gazed about, — I gazed on stool and
chair, —

I could not see my little friend, — because he was not there !
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, — beneath the sofa too, —
I said, “You little vulgar Boy ! why, what ’s become of you ?”

I could not see my table-spoons, — I looked, but could not see
The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I ’m at tea ;

I could not see my sugar-tongs, — my silver watch — O dear !
I know 't was on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Mackintosh, — it was not to be seen !
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and lined
with green ;
My carpet-bag, — my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and
soy, —
My roast potatoes ! — all are gone ! — and so 's that vulgar
Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below, —
“O Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ? ain't this a pretty go ?
That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,
He's stolen my things and run away !” Says she, “And sarve
you right !!”

Next morning I was up betimes, — I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I 'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who 'd gone and used me so ;
But when the Crier said “O yes !” the people cried “O no !”

I went and told the constable my property to track ;
He asked me if “I did n't wish that I might get it back !”
I answered “To be sure I do ! it 's what I 'm come about.”
He smiled and said, “Sir, does your mother know that you are
out ?”

Not knowing what to do, I thought I 'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who 'd “done
me brown.”

His Lordship very kindly said he 'd try and find him out,
But he “rather thought that there were several vulgar boys
about.”

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described “the swag,”
My Mackintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag ;

He promised that the new police should all their powers
employ ;
But never to this hour have I seen that vulgar boy.

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma
tell,
"Be warned in time by others' harm, and you shall do full
well!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed
abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may
be blown!"

Don't take too much of double X!— and don't at night go
out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your
stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well.



A LITERARY QUESTION DISCUSSED.

THE late Charles F. Browne was a great quiz. He was
always puzzling people, and could not help it. He
talked nonsense with such seriousness, and such entire absence
of anything theatrical in his manner, that very often he par-
tially imposed upon those who knew him best. In E. P.
Hingston's "Reminiscences of Artemus Ward" we find this
account of his discussion of literary subjects with a lady
whom he met on an Ohio River steamboat.

Among the fairer portion of the passengers was a very
retiring, quiet young lady, who wore spectacles, and who
appeared to have the manners, air, and bearing of one whose
occupation in life was to impart her knowledge to others
in some college or seminary; that, at least, was the guess

which Artemus and I had made about her. We had noticed her during the afternoon busily engaged in reading About's story of "Le Roi des Montagnes." As soon as supper was over she resumed her reading, cutting the leaves of the book with a pocket paper-knife as she read on. By what means my friend contrived an introduction I am not aware; but I found him in conversation with her when I went to request his company to smoke a cigar with me and the two military doctors.

"Excuse me," said Artemus. "This lady was asking me if I read French. It is a serious question, and I was reflecting whether I do."

The lady seemed to be a little surprised, and explained to me that she had simply asked if my friend knew the French language, as she wished to recommend to him the story she herself had been reading during the afternoon.

"It is a story about brigands in Greece," said she; "and it is so charmingly picturesque that I can almost fancy myself to be in that classic land. As I read, the blue skies of Greece seem to be over my head, and the Ægean Sea to be sparkling in the glorious sunlight!"

Then followed a question from Artemus, which I quote as literally as I can remember it:—

"Pardon me, madame, but do you think that glorious sunlight in Greece is constitutional—that is to say, if early be the dream of youth—whenever they are so—and you know, I presume, that George Washington, when young, never told a lie—that is, Greece—in the blue skies, I mean. You understand me, of course?"

Instead of understanding, the lady appeared to be utterly bewildered. At first she seemed to doubt whether she had heard distinctly. Then the expression of her face indicated that she had a suspicion of her not having paid sufficient attention, so as to enable her to comprehend the interrogatory.

"Do I understand you to say that George Washington went to Greece in his youth?" she asked. "I scarcely think that I perfectly understood you."

Artemus Ward maintained his gravity, and proceeded to explain.

“I was about to remark,” said he, “that, so far as Greece is concerned, he was more so.”

“More so of what?” asked the lady, still more perplexed.

“More so with regard to it viewed morally. Because the *Ægean* is a sea — a blue sea, which might, if not under those circumstances — in parallel instances — very truthfully though; but before breakfast — always before the morning meal. You agree with me, I hope?” And Artemus smiled and bowed politely.

The lady closed her book, laid it on the table, and, raising her spectacles, so as to enable her to see better, regarded Artemus with amazement. The ladies and gentlemen around who had overheard the conversation looked at the speaker with equal astonishment. Artemus shook his head mournfully, and in a deploring tone of voice observed:—

“Blue Greeks, — blue *Ægean* brigands, dead before their breakfast!”

EXCLAMATORY.

AT church I sat within her pew, —
O Pew!

But there I heard
No pious word, —
I saw alone her eyes of blue!

I saw her bow her head so gracious, —
O Gracious!
The choir sang,
The organ rang, —
And seemed to fill the building spacious.

I could not hear the gospel law, —
O Law!

My future bride
Was by my side, —
I found all else a mighty bore !

And so when pealed the organ's thunder, —
O Thunder !
I fixed my eyes,
In mute surprise,
On her whose beauty was a wonder.

To me that maiden was most dear, —
O Dear !
And she was mine, —
Joy too divine
For human words to picture here.

Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me, —
O Bless me !
Before she came
My life was tame, —
My rarest joys could but oppress me.

The service done, we sought the shore, —
O Shore !
And there we walked,
And sadly talked, —
More sadly talked than e'er before.

I thought she was the type of goodness, —
O Goodness !
But on that day
I heard her say
Plain words whose very tone was rudeness.

We strolled beyond the tide-mill's dam, —
O Dam !
She jilted me,
And now I see
That woman's love is all a sham !

"HOW MOTHER DID IT."

IF we were to suggest one thing which, above all other things combined, would most contribute to the happiness of the young housekeeper, it would be to learn how to cook as a husband's mother cooked. Mother used to make coffee so and so! Mother used to have such waffles! and mother knew just how thick or how thin to make a squash-pie! And, O, if I could only taste of mother's biscuit! Such are the comments of the husband, and of too many meal-tables. It would be only a little more cruel for the husband to throw his fork across the table, or to dash the contents of his teacup in his wife's face. The experience of a contrite husband is good reading for those men whose daily sauce is "How mother did it." He says:—

"I found fault, some time ago, with Maria Ann's custard-pie, and tried to tell her how my mother made custard-pie. Maria made the pie after my recipe. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner; and you see I could not eat it, because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs or shortening. It was economical; but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself.

Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I told Maria Ann any fool could beat her making those cakes; and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water; and, warned by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast-beef, because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered. Yeast, yeast, to be sure. I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker, and got six cents' worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the sitting-room stove and went to bed.

“In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph ; but I did n’t. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead, and the batter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it into another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second dittoed, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped the thing on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around.

“Finally the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful, and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and stayed away three days after one was offered to him. The hens would n’t go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard, and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother’s system of cooking.”



THE WHISTLE. — ROBERT STORY.

“**Y**OU have heard,” said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood,

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight’s decline, —

“You have heard of the Danish boy’s whistle of wood ?

I wish that that Danish boy’s whistle were mine.”

“And what would you do with it ? — tell me,” she said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

“I would blow it,” he answered ; “and then my fair maid

Would fly to my side, and would here take her place.”

“Is that all you wish for? That may be yours
Without any magic,” the fair maiden cried;
“A favor so slight one’s good nature secures.”
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

“I would blow it again,” said the youth, “and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty’s check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm.”
She smiled, — and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

“Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss:
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss.”

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, —
“What a fool of yourself with your whistle you ’d make!
For only consider, how silly ’t would be
To sit there and whistle for — what you might take.”

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF. — SHAKESPEARE.

PRINCE HENRY. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou
been?

Falstaff. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! (*To an attendant.*) Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I’ll sew nethersocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? (*Drains the cup.*) ‘You rogue, here’s lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man! Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, — a villanous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is

fat, and grown old, — a bad world, I say! A plague on all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You — Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: — I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. (*He drinks.*) A plague on all cowards, still say I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecce signum. (*Shows his sword.*) I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague on all cowards! —

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but, if I fought

not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish : if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them : two I am sure I have paid, — two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal ; if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward. (*Taking a position for fighting.*) Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

P. Henry. What, four ? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal ! I told thee four. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven ! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

P. Henry. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal ?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of —

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, — began to give me ground ; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous ! eleven buckram men grown out of two !

Fal. But, as ill luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me ; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them ; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool ; thou greasy tallow-tub.

Fal. What, art thou mad ? art thou mad ? is not the truth the truth ?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No. Were I at the strapado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason upon compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh —

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck —

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha! D'ye think I did n't know you, Hal? Why, hear me, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you; and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life, — I for a

valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

OPERA MUSIC FOR THE PIANO.

LIST! the piece is about to begin.
 Now observe Miss Introduction come in, —
 A goddess in flounces and pinched at the waist,
 And a look like a statue embellished with paste.
 All the keys that can be got at ;
 Then a soft and gentle tinkle,
 Gentle as the raindrop's sprinkle.
 One, two, three, four,
 Five, six, — run ashore ;
 Then a stop —
 Fingers drop :
 Now-a rush from top to bottom ;
 Catch the notes now, while we dot 'em ;
 Here 's the music, for we 've got 'em.
 Backward, forward, up and down,
 Like a monkey or a clown.
 Now the close; a gentle strike, —
 Who did ever hear the like ?
 (Piece commences.)
 Now begins a merry trill,
 Like a cricket in a mill ;
 Now a short, uneasy motion,
 Like a house-cat at devotion,
 Or a ripple on the ocean.
 See the fingers skip about :

Hear the notes as they come out, —
 How they mingle in the tingle
 Of the everlasting jingle,
 Like the hailstones on a shingle,
 Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle,
 Of a sheep-bell, — double, single,
 Now they come in wilder gushes ;
 Up and down the player rushes,
 Quick as squirrels or the thrushes
 Darting round among the bushes, —
 Making rattle, like the tushes
 Of the swine a-drinking slushes.
 Now the keys begin to clatter
 Like a chorus on a platter,
 Or a housemaid stirring batter.
 Hear the music that they scatter,
 Though 't is flat and growing flatter !

All is clatter, — naught 's the matter.
 Hark, the strains ! for now we're at her :
 O'er the music comes a change ;
 Now we take another range ;
 Every tone is wild and strange.
 Now there comes the lofty tumbling, —
 Comes the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
 And the rumbling, and the grumbling
 Of the thunder, from its slumbering
 Just awaking. Now it 's taking
 To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking.
 Now it 's making such a raking,
 Heads are aching, — something 's breaking.
 Goodness gracious ! ain't it wondrous,
 Rolling round, above and under us,
 Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous
 Now the rattle of the battle
 Deepens deeper, and the cattle
 Bellow louder, and the powder
 Will be all exploded soon.

Such a clanging, whanging, banging ;
 Slam ! — bang ! — whang !
 Heavens ! how the music rang !
 Ah ! the harmony so splendid
 Is expended, — all is ended.
 Though I 'm slighted, I 'm delighted
 With this finery and this foppery
 Of this modern music opera.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST FIG. — CHARLES LAMB.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following :—

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods

that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand, — much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and, finding how matters stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not

beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it ; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued :—

“ You graceless whelp ! what have you got there devouring ? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog’s tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what ? What have you got there, I say ?

“ O father, the pig — the pig ! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats ! ”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that he ever should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “ Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father ; only taste ! O Lord ! ” with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers as it had done his son’s, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti’s cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the

sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize-town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and, burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made the discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, — I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees,

concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith on the account thus given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting a house on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST FIG.

HERE SHE GOES, AND THERE SHE GOES.

JAMES NACK.

TWO Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke, to breakfast on the best.
The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill ;
Will looked it over : — “ Very right —
But hold ! what wonder meets my sight ?
Tom ! the surprise is quite a shock ! ”
“ What wonder ? where ? ” “ The clock, the clock ! ”

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke ;
At last the landlord silence broke, —

“ You mean the clock that ’s ticking there ?
I see no wonder, I declare !
Though maybe, if the truth were told,
’T is rather ugly, somewhat old ;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute ;
But, if you please, what wonder in it ? ”

“ Tom, don’t you recollect,” said Will,
“ The clock at Jersey, near the mill,

The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant ?”

Will ended with a knowing wink ;

Tom scratched his head and tried to think.

“ Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,”

The landlord said, with grin admiring,

“ What wager was it ?”

“ You remember

It happened, Tom, in last December :

In sport I bet a Jersey Blue

That it was more than he could do

To make his finger go and come

In keeping with the pendulum,

Repeating, till the hour should close,

Still — ‘ *Here she goes, and there she goes.*’

He lost the bet in half a minute.”

“ Well, if I would, the deuce is in it !”

Exclaimed the landlord ; “ try me yet,

And fifty dollars be the bet.”

“ Agreed, but we will play some trick,

To make you of the bargain sick !”

“ I ’m up to that !”

“ Don’t make us wait, —

Begin, — the clock is striking eight.”

He seats himself, and left and right

His finger wags with all its might,

And hoarse his voice and hoarser grows,

With — “ *Here she goes, and there she goes !*”

“ Hold !” said the Yankee, “ plank the ready !”

The landlord wagged his finger steady,

While his left hand, as well as able,

Conveyed a purse upon the table.

“ Tom ! with the money let ’s be off !”

This made the landlord only scoff.

He heard them running down the stair,

But was not tempted from his chair ;
 Thought he, " The fools ! I 'll bite them yet !
 So poor a trick sha' n't win the bet."
 And loud and long the chorus rose
 Of — " Here she goes, and there she goes !"
 While right and left his finger swung,
 In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in to see
 Her daughter : " Where is Mrs. B—— ?"

" When will she come, do you suppose ?
 Son ! —"

" Here she goes, and there she goes !"
 " Here ! — where ?" — the lady in surprise
 His finger followed with her eyes ;
 " Son ! why that steady gaze and sad ?
 Those words, — that motion, — are you mad ?
 But here 's your wife, perhaps she knows,
 And —"

" Here she goes, and there she goes !"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
 And rushed to him and seized his arm ;
 He shook her off, and to and fro
 His finger persevered to go,
 While curled his very nose with ire
 That *she* against him should conspire ;
 And with more furious tone arose
 The — " Here she goes, and there she goes !"

" Lawks !" screamed the wife, " I 'm in a whirl !
 Run down and bring the little girl ;
 She is his darling, and who knows
 But —"

" Here she goes, and there she goes !"
 " Lawks ! he is mad ! What made him thus ?
 Good Lord ! what will become of us ?
 Run for a doctor, — run, run, run, —

For Doctor Brown and Doctor Dun,
 And Doctor Black and Doctor White,
 And Doctor Gray, with all your might !”

The doctors came, and looked, and wondered,
 And shook their heads, and paused and pondered.
 Then one proposed he should be bled, —

“No, leeches you mean,” the other said, —

“Clap on a blister!” roared another, —

“No! cup him,” — “No! trepan him, brother.”

A sixth would recommend a purge,

The next would an emetic urge;

The eighth, just come from a dissection,

His verdict gave for an injection.

The last produced a box of pills,

A certain cure for earthly ills :

“I had a patient yesternight,”

Quoth he, “and wretched was her plight,

And as the only means to save her,

Three dozen patent pills I gave her ;

And by to-morrow I suppose

That —”

“Here she goes, and there she goes !”

“You are all fools !” the lady said, —

“The way is, just to shave his head.

Run ! bid the barber come anon.”

“Thanks, mother !” thought her clever son ;

“You help the knaves that would have bit me,

But all creation sha’ n’t outwit me !”

Thus to himself, while to and fro

His finger perseveres to go,

And from his lips no accent flows

But — “Here she goes, and there she goes !”

The barber came — “Lord help him ! what

A queerish customer I’ve got ;

But we must do our best to save him, —

So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him !”

But here the doctors interpose, —

“A woman never —”

“There she goes!”

“A woman is no judge of physic,

Not even when her baby is sick.

He must be bled,” — “No, no, a blister,” —

“A purge, you mean,” — “I say a clyster,” —

“No, cup him,” — “Leech him,” — “Pills! pills! pills!”

And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?

The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,

And triumph brightens up his face,

His finger yet shall win the race;

The clock is on the stroke of nine,

And up he starts, — “'T is mine! 't is mine!”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean the fifty;

I never spent an hour so thrifty.

But you who tried to make me lose,

Go, burst with envy, if you choose!

But how is this? where are they?”

“Who?”

“The gentlemen, — I mean the two

Came yesterday, — are they below?”

“They galloped off an hour ago.”

“O, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!

For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!”

HUMPTY DUMPTY.— *Mother Goose for Old Folks.*

“HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall ;
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
 Not all the king’s horses nor all the king’s men
 Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.”

Full many a project that never was hatched
 Falls down, and gets shattered beyond being patched ;
 And luckily, too ! for if all came to chickens,
 Then things without feathers might go to the dickens.

If each restless unit that moves among men
 Might climb to a place with the privileged “ten,”
 Pray tell us where all the commotion would stop !
 Must the whole pan of milk, forsooth, rise to the top ?

If always the statesman attained to his hopes,
 And grasped the great helm, who would stand by the ropes ?
 Or if all dainty fingers their duties might choose,
 Who would wash up the dishes, and polish the shoes ?

Suppose every aspirant writing a book
 Contrived to get published, by hook or by crook ;
 Geologists then of a later creation
 Would be startled, I fancy, to find a formation
 Proving how the poor world did most wonderfully sink
 Beneath mountains of paper and oceans of ink !

Or even suppose all the women were married ;
 By whom would superfluous babies be carried ?
 Where would be the good aunts that should knit all the
 stockings ?

Or nurses to do up the singings and rockings ?
 Wise spinsters, to lay down their wonderful rules,
 And with theories rare to enlighten the fools, —
 Or to look after orphans, and primary schools ?

No! Failure's a part of the infinite plan;
 Who finds that he can't, must give way to who can;
 And as one and another drops out of the race,
 Each stumbles at last to his suitable place.

So the great scheme works on; though, like eggs from the wall,
 Little single designs to such ruin may fall,
 That not all the world's might, of its horses or men,
 Could set their crushed hopes at the summit again.

A VENTRILOQUIST ON A STAGE-COACH.

HENRY COCKTON.

“NOW then, look alive there!” shouted the coachman from the booking-office door, as Valentine and his Uncle John approached. “Have yow got that are mare's shoe made comfor'ble, Simon?”

“All right, sir,” said Simon, and he went round to see if it were so, while the luggage was being secured.

“Jimp up, genelmen!” cried the coachman, as he waddled from the office with his whip in one hand and his huge way-bill in the other; and the passengers accordingly proceeded to arrange themselves on the various parts of the coach, — Valentine, by the particular desire of Uncle John, having deposited himself immediately behind the seat of the coachman.

“If you please,” said an old lady, who had been standing in the gateway upwards of an hour, “will you be good enow, please, to take care of my darter?”

“All safe,” said the coachman, untwisting the reins. “She shaunt take no harm. Is she going all the way?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the old lady; “God bless her! She's got a place in Lunnun, an' I'm told —”

“Hook on them ere two sacks o' whoats there behind,” cried the coachman; “I marn't go without 'em this time. — Now, all right there?”

“Good by, my dear,” sobbed the old lady, “do write to me soon, be sure you do, — I only want to hear from you often. Take care of yourself.”

“Hold hard!” cried the coachman, as the horses were dancing, on the cloths being drawn from their loins. “Whit, whit!” and away they pranced, as merrily as if they had known that *their* load was nothing when comparéd with the load they left behind them. Even old Uncle John, as he cried “Good by, my dear boy,” and waved his hand for the last time, felt the tears trickling down his cheeks.

The salute was returned, and the coach passed on.

The fulness of Valentine’s heart caused him for the first hour to be silent; but after that, the constant change of scene and the pure bracing air had the effect of restoring his spirits, and he felt a powerful inclination to sing. Just, however, as he was about to commence for his own amusement, the coach stopped to change horses. In less than two minutes they started again, and Valentine, who then felt ready for anything, began to think seriously of the exercise of his power as a ventriloquist.

“Whit, whit!” said Tooler, the coachman, between a whisper and a whistle, as the fresh horses galloped up the hill.

“Stop! hoa!” cried Valentine, assuming a voice, the sound of which appeared to have travelled some distance.

“You have left some one behind,” observed a gentleman in black, who had secured the box seat.

“O, let un run a bit!” said Tooler. “Whit! I’ll give un a winder up this little hill, and teach un to be up in time in future. If we was to wait for every passenger as chooses to lag behind, we should n’t git over the ground in a fortnit.”

“Hoa! stop! stop! stop!” reiterated Valentine, in the voice of a man pretty well out of breath.

Tooler, without deigning to look behind, retickled the haunches of his leaders, and gleefully chuckled at the idea of *how* he was making a passenger sweat.

The voice was heard no more, and Tooler, on reaching the top of the hill, pulled up and looked round, but could see no man running.

"Where is he?" inquired Tooler.

"In the ditch!" replied Valentine, throwing his voice behind.

"In the ditch!" exclaimed Tooler. "Blarm me, whereabouts?"

"There," said Valentine.

"Bless my soul!" cried the gentleman in black, who was an exceedingly nervous village clergyman. "The poor person no doubt is fallen down in an absolute state of exhaustion. How very, very wrong of you, coachman, not to stop!"

Tooler, apprehensive of some serious occurrence, got down with the view of dragging the exhausted passenger out of the ditch; but although he ran several hundred yards down the hill, no such person of course could be found.

"Who saw un?" shouted Tooler, as he panted up the hill again.

"I saw nothing," said a passenger behind, "but a boy jumping over the hedge."

Tooler looked at his way-bill, counted the passengers, found them all right, and, remounting the box, got the horses again into a gallop, in the perfect conviction that some villanous young scarecrow had raised the false alarm.

"Whit! blarm them 'ere boys!" said Tooler, "'stead o' mindin' their crows, they are allus up to suffen. I only wish I had un here, I'd pay *on* to their blarmed bodies; if I would n't—" At this interesting moment, and as if to give a practical illustration of what he would have done in the case, he gave the off-wheeler so telling a cut round the loins that the animal without any ceremony kicked over the trace. Of course Tooler was compelled to pull up again immediately; and after having adjusted the trace, and asking the animal seriously what he meant, at the same time enforcing the question by giving him a blow on the bony part of the nose, he prepared to remount; but just as he had got his left foot upon the nave of the wheel, Valentine so admirably imitated the sharp snapping growl of a dog in the front boot, that Tooler started back as quickly as if he had been shot, while

the gentleman in black dropped the reins and almost jumped into the road.

“Good gracious!” exclaimed the gentleman in black, trembling with great energy; “how wrong, how very horribly wrong, of you, coachman, not to tell me that a dog had been placed beneath my feet!”

“Blarm their carcasses!” cried Tooler, “they never told *me* a dog was shoved there. Lay *down!* We ’ll soon have yow out there together!”

“Not for the world!” cried the gentleman in black, as Tooler approached the foot-board in order to open it. “Not for the world! un-un-un-less you le-le-let me get down first. I have no desire to pe-pe-perish of hydropho-phobia.”

“Kip yar fut on the board then, sir, please,” said Tooler, “we ’ll soon have the varmint out o’ that.” So saying, he gathered up the reins, remounted the box, and started off the horses again at full gallop.

The gentleman in black then began to explain to Tooler how utterly inconceivable was the number of persons who had died of hydrophobia within an almost unspeakably short space of time, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of a friend of his in London; and just as he had got into the marrow of a most excruciating description of the intense mental and physical agony of which the disease in its worst stage was productive, both he and Tooler suddenly sprang back, with their feet in the air, and their heads between the knees of the passengers behind them, on Valentine giving a loud growling snap, more bitingly indicative of anger than before.

As Tooler had tightly hold of the reins when he made this involuntary spring, the horses stopped on the instant, and allowed him time to scramble up again without rendering the slow process dangerous.

“I cannot, I-I-I positively cannot,” said the gentleman in black, who had been thrown again into a dreadful state of excitement, “I cannot sit here, — my nerves cannot endure it; it’s perfectly shocking.”

"Blister their bowls!" exclaimed Tooler, whose first impulse was to drag the dog out of the boot at all hazards, but who, on seeing the horses waiting in the road a short distance ahead for the next stage, thought it better to wait till he had reached them. "I'll make un remember this the longest day o' thar blessed lives, — blarm un! Phih! I'll let un know when I get back, I warrant. I'll larn un to —"

"Hoa, coachman! hoa! my hat's off!" cried Valentine, throwing his voice to the back of the coach.

"Well, *may* I be — phit!" said Tooler. "I'll make yow run for 't anyhow — phit!"

In less than a minute the coach drew up opposite the stable, when the gentleman in black at once proceeded to alight. Just, however, as his foot reached the plate of the roller-bolt, another growl from Valentine frightened him backwards, when, falling upon one of the old horse-keepers, he knocked him fairly down, and rolled over him heavily.

"Darng your cloomsy carkus," cried the horse-keeper, gathering himself up, "carn't you git oof ar cooarch aroat knocking o' pipple darn?"

"I-I-I beg pardon," tremblingly observed the gentleman in black; "I hope I-I —"

"Whoap! pardon!" contemptuously echoed the horse-keeper as he limped towards the bars to unhook the leaders' traces.

"Now then, yow warmint, let's see who yow belong to," said Tooler, approaching the mouth of the boot; but just as he was in the act of raising the foot-board, another angry snap made him close it again with the utmost rapidity.

"Lay down! blarm your body!" cried Tooler, shrinking back. "Here, yow Jim, kim here, bor, and take this 'ere devil of a dog out o' that."

Jim approached, and the growling was louder than before, while the gentleman in black implored Jim to take care that the animal did n't get hold of his hand.

"Here, yow Harry!" shouted Jim, "yare noot afeared o' doogs together, — darng un, *I* doont like un."

Accordingly Harry came, and then Sam, and then Bob, and then Bill ; but as the dog could not be seen, and as the snarling continued, neither of them dared to put his hand in to drag the monster forth. Bob therefore ran off for Tom Titus the blacksmith, who was supposed to care for nothing, and in less than two minutes Tom Titus arrived with about three feet of rod-iron red hot.

"Darng un !" cried Tom, "this 'ere 'll maake un *quit* together !"

"Dear me ! my good man," said the gentleman in black, "don't use that unchristian implement ! don't put the dumb thing to such horrible torture !"

"It don't siggerfy a button," cried Tooler, "I marn't go to stop here all day. Out he must come."

Upon this Tom Titus introduced his professional weapon, and commenced poking about with considerable energy, while the snapping and growling increased with each poke.

"I 'll tell you what it is," said Tom Titus, turning round and wiping the sweat off his brow with his naked arm, "this here cretur here 's stark raavin' mad."

"I knew that he was," cried the gentleman in black, getting into an empty wagon which stood without horses just out of the road ; "I felt perfectly sure that he was rabid."

"He 's a bull-terrier too," said Tom Titus, "I knows it by 's growl. It 's the worstest and dargdest to go maad as is."

"Well, what shall us do wi' th' warment ?" said Tooler.

"Shoot him ! shoot him !" cried the gentleman in black.

"O, I 've goot a blunderbus, Bob !" said Tom Titus, "yow run for 't together, it 's top o' the forge."

Bob started at once, and Tom kept on the bar, while Tooler, Sam, and Harry, and Bob held the heads of the horses.

"He 's got un ; all right !" cried Tom Titus, as Bob neared the coach with the weapon on his shoulder. "Yow 'll be doon in noo time," he added, ag he felt with his rod to ascertain in which corner of the boot the bull-terrier lay.

"Is she loarded ?" asked Bob, as he handed Tom Titus the instrument of death.

"Mind you make the shot come out at bottom," shouted Tooler.

"I hool," said Tom Titus, putting the weapon to his shoulder. "Noo the Loord ha' marcy on yar, as joodge says sizes," and instantly let fly.

The horses of course plunged considerably, but still did no mischief; and before the smoke had evaporated, Valentine introduced into the boot a low melancholy howl, which convinced Tom Titus that the shot had taken effect.

"He 's giv oop the ghost; darnge his carkus!" cried Tom, as he poked the dead body in the corner.

"Well, let 's have a look at un," said Tooler, "let 's see what the warment is like."

The gentleman in black at once leaped out of the wagon, and every one present drew near, when Tom, guided by the rod which he had kept upon the body, put his hand into the boot, and drew forth a fine hare that had been shattered by the shot all to pieces.

"He arn't a bull-terrier," cried Bob.

"But that arn't he," said Tom Titus. "He 's some'er aboot here as dead as a darnge'd nail. I know he 's a corpse."

"Are you sure on 't?" asked Tooler.

"There arn't any barn dooor deader," cried Tom. "Here, I 'll lug um out an' show yar."

"No, no!" shouted Tooler, as Tom proceeded to pull out the luggage. "I marn't stay for that. I 'm an hour behind now, blarm un! jimp up, genelmen!"

Tom Titus and his companions, who wanted the bull-terrier as a trophy, entreated Tooler to allow them to have it, and, having at length gained his consent, Tom proceeded to empty the boot. Every eye was, of course, directed to everything drawn out, and when Tom made a solemn declaration that the boot was empty, they were all, at once, struck with amazement. Each looked at the other with astounding incredulity, and overhauled the luggage again and again.

"Do you mean to say," said Tooler, "that there arn't nuffin else in the boot?"

“Darned a thing!” cried Tom Titus, “coom and look.” And Tooler did look, and the gentleman in black looked, and Bob looked, and Harry looked, and Bill looked, and Sam looked, and all looked, but found the boot empty.

“Well, blarm me!” cried Tooler. “But darnig it all, he must be somewhere!”

“I’ll taake my solum davy,” said Bill, “that he *was* there.”

“I seed um myself,” exclaimed Bob, “wi’ my oarn eyes, an’ did n’t loike the looks on um a bit.”

“There cannot,” said the gentleman in black, “be the smallest possible doubt about his having been there; but the question for our mature consideration is, where is he now?”

“I’ll bet a pint,” said Harry, “you blowed um away.”

“Blowed um away, you fool!—how could I ha’ blowed um away?”

“Why, he *was* there,” said Bob, “and he baint there noo, and he baint here nayther, so you must ha’ blowed um out o’ th’ boot; ’sides, look at the muzzle o’ this ere blunderbust!”

“Well, of all the rummest goes as ever happened,” said Tooler, thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, “this ere flogs ’em all into nuffin!”

“It is perfectly astounding!” exclaimed the gentleman in black, looking again into the boot, while the men stood and stared at each other with their mouths as wide open as human mouths could be.

“Well, in wi’ ’em agin,” cried Tooler, “in wi’ ’em!—Blarm me if this here arn’t a queer un to get over.”

The luggage was accordingly replaced, and Tooler, on mounting the box, told the men to get a gallon of beer, when the gentleman in black generously gave them half a crown, and the horses started off, leaving Tom with his blunderbuss, Harry, Bill, Sam, and their companions, bewildered with the mystery which the whole day spent in the alehouse by no means enabled them to solve.

A HELPMATE. — A. MELVILLE BELL.

WHEN bashful single men are "well to do"
 The ladies try their best to make them woo;
 And, surely, if the man is worth the plot,
 And to one's mind, &c., wherefore not?
 All wives are "helpmates"; and each would-be wife
 Helping to mate proves fit for married life.
 The truth of this may not at first appear,
 But by a case in point I'll make it clear.

No mortal ever had a better heart,
 Or needed more this matrimonial art,
 Than Mr. Slow; and many damsels vied
 In showing him he would not be denied
 If he would only lay aside his fear
 And tell — or whisper — what they longed to hear.

Some sent him slippers to advance their suit,
 Hoping to catch the lover by the foot;
 Some, with a higher aim, his throat would deck
 With warm cravat, — to take him by the neck;
 Others gave flowers, their passion to disclose,
 And even handkerchiefs, — to have him by the nose,
 Gloves, cuffs, and mittens were by many planned
 With wiles directly levelled at his hand!
 But none had found out the successful art
 To make this "eligible man" take heart.

He *looked* the lover, gave expressive sighs,
 But only spoke the language of "sheep's eyes."
 At last, one maid, who wisely judged the case
 And really loved him, met him face to face.

She bantered Mr. Slow upon his ways:
 "You need some one, I'm sure, to cheer your days —
 Eh? did you speak?" — He could not for his life.
 "I often wonder you don't get a wife!"

I know some one, I think, who would n't frown
 If you should ask her!" — O the senseless clown!
 He wriggles nervously, plays with his hat,
 Looks down and blushes, fumbles his cravat, —
 Then seems about to speak — "Go on!" — but no;
 He only sighs, and draws a face of woe.

"Are you not well? I fear you don't take care
 To wrap yourself from this damp evening air.
 Put in this button: there! that draws your coat
 Close as a comforter about your throat. —
 But I'm afraid you'll think me very bold."
 "O no; go on! — I'm not afraid of cold" —
 "Why then go on? — I think you hardly know;
 But I'll unbutton it if you say so."

"Dear me! I've pulled the button off, I vow;
 If you'd a wife, she'd sew it for you now!"
 "I wish that *you* would" — "Eh?" — "would sew it on
 And something else!" — His modest features shone,
 But not a word his palsied tongue could frame.
 "Well, 'something else' has surely got a name?"
 He covered up his face and whispered this, —
 "I wish you'd *give* me something!" "What?" "A kiss!"
 "Why, Mr. Slow, you are a curious elf;
 A man in such a case should help himself!
 For if a lady gave one, that would be
 Like sealing an engagement, — don't you see?"

"That's what I want!" "Now really! Is it so?
 Well, just *suppose* that I have not said no!"
 A maiden's coyness overwhelmed him: "Ah!"
 He whispered, blushing, "Thank you: ask papa!"

She laughed outright; though 't was indeed no joke!
 He thought this was the proper form; but spoke
 Quite freely now, and had so much to say,
 That, ere she left, he made her fix the day!
 A little help quite cured his single trouble;
 And very soon they loved each other *double!*"

HENRY V.'S WOOING. — SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE. — *An Apartment in the French King's Palace. — King Henry, Katherine, and Alice her Gentlewoman.*

KING HENRY. Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is — like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre Grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits • dat is de Princess.*

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say — I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say — Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; I' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife ; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places ; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : and take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king ; and what say'st thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France ?

K. Hen. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate ; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) — *donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me, and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling. But what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise. How answer you, *la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très chère et divin deese?*

Kath. Your *Majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect

of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand and say — Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless my ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud — England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine. Come, your answer is broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, Queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *Roy mon père*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nocpes, il n'est pas la coustume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not de fashion *pour les ladies of France*, — I cannot tell what is *baiser en English*.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entend* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings.

Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss : therefore patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate : there is more eloquence in a sugar-touch of them than in the tongues of the French Council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. [*Enter French King and attendants.*] God save your Majesty ! Shall Kate be my wife ?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content.



THE ONE-HOSS SHAY ; OR, THE DEACON'S
MASTERPIECE. — O. W. HOLMES.

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.

Spring, tire, axle and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."—
 "There !" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew !"

"Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren, — where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —
 Running as usual ; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local as one may say.
 There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art

Had made it so like in every part
 That there was n't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.
 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
 Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 — First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 — What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once, —
 All at once, and nothing first, —
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

MRS. CAUDLE URGING THE NEED OF SPRING CLOTHING. — JERROLD.

IF there's anything in the world I hate, — and you know it, — it is, asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me.

What do I want now? As if you did n't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing, — never! It's painful to me, gracious knows!

What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke, — one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it is n't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day — like nobody else's children?

What was the matter with them? O Caudle, how can you ask? Were n't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets?

What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you did n't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you did n't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first of May!"

You did n't see it? The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls — the little minxes! — put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew.

What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they have n't things for the summer. Now mind, — they sha' n't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it, — the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may.

Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should.

How much money do I want? Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Anne, and —

What do you say? *I need n't count 'em!* You know how many there are! That's just the way you take me up!

Well, how much money will it take? Let me see, — I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching, — and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can, — I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds.

What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?*

What! *You won't give half the money!* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied.

What do you say? *Ten pounds enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves.

They only want frocks and bonnets? How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you, — no, sir!

No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle, — you know it!

I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths, — and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle, — when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any; or not a farthing!

No, sir; no, — I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable.

What do you say? *You'll give me fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no; not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do!

HANS IN A FIX.

VEN I lays myself down in my lonely pedroom,
 Unt dries vor to sleep werry soundt,
 De treams, — O, how into my het tey vill come,
 Till I vish I was unter der groundt!

Sometimes, ven I eats von pig supper, I treams
 Dat my shtomack is fult full of shtones,
 Unt out in mine shleep, like ter tuyfel, I shcreems,
 Unt kick off ter ped-glose, unt groans!

Den dere, ash I lay mit ter ped-glose all off,
 I kits myself all over vroze;
 In te morning I vakes mit te headaches unt cough,
 Unt I'm zick vrom mine het to mine dose.

O, vat shall be dun ver a poor man like me?
 Vat for do I lif such a life?
 Some say dere 's a cure vor drouples of me:
 Dinks I'll dry it, unt kit me von vife!

VICTUALS AND DRINK. — *Mother Goose for Old Folks.*

“THERE once was a woman, and what do you think ?
 She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
 Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
 And yet this poor woman scarce ever was quiet.”

And were you so foolish as really to think
 That all she could want was her victuals and drink ?
 And that while she was furnished with that sort of diet,
 Her feeling and fancy would starve, and be quiet ?

Mother Goose knew far better, but thought it sufficient
 To give a mere hint that the fare was deficient ;
 For I do not believe she could ever have meant
 To imply there was reason for being content.

Yet the mass of mankind is uncommonly slow
 To acknowledge the fact it behooves them to know ;
 Or to learn that a woman is not like a mouse,
 Needing nothing but cheese, and the walls of a house.

But just take a man, — shut him up for a day ;
 Get his hat and his cane, — put them snugly away ;
 Give him stockings to mend, and three sumptuous meals ; —
 And then ask him at night, if you dare, how he feels !
 Do you think he will quietly stick to the stocking,
 While you read the news, and “ don’t care about talking ” ?

O, many a woman goes starving, I ween,
 Who lives in a palace, and fares like a queen ;
 Till the famishing heart and the feverish brain
 Have spelled out to life’s end the long lesson of pain.

Yet stay ! To my mind an uneasy suggestion
 Comes up, that there may be two sides to the question ;
 That, while here and there proving inflicted privation,
 The verdict must often be “ wilful starvation,”

Since there *are* men and women would force one to think
They *choose* to live only on victuals and drink.

O restless, and craving, unsatisfied hearts,
Whence never the vulture of hunger departs !
How long on the husks of your life will ye feed,
Ignoring the soul and her famishing need ?

Bethink you, when lulled in your shallow content,
'T was to Lazarus only the angels were sent ;
And 't is he to whose lips but earth's ashes are given,
For whom the full banquet is gathered in heaven !



THE COUNTRY SQUIRE. — *Bentley Ballads.*

IN a small pretty village in Nottinghamshire there formerly lived a respectable Squire, who excelled all his friends in amusements athletic, and whose manner of living was far from ascetic. A wife he had taken for better or worse, whose temper had proved an intolerant curse ; but at length, to his great and unspeakable joy, she died when presenting a fine little boy. Strange fancies men have ; — the father designed to watch o'er the dawn of his son's youthful mind, — that, only approached by the masculine gender, no room should be left him for feelings more tender. “ Had I ne'er seen a woman,” he often would sigh, “ what Squire in the country so happy as I ! ” The boy was intelligent, active, and bright, and took in his studies uncommon delight ; no juvenile follies distracted his mind ; no visions of bright eyes, or damsels unkind, and those fair demi-sisterly beings so gay, yeleft “ pretty cousins,” ne'er popped in his way ; till at length this remarkably singular son could number of years that had passed twenty-one.”

Now the father had settled, his promising son should his studies conclude when he reached twenty-one ; and he went, with a heart beating high with emotion, to launch the young

man on life's turbulent ocean. As they entered the town, a young maiden tripped by, with a cheek like a rose, and a light laughing eye. "O father, what's that?" cried the youth with delight, as this vision of loveliness burst on his sight. "O, that," cried the cautious and politic Squire, who did not the youth's ardent glances admire, "is only a thing called a Goose, my dear son; we shall see many more ere our visit is done."

Blooming damsels now passed with their butter and cheese, whose beauty might even an anchorite please: "Merely geese!" said the Squire, "don't mind them, my dear; there are many things better worth looking at here." As onwards they passed, every step brought to view some spectacle equally curious and new; and the joy of the youth hardly knew any bounds, at the rope-dancers, tumblers, and merry-go-rounds.

As soon as the tour of the town was completed, the father resolved that the boy should be treated; so, pausing an instant, he said, "My dear son, a new era to-day in your life has begun; now of all this bright scene and the gayeties in it, choose whatever you like, it is yours from this minute." "Choose whatever I like?" cried the youthful recluse. "O, thank you, dear father, then give me — a goose!"



THE PERPLEXED HOUSEKEEPER.

I WISH I had a dozen pairs
 Of hands this very minute;
 I'd soon put all these things to rights;
 The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
 One pair of hands to do it,
 Sheets, shirts, and stockings, coats and pants,
 How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
 No loaf left o'er from Sunday ;
 And baby cross as he can live, —
 He 's always so on Monday.

And there 's the cream, 't is getting sour,
 And must forthwith be churning ;
 And here 's Bob wants a button on, —
 Which way shall I be turning ?

'T is time the meat was in the pot,
 The bread was worked for baking,
 The clothes were taken from the boil, —
 O dear ! the baby 's waking.

Hush, baby dear, there hush, sh-sh !
 I wish he 'd sleep a little,
 Till I could run and get some wood
 To hurry up that kettle.

O dear ! if Pa comes home
 And finds things in this pother,
 He 'll just begin to tell me all
 About his tidy mother !

How nice her kitchen used to be,
 Her dinner always ready
 Exactly when the noon-bell rung, —
 Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word
 Right out before I 'm thinking, —
 They say that hasty words from wives
 Set sober men to drinking.

Now is n't that a great idea,
 That men should take to sinning
 Because a weary, half-sick wife
 Can't always smile so winning ?

When I was young I used to earn
 My living without trouble,
 Had clothes and pocket-money, too,
 And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate
 When I, A-LASS ! was courted —
 Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chamber-
 maid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub generally, doing
 the work of six,
 For the sake of being supported !



THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT. — J. G. SAXE.

A HINDOO FABLE.

IT was six men of Indostan
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the Elephant
 (Though all of them were blind),
 That each by observation
 Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,
 And, happening to fall
 Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl :
 “ God bless me ! but the Elephant
 Is very like a wall ! ”

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
 Cried : “ Ho ! what have we here
 So very round and smooth and sharp ?
 To me 't is mighty clear
 This wonder of an Elephant
 Is very like a spear ! ”

The *Third* approached the animal,
 And, happening to take

The squirming trunk within his hands,
 Thus boldly up and spake :
 " I see," quoth he, " the Elephant
 Is very like a snake ! "

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
 And felt about the knee.
 " What most this wondrous beast is like
 Is mighty plain," quoth he ;
 'T is clear enough the Elephant
 Is very like a tree ! "

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
 Said : " E'en the blindest man
 Can tell what this resembles most ;
 Deny the fact who can,
 This marvel of an Elephant
 Is very like a fan ! "

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
 About the beast to grope,
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail
 That fell within his scope,
 " I see," quoth he, " the Elephant
 Is very like a rope ! "

And so these men of Indostan
 Disputed loud and long,
 Each in his own opinion
 Exceeding stiff and strong,
 Though each was partly in the right,
 And all were in the wrong !

MORAL.

So, oft in theologic wars
 The disputants, I ween,
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean,
 And prate about an *Elephant*
 Not one of them has seen !

GAPE-SEED.

A YANKEE, walking the streets of London, looked through a window upon a group of men writing very rapidly; and one of them said to him in an insulting manner, "Do you wish to buy some gape-seed?" Passing on a short distance the Yankee met a man, and asked him what the business of those men was in the office he had just passed. He was told that they wrote letters dictated by others, and transcribed all kinds of documents; in short, they were writers. The Yankee returned to the office, and inquired if one of the men would write a letter for him, and was answered in the affirmative. He asked the price, and was told one dollar. After considerable talk, the bargain was made; one of the conditions of which was that the scribe should write just what the Yankee told him to, or he should receive no pay. The scribe told the Yankee he was ready to begin; and the latter said, —

"Dear marm," and then asked, "Have you got that deown?"

"Yes," was the reply; "*go on.*"

"I went to ride t' other day: have you got that deown?"

"*Yes; go on, go on.*"

"And I harnessed the old mare into the wagon: have you got that deown?"

"Yes, yes, long ago; *go on.*"

"Why, how fast you write! And I got into the wagon, and sat deown, and drew up the reins, and took the whip in my right hand: have you got that deown?"

"Yes, long ago; *go on.*"

"Dear me, how fast you write! I never saw your equal. And I said to the old mare, '*Go 'long,*' and jerked the reins pretty hard. Have you got that deown?"

"Yes; and I am impatiently waiting for more. I wish you would n't bother me so with your foolish questions. Go on with your letter."

"Well, the old mare would n't stir out of her tracks, and

I hollered, 'Go 'long, you old jade! go 'long.' Have you got that deown?"

"Yes, indeed, *you pestersome fellow; go on.*"

"And I licked her, and licked her, and licked her [*continuing to repeat these words as rapidly as possible*].

"Hold on there! I have written two pages of 'licked her,' and I want the rest of the letter."

"Well, and she kicked, and she kicked, and she kicked — [*continuing to repeat these words with great rapidity*].

"Do go on with your letter; I have several pages of '*she kicked.*'"

[*The Yankee clucks as in urging horses to move, and continues the clucking noise with rapid repetition for some time.*]

The scribe throws down his pen.

"Write it deown! Write it deown!"

"I can't!"

"Well, then, I won't pay you."

[*The scribe gathering up the papers*] "What shall I do with all these sheets upon which I have written your nonsense?"

"You may use them in doing up your *gape-seed!* Good by!"

THE GOOD WIFE.

IT is just as you say, Neighbor Green,
 A treasure indeed is my wife;
 Such another for bustle and work
 I have never found in my life.
 But then she keeps every one else
 As busy as birds on the wing,
 There is never a moment for rest,
 She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
 Her pies are a perfect delight,
 Her coffee a rich golden brown,
 Her crullers and puddings just right;

But then while I eat them she tells
 Of the care and worry they bring,
 Of the martyr-like toil she endures ;
 O, she 's such a fidgety thing !

My house is as neat as a pin ;
 You should see how the door-handles shine ;
 And all of the soft-cushioned chairs,
 And nicely swept carpets are mine.
 But then she so frets at the dust,
 At a fly, at a straw, or a string,
 That I stay out of doors all I can,
 She is such a fidgety thing !

She doctors the neighbors ? O, yes ;
 If a child has the measles or croup,
 She is there with her saffrons and squills,
 Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
 But then she insists on her right
 To physic my blood in the spring,
 And she takes the whole charge of my bile,
 O, she 's such a fidgety thing !

She knits all my stockings herself ;
 My shirts are bleached white as the snow ;
 My old clothes look better than new,
 Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
 But then if a morsel of lint
 Or dust to my trousers should cling,
 I 'm sure of one sermon at least,
 She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
 So meek that it never opposes,
 Its own it dares never to speak —
 Alas ! I am meekeer than Moses.
 But then I am not reconciled
 The subordinate music to sing ;

I submit to get rid of a row,
 She is such a fidgety thing.

It 's just as you say, Neighbor Green,
 A treasure to me has been given ;
 But sometimes I fain would be glad
 To lay up my treasure in heaven !
 But then every life has its cross,
 Most pleasures on earth have their sting,
 She 's a treasure, I know, Neighbor Green,
 But she 's such a fidgety thing.



A LEAP-YEAR WOOING. — DAVID MACRAE.

1. *Tom Pidger and I.*

THIS time, four years ago, I lodged in Bath Street, with my old friend Tom Pidger. We lodged with a Mrs. Pritchard. There was a Mr. Pritchard, but Mr. Pritchard was nobody to speak of. As Tom used to say, "It's Mrs. Pritchard that wears the bre——, that is, in fact, the nether integuments."

It was an objection to the place, that Mrs. Pritchard had a whole family of small children, endowed with powerful lungs, and a constant disposition to use them. This was disagreeable. Nor did it add decidedly to our comfort in the morning to be awakened two hours before the time for getting up by a shrill Babel of voices from the nursery, pitched on two keys, from Master Billy's, which sounded like the roar of a young calf, up to baby's penny whistle.

This feature of the domestic life was undoubtedly a disadvantage. But then the rooms were neat, comfortable, and pleasantly situated, and Mrs. Pritchard was a tidy, honest, obliging woman, while Mr. Pritchard was a meek man in slippers, who dwelt in some unseen part of the house, and went messages, I believe, when wanted.

Tom Pidger, at the time I have named, was taking his last session at college ; and I regret to say that one of the effects of his college training had been to make Tom one of the most slovenly of fellows. I don't mind saying so plainly, — first, because Tom is a very different fellow now ; and, secondly, because at that time he would have considered the imputation rather a compliment than otherwise. Tom's great principle, which he had picked up at college, I suppose, and had inscribed in several of his books, was this : "On earth there is nothing great but man ; in man there is nothing great but mind."

It was not surprising that a fellow, acting on a transcendental principle like this, should have thought it beneath him to pay much attention to his habiliments. The consequence was, that Tom wore his boots until they began to gape at the sides. He went about the streets in an old black top-coat, — I mean, a top-coat that looked as if it had once been black, — but so rusty and threadbare now that I should have blushed to offer it even to an old-clothes man. As for his linen, I doubt if he would ever have changed it, had our landlady, Mrs. Pritchard, not made a point of taking his clean shirt into his bedroom every Sunday morning before Tom was up, and carrying the dirty one off. Then you should have seen Tom Pidger's hat ! I have seen old hats in my time, — very old and shabby hats, — but I have never seen a hat like Tom's. I told him, if he persisted in going out with it, he would be taken for an Irishman ! Tom would n't have cared though he had been taken for a gorilla.

If Tom ever looked worse than with his hat on, it was with his hat off. I never saw hair like Tom's ; not that it had a bad color, but nothing would induce him ever to get it cut or brushed. One day it looked so very dry and frowzy that I could not forbear remonstrating.

"Positively, Tom," I said, "you must pay some attention to your personal appearance. Why, your head is like a mop !" Tom did n't seem to see the harm of that. And, really, to a fellow who thinks there is nothing great in man but mind, what does it matter though his head be like a mop ?

I would have urged that the ladies would not tolerate his company if he kept himself so shockingly untidy; but as I knew Tom to be a woman-hater, — or, rather, a woman-scorner, for he did not think them worth hating, — I waived that point. So things went on as before.

I was not a woman-hater, for I had become enamored of Fanny Everdale, — such a noble little girl! — had wooed her, and last December proposed, and was accepted.

“Tom,” said I, one night, when we were having our usual pipe by the fireside before going to bed, — “Tom, you know Fanny Everdale?”

“If I don’t, it is n’t for want of hearing about her,” replied Tom, satirically.

“Well, she and I are to be married next month.”

Tom laughed. He thought I meant to be funny.

“On my honor, Tom, we are.”

The tone struck him. His face became grave on the instant; and after looking steadily at me for a few moments, to assure himself that I was serious, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the mantel-piece. “Well, Dick,” said he, in a tone of great solemnity, “I could n’t have thought this of you.” He looked mournfully into the fire for a while, and then resumed: “Have you considered this subject? Don’t you know as well as I do, that, once married, you are done for? There is no backing out from that again. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you! Why, it’s suicide, — moral and intellectual suicide! O, it cannot be! you’re joking.”

“I assure you I am perfectly serious.”

“But look here, Dick. Look at the philosophy of the thing. A wife! *Cui bono?* What have you to complain of here? Mrs. Pritchard is punctual with your meals. Mrs. Pritchard darns your socks. Mrs. Pritchard looks after your washing. Mrs. Pritchard stitches on your buttons. What more do you want?”

“Why, Tom, you seem to know nothing of the poetry of love and marriage.”

“Poetry! don’t mention poetry in that connection. Wait until you are awhile married. Wait until the curtain-lectures commence. You won’t find much poetry in them. And children, too! Ah, my dear fellow, you’ll have your house swarming with them before you know what you are about.”

“There is my cousin at Bradford,” said Tom, with increasing fervor, “married right off, and had six children in three years!”

“Oh! Oh! Pooh! nonsense!”

“It is a fact!” said Tom.

“Six children in three years! Impossible! You mean three children in six years, I suppose?”

Tom reflected, doubted, would n’t be positive; but rather thought it was six, not three.

“You have no idea,” he said, “how rapidly children multiply. Have you read Mr. Malthus’s book, — his ‘Essay on the Increase of Population’? Read that book. It will appall you.

“I have read it.”

“Read it again, and apply it to your own case. Poetry! You will find precious little poetry about children! Hush! hear that,” cried Tom, throwing up his finger suddenly, as the nursery door on the other side of the passage-way opened for a moment, and a gust from half a dozen squalling voices reached our ears. “That’s bad enough, but wait until you are in the midst of the Babel, and can’t escape. Wait until you have to wipe the children’s noses, like that poor wretch Pritchard, and be badgered out of bed on the frosty nights, whenever a child so much as squawks! You’ll know what the poetry of love is then, my Trojan!”

Tom concluded with a prophetic jerk of his head, and re-lighted his pipe. He smoked sullenly for a moment or two, and then proceeded to give me a brief abstract of Mr. Malthus’s book, in the middle of which I fell asleep, and nearly tumbled forward into the fire. So I got up and told him it was no use talking, as the thing was all settled. Tom got up, bade me good night with an air of profound compassion, and evidently gave me up for a lost sheep.

2. *A Problem which is satisfactorily solved.*

It might be about a fortnight after, that Tom had occasion to be in Edinburgh for a day or two. On the evening of his return I observed that he looked very abstracted. He smoked by the fireside for an hour, I am sure, before retiring; yet all my efforts to get him to talk were fruitless. When I turned, after telling him anything, and said, "Don't you think so?" or "Strange that, was n't it?" Tom would start, and ejaculate, "Eh?" as if he had not the remotest idea of what I had been speaking about, as I really believe he had not.

When Tom came home to dinner next day, fancy my amazement on seeing that he had got his hair cut!

"Hallo, Tom!" I exclaimed, in irrepressible astonishment; "got your hair cut?"

"Yes," replied Tom, with something of irritation in his tone, I thought; "did you never see a fellow with his hair cut before?"

"I have n't seen *you* very often, Tom."

He made no reply, and as it seemed to annoy him, I said nothing more about it. But really it did astonish me; and my astonishment was by no means diminished when I found, the next morning, that he had brushed it carefully; oiled it too, I was convinced, it looked so smooth and shiny. What should I find him doing next but appearing in a clean shirt every second day or so, and actually quarrelling with Mrs. Pritchard herself for not starching the wristbands. Then came a fashionable hat; then a pair of new boots, so very small that I could have sworn Tom's feet would never get into them. My amazement was unbounded. I could not for the life of me account for it; but, as the change was a good one, and as I remembered the rebuff I got when I spoke about his hair, I considered it best to keep quiet.

And now Tom, who formerly could not be coaxed out of the house except at college hours, evinced a sudden propensity for afternoon walks, a positive passion for them. "Dick," he

would say, at the very time when I used to enjoy a read by the fire, — “Dick, put on your hat, and let us have a stroll.”

It was vain expostulating.

“Confound it!” I used to say at last, tossing aside my book, “I wish you had thought of strolling in summer. This is most unseasonable weather for it.”

“That’s the greatest mistake, my dear fellow,” Tom would say. “You should read Strawl on that point. Why, this is the most bracing season in the year. Come, let’s have a stroll.”

I went, but it was not a stroll. It was a regular, unvaried walk to Queen’s Crescent, twice round the Crescent, and back again. It was the coldest, bleakest, and most dismal round which could possibly have been selected. Yet this walk Tom would take, and no other. Soon, however, he gave over asking me to go, — seemed anxious, in fact, that I should n’t go. One day, in particular, he suddenly appeared fully equipped, and said, “Well, I am off for a stroll.”

“Wait one minute,” I said, “and I shall be with you.”

“Don’t mind,” cried Tom, glancing out of the window for a moment; “I sha’ n’t be long. It looks as if it were going to rain,” — and hurried out. The afternoon wore away; tea-time came; yet Tom had not returned. He did not return until half past ten.

“Hallo, Tom,” I said; “you have taken a tolerably long stroll to-night.”

Tom did not look straight at me, but seemed a little put about for an answer.

“I looked up to see my aunt,” he said at last. “She’s not very well just now.”

“Your aunt?”

“Aunt Patterson,—mother’s sister,” added Tom, nervously. “By the way, I don’t think you know her.”

I certainly did not, — had never heard of her, to my knowledge.

Next day, when we had finished dinner, we drew our chairs to the fireside, and I proceeded to make some observations on the condition of Italy.

"O, hang it!" cried Tom, suddenly, clapping his hand upon his coat pocket, "I have forgotten to post that letter!" He threw on his hat and cloak, and was off. Half past ten again before he returned!

"Hallo, Tom," I said; "you have taken considerable time to post that letter?"

"Letter? O, I was up seeing my aunt!"

"Ah! I had forgotten. Is she better to-night?"

"Well, no," replied Tom, dubiously; "I am afraid she is rather in a bad way."

"I am sorry for that. Well, come and let us have a quiet pipe."

"Not to-night, thank you."

"What!" I exclaimed, with the utmost astonishment, for Tom smoked every night with the regularity of clock-work, "not a smoke before going to bed?"

"No, I find it is n't agreeing with me. It is said to be bad for the system. Dr. Prout says it is very bad. At any rate, it's worth experimenting without."

So Tom retired, and I sat and smoked alone, wondering whether Tom could be considered insane, and where this very extraordinary change might be expected to end.

Next night I was up making some arrangements with Fanny for our approaching marriage. "O Dick," she said, "what a merry fellow Tom Pidger is!"

"Tom Pidger! where did you see him?"

"He took tea with us at Mrs. Purdy's last night."

"Mrs. Patterson's, you mean?"

"No, Mrs. Purdy's, Queen's Crescent. Julia Purdy, you know, was a school companion of mine. We had such fun getting a pipe out of Tom's pocket, and at last Julia made him go down on his knees and promise that he would give up smoking that very night, and never put a pipe or cigar in his mouth again."

Here was a revelation! Now I began to discern the secret of Tom's reformation; his walks to Queen's Crescent; the time it took him to post his letter; and, finally, the illness of his aunt!

I asked Fanny how Tom had become acquainted with Miss Purdy.

"He met her in the train, coming from Edinburgh, some weeks ago," Fanny replied, "and fell in love with her, I suppose; and she (but you mustn't tell him, remember) — she fell in love with Tom. O, Tom is there almost every afternoon!"

This was precious news. Keeping it to myself, however, I went home and found Tom sitting ruminating over the fire. "Ah, Tom!" said I, "I thought I should have caught you smoking."

"No, Dick, you won't do that again. Do you know," he said, gravely tapping himself all over the waistcoat, "I find myself better without it already."

"Dear me, already! Then Dr. Prout must be quite correct. Oh! by the way," — changing my tone, — "I have sad news for you to-night."

"What?" inquired Tom, with a very long face.

"Compose yourself, my dear Tom; I have just heard that your aunt is dead!"

"Eh!" cried Tom, wheeling round his chair, and fixing upon me a look of curious surprise which is quite indescribable, while his face reddened.

"Dead and gone, Tom, is your poor aunt, — your mother's sister, you know." A long pause, — "Mrs. Patterson." Another long pause, — Tom's face scarlet now. "Not Miss Purdy," I said at last, "O no!"

You should have seen Tom's face all this time. Shame and merriment, curiosity and chagrin, chased each other off and on so rapidly that they sometimes appeared to be all mixed up in the same expression. At last the ludicrous prevailed, and Tom broke into shouts of laughter, which it would have done your heart good to hear. He looked very red in the face though, being clearly a good deal ashamed of himself. He made me tell him how the secret had come out, and, finding that it really *was* out, he became quite gushing. He made me sit by him at the fireside, and gave me a minute

and circumstantial account of the whole transaction. How, in returning by express from Edinburgh, he found himself in the same carriage with a fine old gentleman and his daughter, — “such a beautiful girl, Dick!” — and how he and the old gentleman conversed, and she listened, — listened with such interest that he thought within himself, “Well, here is a sensible girl for once.” Then how the old gentleman ensconced himself in the corner and fell asleep, and Tom found that he could not keep his eyes off the young lady, — “a most beautiful girl, Dick!” — and, more than that, he caught her every now and then peeping at him, and when he caught her, “how she blushed!” “I do believe,” said Tom, “that *I* blushed too; I felt such a — a sort of — funny all over, you know,” cried Tom, with an explanatory wave of his hands.

Then how the old gentleman woke up when the tickets were called for, and chatted again, and presently discovered, to the surprise and delight of all parties, that he and Tom’s uncle — not Mr. Patterson, but a real uncle this time — had served together in India. So he made Tom shake hands with his daughter, and gave Tom his card, and told him he would be delighted to see him at Queen’s Crescent whenever he could find it convenient to call.

“Now, to-morrow,” said Tom, when he had finished his story, and we were parting for the night, “we might call together, and see Julia. You will be sure to *like* her, she is such a beautiful girl, Dick.”

Next morning we did call, and Julia turned out to be really a beautiful girl. I don’t think I have ever seen a sweeter little girl, — Fanny, of course, excepted. A week after, Fanny and I were married, and left town on our marriage-jaut.

3. *A difficulty which is satisfactorily overcome.*

The week following our return I had a note from Tom, stating that he would call that afternoon on very particular business, as he understood that I was to be alone. I men-

tioned it to Fanny, who laughed, and appeared to have some suspicion of what this very "particular business" would turn out to be. Tom came in time for tea; but took next to nothing, and seemed uncommonly nervous. "This 'very particular business' of yours, Tom," I said, broaching the subject at last, "what is it?"

"Well," said Tom, fingering his cup nervously, "I shall tell you what it is. You know — Julia?"

"Of course I do."

Tom gulped down a quantity of tea, and resumed, — "Well, I have been thinking — *am* thinking, in fact — that is — I want to marry Julia — if she'll *have* me"; and Tom, who had blushed the deepest crimson to the very roots of his hair, made another gulp at his hot tea, and nearly choked himself. It was with great difficulty that I could keep from laughing at his embarrassment, but I did.

"Tom," I said, with great solemnity, "I did n't expect this of you. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you! Why, it is suicide, — moral and intellectual suicide! You think it is all poetry. Ah, my boy! wait till the curtain lectures commence —"

"O, come, come, Dick; this is too bad!" said Tom, stirring his tea violently.

"But tell me this, Tom; have you read Mr. Malthus's book 'On the Increase of Population'? Have you forgotten your cousin at Bradford? O Tom, Tom!" I could refrain no longer, and laughed right out, to the infinite relief of Tom, who laughed too, and got excessively jolly at his own expense.

"Now, then," said he at length, "you know what I want. Tell me how to go about it."

"Go about it! Why, propose."

"Propose! Of course; but *how* to propose. There's the rub. I attempted it on four different occasions, and always stuck just at the ticklish point. Then I thought of proposing by letter, and began half a dozen different sheets, but could n't write one to please me. I even tried poetry, but failed there too. Now, Dick, what I want is this. I want you to tell me

exactly how *you* managed it, and perhaps I could do it so, too."

"Well," I said, laughing, "I popped the question in a very simple way, — quite unpremeditated, too. I had been spending an evening with Fanny, and at last got up and said (pulling out my watch, — this one), 'It's late, I must be off.' 'O no,' she said, 'it can't be ten yet.' 'Look for yourself,' I said, turning the watch towards her. She looked and observed this landscape on the face here. 'O, what a sweet little cottage!' she said, pointing to it. 'Dear me,' I said, 'so it is; I never looked at it particularly before. What would you say, Fanny, to our taking a nice little cottage like that for ourselves, eh? and settling down there?' Well, she blushed, and I kissed her. 'Shall we, love?' And she squeezed my hand, as much as to say, 'O, do let us!' And so the thing was settled."

"By Jove!" cried Tom, jumping up excitedly, and striking the table with his hand, "that's admirable! I could manage that, I think. Dick, give me your watch for the night, — there's nothing on the face of mine." The watches were exchanged at once, and Tom, who could n't wait a minute longer, put on his hat and started for Queen's Crescent in a state of intense excitement.

He reached Colonel Purdy's about six o'clock, and in the course of half an hour or so found himself alone with Julia. Apprehensive that, if he lost this opportunity, he might get no other that night, he pulled out the watch and said, "Getting late, Julia; I must be off."

"Late! why, it is n't seven yet."

"Isn't it? Look for yourself," said Tom, turning the watch towards her. "Ah! your watch is not right; look here." Julia looked. "Why, it is n't seven on yours, either."

"Dear me!" said Tom, with an assumption of great astonishment, "neither it is! Pretty landscape that? — this here," and he put his finger tremblingly on the watch-glass.

"So it is," Julia said with a smile, as she bent her face towards it, — "a very sweet cottage."

“Very sweet cottage!” repeated Tom, with startling energy, “Remarkably sweet cottage! Julia!” he continued, in soft and persuasive tones, — “I say, Julia, what would you — what would you say — it — it would cost to engrave that?”

Alas for Tom, he had failed once more.

Of this, however, I was ignorant, and called the next morning to ascertain how he had succeeded. Tom was out, and as I could not wait, I sat down to scribble a note, inviting him up that evening to tell me the result. I took his desk, and was rummaging for a scrap of paper, when my eye fell on a sheet scribbled and blotted all over with what I at once perceived to be Tom’s matrimonial proposals in verse. On the first page he had collected a host of rhyming words, to be introduced as they might happen to suit his turn. There were “bliss” and “kiss,” “sing” and “ring,” “life” and “wife,” and many other sentimental monosyllables. Then there were “Julia” and “peculiar,” with a query after the latter; also, “Purdy,” with “sturdy” and “hurdy-gurdy,” but Tom had drawn his pen through these. He had even attempted “Pidger,” but apparently without success. On the next page were his numerous efforts to put these together, after various models.

“To be or not to be, that’s the question.”

Then a blank line under, with the word “digestion” — scored out.

Then came an adaptation of part of a popular song:—

“Beautiful star! for star thou art,
Twinkling o’er my smitten heart;
O that I could call thee mine!
Star of my bosom! star divine!”

After this were some curious hexameters about —

“His hearth being cold and black, and his home full of sadness and sorrow”;

and, at last, half a dozen copies with varieties of his greatest

and final effort, which was fairly copied out by itself in the centre of the last page :—

“ I am thine ;
 Wilt thou be mine ?
 Tell me, tell me, sweetest Julia.
 Say the wordie,
 Darling Purdy !
 None can love you more or trulier.
 My heart is fond,
 All parallel beyond,
 Although my poetry 's peculiar,”—

which it certainly was.

I had scarcely finished my note when Tom came in. His abject look told his story at once. “ Come, come, Tom,” I said ; “ you must n't get down-hearted. ‘ Never say die,’ you know, ‘ while there 's a shot in the locker ! ’ ” Tom shook his head despairingly, as if conscious that the locker had been completely emptied on the night before. I cheered him up as best I could and left him.

“ Fanny,” I said, when I got home, “ we must manage this business for Tom ourselves. The poor fellow is getting worse and worse. An idea struck me on the way home. This is *Leap-Year*, you know. Now, don't you think you could persuade Julia to pop the question ? ”

Fanny was exceedingly shocked at the idea at first, but I brought her round to my way of thinking, and we set ourselves to arrange how it could best be carried out. It was finally arranged that Fanny should go and tell Julia all about it, show her Tom's letters on the subject, and tell about his consultation with me ; that, as Tom was to be there that night, Julia should watch her opportunity, and in an off-hand manner ask him to let her see that cottage on the watch-face again ; that, when Tom could n't, not having the watch, Julia should say, “ Never mind, Tom, we can get one like it for ourselves, can't we ? This is *Leap-Year*, you know ; so I propose we should ”— or something to that effect. And I felt sure, from the mischievous expression of Julia's eyes, that she

was just the one to do it, though it were for nothing but the fun of the thing.

Accordingly Fanny set out for Queen's Crescent, and I expected to hear nothing more of it until her return ; but just as I was sitting down to tea a cab pulled up at the door, the bell rang furiously, and in the twinkling of an eye Tom burst into the room, in a perfect transport of delight, with his head more like a mop than the day I told him it was, and a hat far too small for him (Colonel Purdy's, it must have been) stuck on the very back of his head.

"Shake my hand, old fellow," cried Tom, stumbling over the cat, and nearly overturning the tea-things ; "shake away, it's all right, it's all settled."

"What's right?"

"Julia, of course. What year is this? — The year — be quick, man! Confound it! Don't you know what year it is?" And Tom in his impatience accompanied each word with a fresh poke of his knuckles.

"Why, eighteen hundred and —"

"*Leap-Year!*" cried Tom, giving me a frightful dig in the ribs that sent me staggering against the wall, — "Leap-Year, you old fellow, and Julia has popped the question. Ha, ha!"

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a fact, I assure you. She asked for a look of the cottage, — on your watch, you know, — and I thought, O what a *splendid* chance, if I had it! But of course I had n't. 'Never mind,' said Julia, getting very red in the face, and bending down to pick something off the carpet, 'this is Leap-Year, you know ; so I propose that we get a cottage just like it for ourselves.' She did, Dick, upon my word. Did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary? The very thing, you know, that I was to have said! Well, I felt something jump right up into my throat, and not a word could I utter ; but I ran over and — and —"

Tom could say no more for chuckling, but he made a violent demonstration of clasping some one in his *arms*, which

was sufficiently expressive ; and then, in the exuberance of his joy, began to beat the devil's tattoo on Colonel Purdy's hat, and to execute a dance a shade or too wilder than the Highland Fling round and round the table.

To which exhilarating exercise I shall leave him, to advise all young ladies who have beaux like Tom Pidger to glean the moral from my story, and not forget that Leap-Year has come round once more.

THE MENAGERIE. — J. HONEYWELL.

DID you ever ! No, I never !
 Mercy on us, what a smell !
 Don't be frightened, Johnny, dear !
 Gracious ! how the jackals yell !
 Mother, tell me, what's the man
 Doing with that pole of his ?
 Bless your little precious heart,
 He's stirring up the beastesses !

Children ! don't you go so near !
 Hevings ! there's the Afric covies !
 What's the matter with the child ?
 Why, the monkey's tore his trowses !
 Here's the monstrous elephant, —
 I'm all a tremble at the sight ;
 See his monstrous tooth-pick, boys !
 Wonder if he's fastened tight ?

There's the lion ! — see his tail !
 How he drags it on the floor !
 'Sakes alive ! I'm awful scared
 To hear the horrid creatures roar !
 Here's the monkeys in their cage,
 Wide awake you are to see 'em ;
 Funny, ain't it ? How would you
 Like to have a tail and be 'em ?

Johnny, darling, that's the bear
 That tore the naughty boys to pieces ;
 Horned cattle ! — only hear
 How the dreadful camel wheezes !
 That's the tall giraffe, my boy,
 Who stoops to hear the morning lark ;
 'T was him who waded Noah's flood,
 And scorned the refuge of the ark.

Here's the crane, — the awkward bird !
 Strong his neck is as a whaler's,
 And his bill is full as long
 As ever met one from the tailor's.
 Look ! — just see the zebra there,
 Standing safe behind the bars ;
 Goodness me ! how like a flag,
 All except the corner stars !

There's the bell ! the birds and beasts
 Now are going to be fed ;
 So, my little darlings, come,
 It's time for you to be abed.
 " Mother, 't is n't nine o'clock !
 You said we need n't go before ;
 Let us stay a little while, —
 Want to see the monkeys more ! "

Cries the showman, " Turn 'em out !
 Dim the lights ! — there, that will do ;
 Come again to-morrow, boys ;
 Bring your little sisters, too."
 Exit mother, half distraught,
 Exit father, muttering " bore ! "
 Exit children, blubbering still,
 " Want to see the monkeys more ! "

BASE BALL.

THE doctor said we needed exercise. Doctor knows. He told us to join a base ball club ; we joined. Bought a book of instructions, and studied it wisely, if not too well. Then we bought a sugar-scoop cap, a red belt, a green shirt, yellow trousers, pumpkin-colored shoes, a paper collar and purple necktie, and with a lot of other delegates moved gently to the ground.

There were two nines. These nines were antagonists. The ball is a pretty little drop of softness, size of a goose-egg, and five degrees harder than a rock. The two nines play against each other. It is a quiet game, much like chess, only a little more *chase* than chess.

There was an umpire. His position is a hard one. He sits on a box and yells "Foul!" His duty is severe.

I took the bat. It is a murderous plaything, descended from Pocahontas to the head of John Smith. The man in front of me was a pitcher. He was a *nice* pitcher, but he sent the balls hot. The man behind me was a catcher. He caught it, too.

Umpire said "Play." It is the most radical play I know of, this base ball. Sawing cord wood is moonlight rambles beside base ball. So the pitcher sent a ball toward me. It looked pretty coming, so I let it come. Then he sent another. I hit it with the club and hove it gently upward. Then I started to walk to the first base. The ball hit in the pitcher's hands, and somebody said he had caught a fly. Alas, poor fly! I walked leisurely toward the base. Another man took the bat. I turned to see how he was making it, when a mule kicked me on the check. The man said it was the ball. It felt like a mule, and I reposed on the grass. The ball went on!

Pretty soon there were two more flies, and three of us flew out. Then the other nine came in and we nine went out.

This was better. Just as I was standing on my dignity in the left field, a hot ball, as they call it, came skyrootching toward me. My captain yelled "Take it!"

I hastened gently forward to where the ball was aiming to descend. I have a good eye to measure distances, and I saw at a glance where the little aerolite was to light. I put up my hands. How sweetly the ball descended! Everybody looked; I felt something warm in my eye. "Muffin!" yelled ninety fellows. "Muffin be blowed! It's a cannon ball!" For three days I've had two pounds of raw beef on that eye, and yet it paineth!

Then I wanted to go home, but my gentle captain said "Nay." So I nayed and stayed. Pretty soon it was my strike. "To bat!" yelled the umpire. I went, but not all serene as was my wont. The pitcher sent in one hip high. It struck me in the gullet. "Foul!" yelled the umpire. He sent in the ball again. This time I took it square, and sent it down the right field, through a parlor window, a kerosene lamp, and rip up against the head of an infant, who was quietly taking its nap in his mother's arms. Then I slung the bat, and meandered forth to the first base. I heard high words, and looked. When I slung the bat, I had with it broken the jaw of the umpire, and was fined ten cents.

The game went on. I liked it. It is so much fun to run from base to base just in time to be put out, or to chase a ball three quarters of a mile down hill, while all the spectators yell "Muffin!" "Go it!" "Home run!" "Go round a dozen times!" Base ball is a sweet little game. When it came my turn to bat again I noticed everybody moved back about ten rods. He was timid. The pitcher sent 'em in hot. Hot balls in time of war are good. But I don't like 'em too hot for fun. After a while I got a fair clip at it, and you bet it went cutting the daisies in the right field. A fat man and dog sat in the shade of an oak, enjoying the game. The ball broke one leg of the dog, and landed like a runaway engine in the corporosity of the fat man. He was taken home to die.

Then I went on a double-quick to the field, and tried to stop a hot ball. It came toward me from the bat at the rate of nine miles a minute. I put up my hands; the ball went singing on its way, with all the skin from my palms with it.

More raw beef.

That was an eventful chap who first invented base ball. It 's such fun. I 've played five games, and this is the result :—

Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things.

One bunged eye, — badly bunged.

One broken little finger.

One bump on the head.

Nineteen lame backs.

A sore jaw.

One thumb dislocated.

Three sprained ankles.

Five swelled legs.

One dislocated shoulder from trying to throw the ball a thousand yards.

Two hands raw from trying to stop hot balls.

A lump the size of a hornet's nest on left hip, well back.

A nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled from rolling in the dirt at the bases.

I have played two weeks and don't think I like the game. I 've looked over the scorer's book, and find that I have broken several bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows in adjoining houses, killed a baby, smashed a kerosene lamp, broken the leg of a dog, mortally injured the bread-basket of a spectator, knocked five other players out of time by slinging my bat, and knocked the waterfall off a schoolma'am who was standing twenty rods from the field, a quiet looker-on.

I have used up fifteen bottles of arnica ointment, five bottles of lotion, and half a raw beef, and am so full of pain that it seems as if my limbs were broken bats, and my legs the limbs of a dead horse-chestnut.

KITTY.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

“O, what shall I do now? ’t was looking at you now!
Sure, sure such a pitcher I ’ll ne’er meet again;
T was the pride of my dairy! O Barney McCleary,
You ’re sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine!”

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and, ere I did lave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she ’d break it again.

’T was hay-making season, — I can’t tell the reason, —
Misfortunes will never come single, ’t is plain;
For very soon after poor Kitty’s disaster
The divil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.



GETTING UNDER WAY. — MARK TWAIN.

ALL day Sunday at anchor. The storm had gone down a great deal, but the sea had not. It was still piling its frothy hills in air outside, as we could plainly see with the glass. We must lie still until Monday, and we did. The next morning we weighed anchor and went to sea. It was a great happiness to get away after the dragging, dispiriting delay. I thought there never was such gladness in the air before, such brightness in the sun, such beauty in the sea. All my malicious instincts were dead within me; and as America faded out of sight, I think a spirit of charity rose up in their place, that was boundless, for the time, as the broad ocean that was heaving its billows about us. I wished to express my feelings, I wished to lift up my voice and sing;

but I did not know anything to sing, and so I was obliged to give up the idea. It was no loss to the ship, though, perhaps.

It was breezy and pleasant, but the sea was still very rough. One could not promenade without risking his neck; at one moment the bowsprit was taking a deadly aim at the sun in mid-heaven, at the next it was trying to harpoon a shark in the bottom of the ocean. What a weird sensation it is to feel the stern of the ship sinking swiftly from under you, and see the bow climbing high away among the clouds! One's safest course, that day, was to clasp a railing and hang on; walking was too precarious a pastime.

Soon a remarkable fossil, shawled to the chin and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said:—

“Good morning, sir. It is a fine day.”

He put his hand on his stomach and said, “*O my!*” and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a skylight.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great violence. I said:—

“Calm yourself, sir. There is no hurry. It is a fine day, sir.”

He, also, put his hand on his stomach, and said, “*O my!*” and reeled away.

In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing at the air for a saving support. I said:—

“Good morning, sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say—”

“*O my!*”

I thought so. I anticipated him anyhow. I stayed there and was bombarded with old gentlemen for an hour, perhaps; and all I got out of any of them was “*O my!*”

I went away, then, in a thoughtful mood. I said, This is a grand pleasure excursion. I like it. The passengers are not garrulous, but still they are sociable. I like these old people, but somehow they all seem to have the “*O my!*” rather bad.

MISS MALONEY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION. —

MARY MAPES DODGE.

OCH! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' did n't I howld on till the heart o' me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky, — bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' yed better be listnin' than drawin' yer remarks)! an' is it mysel, with five good charac'ters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner 'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy.

"He'll be here the night," says she, "and, Kitty, it's me-self looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off.

"Sure an it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, is n't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest.

Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' sheared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange."

Wid that she shoots the door, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up, and — Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch

was on him but a black nightgown over his trousers, and the front of his head shaved cleaner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenestest shoes you ever set eyes on.

Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power, — the saints have us!

Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I could n't be tellin'. Not a blissted thing cud I do but he 'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you 'd be to see the missus a' larnin' him, and he grinmin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate), and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp you 'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family, — bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks, — yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' did n't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he 'd be doin' till ye 'd be dishtracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that 's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I 'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin'

apples or tomatereses. The saints in heaven could n't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he 'd be palin' anything.

Did I lave for that? Faix an' I did n't. Did n't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more 'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not, where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in.

Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood.

"He's a haythin nager," says I.

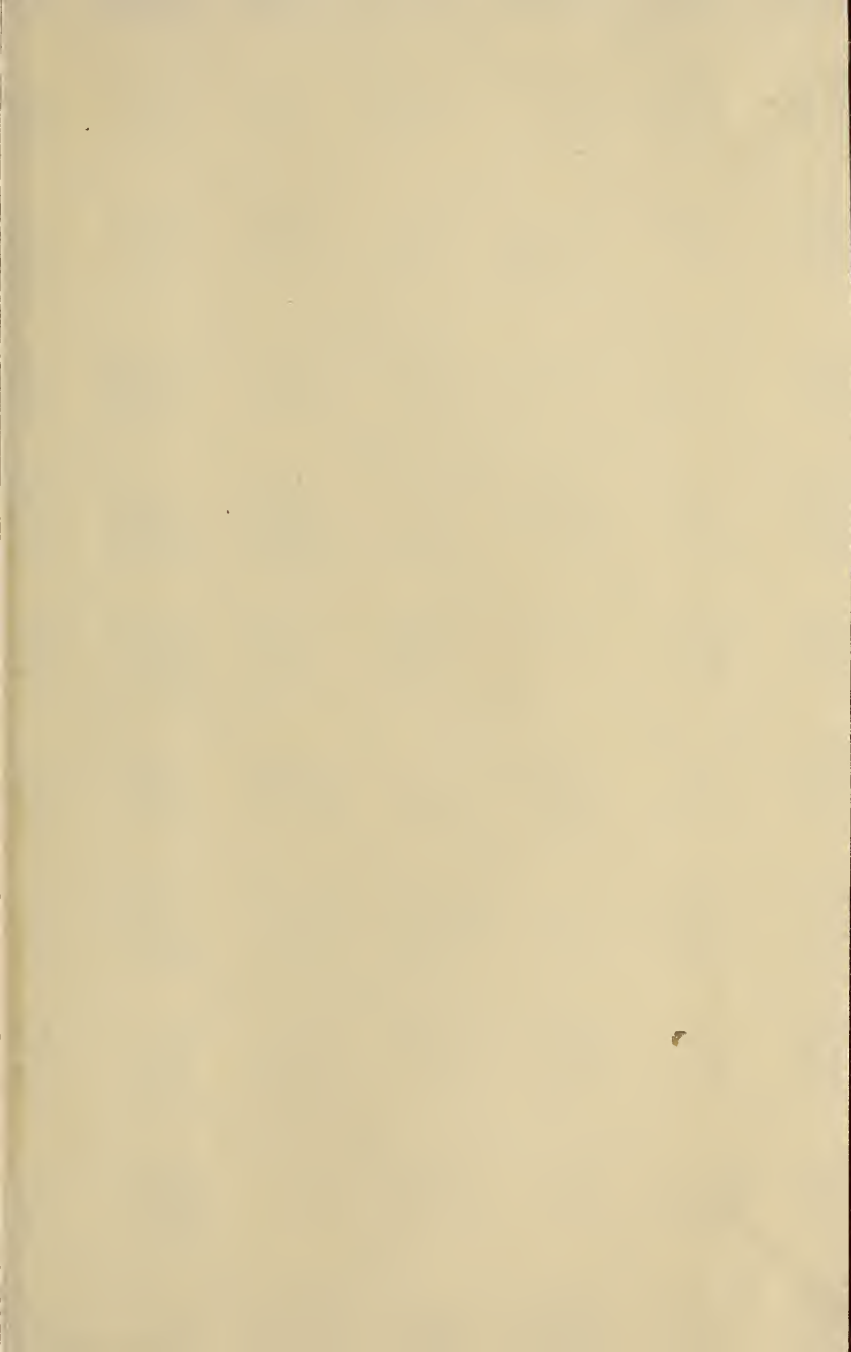
"I've found you out," says she.

"I'll arrist him," says I.

"It's you ought to be arristed," says she.

"You won't," says I.

"I will," says she; and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, — an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.



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